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ENGLISH WRITERS

ENGLISH WRITERS

AN ATTEMPT TOWARDS

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

65041

BY

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III

FROM THE CONQUEST TO CHAUCER

CASSELL & COMPANY LIMITED

LONDON PARIS NEW YORK & MELBOURNE

1888

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CONTENTS.

Book III.

FROM THE CONQUEST TO CHAUCER.

CHAPTER I.—LIGHT FROM THE SOUTH—CLOSE OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

PAGE

From the North to the South 1
Lanfranc ... ... 1—3
Anselm 4
Eadmer 4, 5
Early Arabian Influence ... ... 5—8
Songs of the Troubadours. Origin of the Romance Languages ... . 8—11
English and Norman-French. The Langue d'Oc and Langue d'Oïl ... ... 11—14
Early Provençal Literature 14, 15
Influence of the Crusades ... ... 15—18
Gerland 18, 19
Athelard of Bath ... ... 19—22
Roger Infans 23
Philip de Thaun 23
Marianus Scotus the Chronographer 23
Marianus Scotus the Saint 24
Osbern 24
Ingulf of Croyland 24, 25
Lucian of Chester... 25

PAGE

Sæwolf 25, 26
Sulcard 26
Ricemarchus 26
Heming. Colman 26, 29
Turgot ... ... 27—29
Simeon of Durham 29
Florence of Worcester ... ... 29—31

CHAPTER II—ORDERICUS VITALIS AND WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY—GESTA STEPHANI.

Ordericus Vitalis ... ... 32—35
Orderic's Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy ... ... 35—38
William of Malmesbury ... ... 38—40
William of Malmesbury's History of English Prelates 40, 41
William of Malmesbury's History of English Kings ... 41, 42
Gesta Stephani 42, 43

CHAPTER III.—GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH.

Geoffrey of Monmouth ... ... 44—45
Geoffrey of Monmouth's History of the Britons ... 45—52
Breaking New Ground in Literature 52, 53
Alfred of Beverley 53, 54
Geoffrey Gaimar 54, 55
Wace ... ... 55—57

CHAPTER IV.—CHURCH MILITANT—THOMAS BECKET—GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS.

Thomas Becket ... ... 58—62
Lives of Becket ... ... 62—64
Giraldus Cambrensis ... ... 64—75
Gerald's Topography of Ireland... ... ... 75—76
Gerald's History of the Conquest of Ireland 76
Literature in the Vernacular 76, 77
Other Works of Gerald—The Itinerary, Autobiography, Invectionum Libellus 77, 78
Symbolum Electorum 78, 79

PAGE

Gemma Ecclesiastica 79, 80
Popular Songs 80
Close of a Period in Mediæval Latin 81, 82
Gerald on the State of the Church 82

Chapter V.—Retrospect—Chroniclers—Henry of Huntingdon—Miracle Plays of Hilarius.

Retrospect 83
Literature consists of Record and Reflection 83
Record precedes Reflection 83
Nature of the First Records ... ... 83—86
Influence of Race ... ... 86—87
Christianity. Rise of a New Literature of Reflection... 87, 88
Healthy Conflict of Opinion 88, 89
Lives of Saints ... ... 89—91
The Church and the World 91, 92
Revival of a Literature of Record. Spirit of the Anglo-Norman Chronicles .. .. 92—95
Caradoc of Llancarvan ... . 95—97
Laurence of Durham ... ... 97—98
Henry of Huntingdon 98, 99
His Book on Contempt of the World ... ... 99—101
Hugo Candidus 101, 102
Richard of Hexham 102
John of Hexham 102
Ailred of Rievaulx 102, 103
William Fitzstephen 103
Miracle Plays 103, 104
Hilarius 104
Abelard 104, 105
Hilarius ... ... 105—108
Plays of Hilarius: Mystery Play of the Raising of Lazarus ... ... [redacted]110
,, ,, Miracle Play on the Image of St. Nicholas... ... ... [redacted]
,, ,, History of Daniel ... ... 111—113

	PAGE
The Church and the Stage. Suppression of the Ancient Drama	113—117
Origin of the Passion Plays	117—119
CHAPTER VI.—WALTER MAP.	
Walter Map	120—125
Map's Book of the Gossip of the Court	126—131
The King Arthur Romances	132, 133
The Saint Graal. Robert Borron	133—135
Map's Lancelot and the Death of Artus	135
Design of the Romance of the Saint Graal	135—137
Was Walter Map first Author of the Graal Romances?	138, 139
The Opening of Merlin	139
Map's Lancelot	139, 140
Birthplace of Arthurian Romance	140—142
Other Versions of the Graal Legend. Wolfram von Eschenbach	142—144
Chrestien of Troyes	144—147
Chanson de Roland	147
Epoch of Arthurian Romance, Flemish	147, 148
Provençal	148
Troubadours and Jongleurs	149, 150
Cœur de Lion	150, 151
Norman-French	151, 152
Reinaert: Reineke Fuchs	152, 153
Spielleute	153
German National and Court Poetry	153
The Nibelungen-Lied	154—156
The Chief of the Minnesänger	156
Seed-time of Italian Literature	156—162
Spain: The Poem of the Cid	163
Degeneration of Monks	164
Walter Map and the Cistercians	164—166
Map's Golias	166—168
The Apocalypse of Bishop Golias	168—172
The Confession of Golias	172—173
Map's other Poems	173—174

Chapter VII.—Nigel Wireker—More Chroniclers—Neckham and Gervase of Tilbury.

	page
Degeneration of Monks	175
Satire within the Monastery	175
Nigel Wireker	176
Wireker's Brunellus	176—179
John of Salisbury	179, 180
John of Salisbury's Polycraticus...	180—183
Joseph of Exeter upon the Trojan War...	183
Maurice and Peter de Craon	183
Simon Ashe	183
Radulf Niger	184
Gilbert Foliot	184—185
Herbert of Bosham	185
Thomas and Richard of Ely	185—186
Jocelin of Brakelonde	186
Jocelin of Furness...	187
Study of Arabian Learning	187
Daniel Morley	187, 188
The Crusaders. Walter de Coutances	188
Richard the Canon	188
Geoffrey de Vinsauf	189, 190
Ralph de Glanville	190
William of Newbury	191, 192
Roger of Hoveden	192—194
Clement of Llanthony	195
Benedict of Peterborough	195, 196
Richard of Devizes	196
Ralph de Diceto	196
Alexander Neckham	196, 197
Gervase of Canterbury	197
Gervase of Tilbury	197, 198
His Otia Imperialia	198, 199
Walter of Coventry	199
The Here Prophecy	199—201

CHAPTER VIII.—LAYAMON. PAGE

Fusion of Norman into Saxon 202, 203
Local Influences upon Language: At Court 204
In the Trading Towns 204
In Rural Districts... ... ... 204, 205
Differences in Contemporary forms of English... ... 205
Rise of the Modern English Literature 206
Layamon ... ... 207—211
Layamon's Verse 211, 212
Layamon's Brut ... ... 212—227
The Spirit of Layamon ... ... 227—231

CHAPTER IX.—THE ORMULUM AND THE ANCREN RIWLE.

Ormin 232
The Ormulum ... ... 232—235
The Ancren Riwle ... ... 235—237
Spirit of the Ancren Riwle ... ... 237—238

CHAPTER X.—ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS—THE BARDS IN WALES.

Songs of the People after the Conquest 239
Canute's Song 240
Songs on the Marriage of Gunhilda 240, 241
Aldred 241
Rhymes of Saint Godric 241, 242
The People in the Forests 243
Herward in the Fens ... ... 244—246
Robin Hood ... ... 246—248
The First Ballads ... ... 248—251
Golden Age of Welsh Literature 251, 252
Native Poetry of North Wales 252
Meilyr 252
Gwalchmai 253
Owain, Prince of Powys 253
The Hirlas Horn 253, 254
Prince Howel 254

PAGE

Kynddelw 254
Llywarch ab Llywelyn 255
Other Welsh Bards 255
The Mythological Poems... ... ... 255, 256
The Avellenau 256
The Triads 257
The Mabinogion 257, 259
The History of Taliesin ... ... 259—262
Close of the Welsh Literary Period 262, 263

CHAPTER XI.—ENGLISH METRICAL ROMANCE.

English Metrical Romances 264
Dano-Saxon Romance 264
King Horn... ... ... 264, 265
The Lay of Havelok the Dane ... ... 265—276
Guy of Warwick 276
Minstrels 276, 277
Sir Gawayne ... ... 277—279
Huchowne... ... ... 279, 280
Thomas of Erceldoune ... ... 280—282
Sir Tristrem 282, 283
Songs of the Scots... ... ... 283, 284
Metrical Romance. William and the Werwolf .. 284, 285
The Romance of King Alexander ... ... 286—303

CHAPTER XII.—FOUNDATION OF THE DOMINICANS AND FRANCISCANS—GROSSETESTE—ROGER BACON.

Reformers in France 304, 305
Origin of the Dominican Friars ... ... 305—308
Origin of the Franciscans ... ... 308—309
First Influence of the Mendicant Orders on the Mind of Europe 310
Robert Grosseteste ... ... 311—315
Roger Bacon .. .. 316—320
Opus Majus, Opus Minus, and Opus Tertium ... ... 320—324

PAGE

Michael Scot 324, 325
Duns Scotus 325, 326
William Occam 326
End of Scholasticism 327

CHAPTER XIII.—SONGS—SATIRES—FABLES.

Genesis and Exodus ... ... 328—330
Versification of Genesis and Exodus 330
The Owl and the Nightingale 331
Proverbs of Alfred 331, 332
A Bestiary ... ... 333—335
Debate of the Body and the Soul 335
Dame Siriz 336
Stephen Langton 336

CHAPTER XIV.—CHRONICLES—SERMONS—PROVERBS.

Robert of Gloucester ... ... 337—339
Thomas de Marleberge 339, 340
Annals of Margan... 340
Matthew Paris 341
Annals of Burton 342
Chronicle of Melrose 342
Annals of Waverley 342, 343
Bartholomew Cotton 343, 344
John of Oxnead 344, 345
Thomas Wikes 345, 346
Matthew of Westminster 346
Nicholas Trivet 346, 347
Peter Langtoft 347
Henry of Bracton 347, 348
Spirit of the Old English Chroniclers ... ... 348—350
Other Pieces ... ... 350—352
Poema Morale 352
Proverbs of Hendyng ... ... 352—354
The Fox and the Wolf 354
The Land of Cockaigne 354, 355

PAGE

Chapter XV.—Robert of Brunne—Gesta Romanorum—Allegory and Romance.

Robert of Brunne 356
His Handlynge Synne 356
His Chronicle 357, 358
His Handlyng Synne ... ... 359—363
Gesta Romanorum ... ... 364—372
Psalms of the People 373, 374
Growing Taste for Allegory 374, 375
Abridged Romances: Dits and Ditties 375, 376
Romance History of the Enchanter Virgil ... ... 376—378
Lays and Fabliaux 378, 379
Sir Cleges ... ... 379—382

Chapter XVI.—The Italian Revival.

The Italian Revival 383, 384
The Italian Revival at the Court of Sicily ... ... 385—391
The Italian Revival in the Lombard Cities 391, 392
Guelfs and Ghibellines ... ... 392—397
In the Days of Dante 397, 398
The Birthplace of Modern Literature ... ... 398—401
Dante in Florence 401, 402
The Father of Modern Literature ... ... 402—406

Bibliography ... ... 407—412

Index ... ... 413—419

Last Leaves ... ... 421—424

ENGLISH WRITERS.

BOOK III.

From the Conquest to Chaucer.

CHAPTER I.

LIGHT FROM THE SOUTH—CLOSE OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

In tracing the roots of our literature we find that they stretch far across Europe: northward we follow them to Iceland, southward to Provence and to the lands lying beyond the Mediterranean yet farther south. From the North to the South.

The Norman Conquest brought England at once into relation with the life of southern Europe. In the years next after the Conquest there were only faint beginnings of Provençal song. The first of the troubadours from whom verse has come down to us were Ebles of Ventadour and his feudal lord, a Count of Poitou, who was William IX., Duke of Aquitaine and Count of Poitou, born in the year 1071, and but eighteen years old at the time of the death of the Italian Lanfranc. Lanfranc. Although not an English writer, Lanfranc died in England in the year 1089, an old man of eighty-four, who for nineteen years had been Archbishop of Canterbury. At

Canterbury he rebuilt the cathedral, was high in favour of William the Conqueror, and during part of the reign of William Rufus was also chief director of affairs in Church and State. Lanfranc was born, in 1005, at Pavia, son of a keeper of the public archives. He studied at Bologna, where he practised as an advocate, removed to France, and was famous as a teacher at Avranches. On his way from Avranches to Rouen, in 1041, he fell among thieves, was robbed in a forest near the abbey of Bec, tied to a tree, and abandoned. During a day and night of solitary peril he devoted himself to God, and, when released by travellers next day, asked the name of the nearest monastery. He was directed to the abbey of Bec, then newly founded by the unlettered Abbot Herluin, one of a noble Danish family, who had been bred to arms, had left the world, and was in much need of a good scholar in his abbey. To Bec, therefore, Lanfranc retired as a monk; in three years he became prior there, Herluin still living as abbot, and opened a school which he made famous by his teaching. Duke William made Prior Lanfranc one of his Counsellors of State, and when he obtained for William the permission of the Pope to marry his own cousin, on condition that he built a monastery, the monastery, dedicated to St. Stephen, was built at Caen, and Lanfranc was made its abbót.

When William became King of England, Lanfranc was still his agent at Rome; and when, in England, William deposed in favour of his followers those of the Saxon clergy upon whose goodwill he could not depend, Lanfranc obtained the mitre of Stigand Archbishop of Canterbury. There was some controversial writing by Lanfranc upon the Eucharist against Berengarius, who, as a follower of Erigena, applied reason to the support of dogmatic theology. Berengarius applied the scholastic philosophy to one main doctrine of the theologians of his day in a way that brought upon him fierce attack for heresy. He had been in 1031,

at the age of thirty-three, the head of the Cathedral School in his native city of Tours. There he taught that the bread and wine in the sacrament are spiritually but not materially transformed into the body and blood of Christ for worthy partakers. Christ, he taught, does not descend to be divided into portions by the hands of priests, but the hearts of the true believers rise to heaven and partake spiritually of His imperishable body. Berengarius reasoned against the material change in terms used by the nominalists, and was surprised to find Lanfranc opposed to him; but for his own opinions he was more than once in danger of death, and once imprisoned as a heretic. Hildebrand sought to shelter him at the Synod of Rome in 1059. But when Hildebrand had become Pope Gregory VII. he was obliged to satisfy the fury of adverse opinion and force on his friend protection by compelling recantation. Berengarius withdrew from the strife to quiet prayer until his death in 1088.

Lanfranc wrote also a tract of doctrine on the sacredness of "the Confidence of the Confessional," and on the position of a penitent who, for want of a proper confessor, might choose any clerk or layman or confess to God alone, though such confession would not be a sacrament. Sixty-three letters almost wholly upon business of the Church, and a speech delivered in the Council at Winton, A.D. 1072, are in the list of Lanfranc's lesser writings. There remains also some impress of his mind upon a curious body of rules for the government of Benedictine monks, written when as Primate he had converted his chapter of Canterbury into a Benedictine monastery; besides these pieces we have his chief work, a complete body of Commentaries on St. Paul's Epistles, apparently notes for or from his oral teaching.

Anselm, a profounder scholar, was Lanfranc's favourite pupil, and his successor, first as Prior of Bec, afterwards,

under William Rufus, as Archbishop of Canterbury. Anselm, born in 1034, at Aosta, in Piedmont—his father a Lombard, his mother a Burgundian—Archbishop of Canterbury though he was, belongs no more than Lanfranc to English literary history.

Anselm.

But a true Kentish man was the Eadmer or Edmer who wrote Anselm's life. He was one of the Benedictines of Canterbury, and, as he says of himself, was from childhood in the habit of noting and remembering events, especially those which concerned the Church.* His genius in this respect made him an admirable chronicler. He wrote in six books of clear Latin a "Historia Novorum," or History of his own Time from the Conquest to the year 1122, preceding his account of the Conquest with the prophecy ascribed to St. Dunstan, and ending his History with the death of Ralph of Escures, Anselm's successor in the archbishopric of Canterbury. When Alexander I., in 1120, desired to make Eadmer—nominated for him by Archbishop Ralph—Bishop of St. Andrew's, Eadmer refused, unless he might, as a bishop in Scotland, profess allegiance to the primacy of Canterbury.† This claim for the aggrandisement of Canterbury was of course denied; and Eadmer died three or four years afterwards, in high esteem at Rome, without having been made a bishop. As Anselm's pupil, afterwards his friend, his spiritual director by the Pope's appointment, and his companion when, having offended William Rufus, he retired from England, Eadmer became also Anselm's biographer. He wrote the Life of Anselm in two books. He wrote Lives, too, of Wilfrid of York; of the pious Bregwin, German born, who died Archbishop of Canterbury in the year 765; of Oswald of York; and of Dunstan. There is also a letter of his to the

Eadmer.

* "Historia Novorum," lib. ii.

† Eadmer, "Historia Novorum," lib. v. *ad fin.*

Glastonbury monks, on their asserting that they had the body of St. Dunstan. The central persons of Eadmer's chronicle of his own time, which is as true a record as the clever and honest monk could make it, are the Archbishops of Canterbury, Lanfranc, Anselm, and Ralph; Anselm, however, is the great king of the history, beginning to reign before the end of the first book, and dying only at the beginning of the fifth. Eadmer was to the backbone a monk, strict in all claims of ecclesiastical power; but, like Anselm, he was a monk with a breath of original genius. It delighted him to hear Anselm, who was seldom silent, talk and philosophise with a didactic fancy. Besides writing the Life of Anselm, Eadmer gathered a book of the Similitudes of St. Anselm, a book of theological ethics and metaphysics, in nearly two hundred little chapters of philosophy, with tedious, unsubstantial divisions, enlivened throughout by a thoughtful play of the imagination. Other books of Eadmer's are on the Excellence of the Virgin Mary, who excels all creatures; on the Four Virtues that were in the Virgin Mary, and her Sublimity; and on the Heavenly Beatitude.*

Early Arabian influence.

Again, let us look southwards to the Arabs, that we may connect the future with the past. While Alcuin was labouring for Charlemagne, the great Caliph Haroun al Raschid, who reigned between the years 786—809, was master of the Moslem world, and stood for a time at the head of the whole

* Eadmer's "Historia Novorum" was edited in 1623 by Selden, with Notes that are added to the history in the edition of Eadmer's works included in Migne's Patrologia, where they form a part of vol. 159. Several unpublished MSS. of works by Eadmer are in the library of Bennett College, Cambridge, which contains the MS. of his "Historia Novorum." Among these unpublished works are his Letters. In the Archbishop's library at Canterbury is a MS. of Eadmer on Ecclesiastical Liberty, specially setting forth the quarrel between Anselm and William Rufus.

world's best material civilisation. The germ of a more substantial and enduring progress was possessed by Christian nations, but the brilliant powers of the Arabs were then being stimulated to their utmost exercise. The son of Haroun al Raschid, Al Mamoun, the seventh caliph of the race of the Abassides (813—833), became caliph in the same year that Charlemagne's son, Louis the Pious, succeeded to his father's empire; he belongs, therefore, to the period between the days of Alcuin and those of Erigena. Al Mamoun died sixteen years before King Alfred's birth, and was in his own way the great Alfred of the Arabs, who promoted to the utmost of his large opportunities the spread of literature and art among his people. He gathered the learned to his court. He took tribute of subject provinces, not in gold and material produce, but in their products of mind, in manuscripts and books. Hundreds of camels might in his day be seen entering Bagdad loaded with books and papers; and whatever was considered valuable in the thoughts of many minds expressed in many tongues that were thus poured into the capital, Al Mamoun caused to be translated into Arabic. The modest band of copyists that Alcuin sent to York to transcribe books for the enrichment of the empire of Charlemagne was not to be compared to the host of Saracen translators and scribes. Bassora and Cufa were almost as rich in treatises and poems as Bagdad. Libraries of a fabulous extent were accumulated. In Spain, during the Arab occupation, seventy great libraries were open for instruction of the public; and there were schools, of the kind to which some trace the origin of our university system, at Cordova, Granada, Seville. From the ninth to the fourteenth century arts and letters followed the conquests of a people which had begun its career as a few tribes of simple and hardy horsemen and lancebearers, to one of whom a handful of dates was a sufficient dinner.

The highest forms of human power seem to be obtained only by mixture of race; and I do not doubt that it was in the design of Providence to give the strength to those who had most widely accepted neighbours from the world beyond the narrow bounds of their own tribe. But of single races Baron Larrey was, perhaps, with some exaggeration, not altogether wrong in considering the Arabs to possess the highest physical perfection. He believed that he found the convolutions of their brain to be deeper and more numerous, the matter itself of the brain and of the nerves to be denser, than in Europeans; the heart and arterial system remarkably regular and perfect in development; the external senses exquisitely acute; "their sight is most extensive in its range; they hear at very great distances; and can, through a very extensive region, perceive the most subtle odour." They are said by other eulogists to have produced more poets than all the other peoples of the world taken together. But their poetry seems to have been unsubstantial in its brilliancy, consisting in a heat and strain of fancy that made Pindar and Euripides pass for cold writers in their estimation, Homer and Sophocles for colder yet, and Virgil for a man to set the teeth chattering. When they collected treasures of wit from the nations, they did not, even as a matter of curiosity, care to translate the Western poets. Al Mamoun took tribute in Greek books from the Emperor Michael the Stammerer, but, his own taste being also for science and mathematics, he set his translators to work not on the Greek poets, but on their philosophers. Arabic poetry consisted chiefly in lyrics about or between innumerable lovers and innumerable princesses. There were elegies and moral verses, but there was no comedy or tragedy, no epic sustaining vigorously some high argument of God or man. An insatiable curiosity for knowledge and a lively humour produced, in the form of didactic poems, treatises

on Grammar, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, or Natural History; and to the production of poetry of this sort all the wit on the coasts of the Mediterranean was stimulated. Arab philosophy fastened also upon Aristotle rather than upon Plato. The poetical spirit of Plato, essentially Christian, was at once too simple and too deep for a fancy that played with most pleasure over artificial subtleties. The definitions and distinctions of Aristotle gave an employment it enjoyed to the Arabic mind. Avicenna, the great Arabian philosopher, says that he began study by reading the Metaphysics of Aristotle forty times without understanding them. Avicenna lived as a most famous philosopher and physician while Canute was king in England, and the Arabian Averroes was commenting on Aristotle at the end of the twelfth century. To the Arabian influence was partly owing the peculiar reverence for Aristotle in the universities of Europe before the Reformation, which was ushered in among the learned by outpost skirmishes between Aristotelians and Platonists. But the great period of Saracen art, literature, and science, showed the Arabs to be indefatigable students; ready as Aristotle was—although his idolaters in Europe were not—to go to Nature herself for a true science. One of these Arabian scholars travelled forty years to study mineralogy; another went over all Europe collecting plants. And with all this there was their own nature freely expressed in the continual invention and enjoyment of those bright, fanciful tales of whose great number a very small part has become familiar to us in Scheherezade's 'Thousand and One Tales of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment.

Songs of the Troubadours Origin of the Romance Languages.

The people of the south of Europe caught the humour of the singing and the story-telling, and none sooner than those of Provence, among whom a language and literature rapidly formed afterwards fell almost as rapidly into decline. Provence

inherits the name of the province that Rome had obtained on the southern coast of Gaul not long before the second Punic war. It retained the name when Cæsar had subdued the rest of Gaul, but varied at different times in its extent. Under Augustus the Provincia Romana, or Gallia Narbonensis, which had for its chief city Narbonne, joined Dauphiné, Savoy, Roussillon with Foix, and at last all Languedoc, except Velay and Gevaudan, to Provence; the western half of the south of France being called Aquitaine. Subsequent political changes produced restrictions of the name to narrower bounds. The language preserved in the poetry of the Provençal troubadours was the first acknowledged successor of the Roman speech, called, therefore, Romance; and it was the theory of M. Raynouard that the Romance language, formed from the corruption of Latin, was common to all the countries of Europe in which Latin had been spoken; was a regular fixed language, the Rustic Roman; with constant rules, universally understood over Roman Europe, and the common source from which the modern Latin or Romance languages were derived. The ancient Provençal—called also, from the word in it signifying yes, the Langue d'Oc—would thus be a widely-spread language, Rustic Roman, only son and heir of the old Roman Latin, named afterwards from one only of the districts in which it was spoken. It would have the same relation of parent to modern Provençal that it has to modern French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, which are all children of the Rustic Latin and the grandchildren of Latin.* But this opinion has not prevailed;

* M. Raynouard was the first thorough student of the old Provençal literature. Having begun his researches in the year 1807, in 1816 he published the first of six volumes of his "Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours" (Paris, 1816—1821), which contained a preliminary discussion upon the ancient Romance language and its grammar before the year 1000, besides a grammar of the language of the Troubadours,

it was examined and rejected by Ampère and A. W. Schlegel; it is tacitly set aside by other students of the Romance languages; and its fullest examination is to be found in one of the works of Sir G. C. Lewis,* who argues that the modern Romance languages—of which one contributed, through Norman French, or that which, from the word in it standing for "yes," was called the Langue d'Oyl, to the Latinisation of English—were themselves formed by a fusion of tongues. True though it be that Latin when a living language was, like other living languages, spoken ungrammatically, mispronounced, and mixed with archaisms by the country people; yet there is no evidence, nor is it likely, that such provincial or rustic Latin formed a distinct, uniform language, which was to survive the cultivated Latin of the capital. No doubt many provincial and colloquial words, being in wide use, would live longer in speech than words that had become almost peculiar to books; and if, therefore, in familiar speech men usually

The second volume contained dissertations on the Troubadours, and on their Courts of Love, an account of earlier remains of the Romance language, and illustration by example of the different forms of Provençal poetry. Raynouard then proceeded with his collection, which he closed with a volume of comparative grammar, to set forth his theory of the relation of the modern Romance languages of Europe with the language of the Troubadours. After Raynouard's death, in 1836, there was produced his other work, the valuable result of great and long-continued labour, in six volumes, "Lexique Roman, ou Dict. de la Langue des Troubadours comparée avec les autres Langues de l'Europe Latine" (Paris, 1838—1844), preceded by fresh arguments and researches, a digest of grammar, and a new selection of poems, in which he still held to his theory of an intermediate language, having its fullest expression in what remains to us of the early poetry of Provence.

* "An Essay on the Origin and Formation of the Romance Languages, containing an Examination of M. Raynouard's Theory on the Relation of the Italian, Spanish, Provençal, and French, to the Latin," Second Edition (London, 1862).

said *caballus*, *bellus*, *batuere*, where they would read *equus*, *pulcher*, and *percutere*, that custom would secure the life of words like *cheval*, *bel*, and *battre*. Latin writers, it is true, sometimes prefixed *ille* to a noun, and thence we may derive the articles of the Romance languages of Europe; the Italian *il*, the Spanish *el*, and the French *le*. But facts like these are only a small part of the whole truth. In Italy, Gaul, and Spain the Romans so effectually conquered and colonised that the original dialects of those countries gave way, more or less completely, to the language of the conquerors. In this country, Rome had only outposts among a hostile British population, and did not remain long enough to come into much contact with the First-English who laid the foundations of our English speech. But the Roman occupation absolutely planted Latin as the common speech where the Romance tongues are now spoken—a Latin in the first instance more or less individualised in each district by fusion with some scraps of the supplanted Celtic or Iberic.

If the conquered excel the conquerors in numbers or in force of intellect, it may be, as it was when the Northmen planted themselves by the Seine, that the conquerors are they whose native language disappears, or leaves only faint traces. And again, while the Normans in England poured their Latin wealth into the language of the Saxon people, yet, except in one or two very small matters, they did not Latinise its substance; but inflexions being dropped on both sides, their own way of speech was forced into accordance with the Anglo-Saxon mind and tongue. In Gaul, under the Romans, a little Celtic lingered in some eastern and southern parts during the third and fourth centuries; but Latin prevailed, and the old language at last survived only in Armorica, or Brittany. In Spain, Iberian gave way everywhere except in the

English and Norman-French. The Langue d'Oc and Langue d'Oyl.

Pyrenees, where it survives among the Basque; and the Ligurian disappeared from the shore of the Mediterranean. But the Latin that had been spread by conquest was also destroyed by conquest. The foundations of diversity were laid when the Teutonic races of the Herulians, Goths, Lombards, and Franks successively overran the West of Europe in the fifth and sixth centuries. The Teutonic armies that were usually—as in the Lombard invasion of Italy—in fact, national hordes, vast crowds of men and women, were, however numerous, too few to outnumber, and too uncivilised to subdue by intellectual force, the Latinised nations among whom they settled. What took place, therefore, was a fusion, like that of the Norman with the Anglo-Saxon speech. Teutonic additions were made to the Latin vocabulary; inflexions were dropped or simplified, and new idioms were introduced. "The modern Italian," says Gibbon, "has been insensibly formed by the admixture of nations;" so has the modern Frenchman. In northern France it has been inferred by Savigny, from comparison of social laws, that the Franks settled numerously, and expelled a large number of the natives; in southern France they were less numerous, and more of the Latin population held its ground; while in the south also, nearer to Italy, the Roman occupation had originally been more complete. Aix in Provence was the site of the first Roman settlement in Gaul, while Provence and Dauphiny constituted the first Roman province sixty or seventy years before Cæsar's campaigns in northern Gaul. Again, when the German power in Gaul began to supplant the Roman, they were in southern Gaul the Visigoths who, early in the fifth century, had their capital at Toulouse, and extended their power from the Pyrenees to the banks of the Loire; while over northern Gaul Attila passed as a scourge, and the confederation of the German tribes known as the Franks—Salii, Ripuarii, Sicambri, Bructeri, Chamavi—who

at an early date gave to the country subject to them the name of Francia, made their way into Gaul by advance to the Somme through conquered Belgium. In those different proportions of the Latin, and those different characters of the Germanic elements, by fusion of which they were formed, lies manifestly the reason of the subsequent difference between the French spoken south and north of the Loire, Langue d'Oc or Provençal, and that Langue d'Oyl, or Norman French, through which the Latin element came into English.

And so it is that, look where we may, we find how strongly in language as in literature neighbouring nations act and react upon each other. No land can be to itself a world; and no mind, whether of man or nation, can be rightly studied without constant reference to its relation with surrounding thought. We find, then, that what took place among ourselves after the Norman conquest, when First-English passed into modern English, had taken place already in the formation of that Norman French which enters now into our history. Complicated niceties of inflexion were disregarded or misused in the intercourse between the native and the stranger; and nouns were declined, verbs conjugated, not, as before, by inflexion of their endings, but by resolution of their ideas into component parts with help of participles and auxiliary verbs. In other words, the French language had passed out of synthetic into analytic forms. Even when there is no great admixture of peoples, the tendency of a language not fixed by a written literature and by the watchfulness of many skilled grammarians, is always from the synthetic towards the analytic method of expression. This fact A. W. Schlegel illustrated by the great advance made in the German language before the sixteenth century, while it was not artificially fixed, in the substitution of analytic for synthetic forms. Popular will prevails in the end. At this

day the German spoken by the educated classes retains the use of inflected cases of nouns, while the uneducated people agree with the Dutch in supplanting them by a preposition or pronoun.

The Latin of the Roman empire had, it is true, a well-defined and long-defined literary standard; but as spoken in provinces over which the light of classical literature shone very faintly, it went the way of nature when the men who spoke it became mingled here with one, there with another, horde of German conquerors. Such conquerors, from use of their own languages among each other, passed, as well as they could, to use of the "lingua Romana" or "lingua rustica" of natives of the soil, in which formerly an Italian and a Spaniard could converse together; and they spoke it, necessarily, with little regard to the delicacies of its grammar. Although German was still used at the French court at the end of the ninth century, yet everywhere over the old Roman ground the Latinised race had predominance in numbers and in intellect. Latin remained, therefore, the basis of the Romance languages, while they passed out of the synthetic class, and, according to the nature and degree of foreign interference, differed as Italian, Provençal, and Norman-French, Spanish, or Portuguese, among each other.

Early Provençal Literature.

The people of southern Gaul preserved still in the eighth and ninth centuries a lively taste for pagan dances and songs, funeral processions, and for certain games; also dramatic farces, which were the corrupt remains of the amusement furnished by the Roman theatres. What usages, accounted pagan, the Church found itself unable to abolish, it endeavoured to divert into the way of edification. The Christian clergy dramatised, or turned into pantomime and represented in their own churches, incidents of sacred writ, applied dances and choruses to honour of the saints, and supplied metrical

legends of saints as wonderful as any of the heathen fables for the use of the itinerant story-teller. But the monks in Southern Europe had to deal with a lively people who demanded more than this. Aquitaine and Provence had been free in the time of the Merovingians, and they fought afterwards on their northern border against Franks for maintenance of freedom, while they were contending also with the Arabs who flocked to them through Spain and over sea. A few fragments remain from the eighth and ninth centuries of an heroic strain bred of these conflicts.

Influence of the Crusades.

The crusading spirit which broke out soon after the Conquest was yet more powerful than the influence of Provençal song upon the Normans, in bringing home to England the benefit of contact with the learning and the lively fancy of the Arabs. From the time of Haroun al Raschid the Saracens had softened greatly, by the refinements of literature, arts, and science, the fierceness of their one-ideaed fanaticism. But Christendom was becoming, with the narrowing and hardening of the monastic system, less simply religious, more theological, and fiercely propagandist. Not only did Charlemagne profess to convert the Saxons by carrying fire and sword into the land, and enforce in his empire orthodox opinions with all the power of the state. In the north there was the Scandinavian Olave, whom the Roman Church immediately after his death canonised for his zeal, summoning the chiefs of unconverted districts to meet in assembly, and offering to their deliberation in region after region the choice between Christianity and massacre. As men approached the year 1000 the belief spread, especially in Latin Europe, that with that year the world would end. There were political distractions and convulsions preparing the way, as we now know, to great and wholesome issues, which, seen by those who were nearest to them, looked like the foretold signs that the last day was near. Men therefore forsook the

world in terror, flocked in crowds to the great abbeys of Cluny or Monte Casino, to Rome or to Jerusalem; and at Jerusalem they found unbelievers in possession of the Holy Places. The dangerous year came and went, the world survived it, but the Roman Church retained its hold on Christendom and cherished the fanaticism that enlarged its power. A spirit like that which had been their own was raised to band the Christian world against the Saracens; and in the year 1073 the great Hildebrand, the carpenter's son, in whose eyes the world was for the Church, came, as Pope Gregory VII., to a throne which he made the throne of Christendom. Gregory's ambition aimed necessarily at a reunion of the Greek and Roman churches; so that when the seat of the Moslem power was shaken by the outbreak of wild tribes from among the Kabyles of the African desert, who passed through Africa as fierce invaders of the old stamp into Spain,—when also from the steppes of Bulgaria the wild Turkish tribes swept over the caliphate of Bagdad, advanced on Asia Minor, and drove the Greek Emperor across the Hellespont—Gregory obtained from the French aid for the Spaniards, and proposed himself to lead an army of Christians to the relief of Constantinople and destruction of the Turks. Thus he would bind again Greeks and Armenians to the unity of the Church, and afterwards he would lead the Christian conquerors to the possession of the Holy Sepulchre. The quarrel with the German Emperor, Henry IV., brought Gregory's life to its end in disappointment, but his successor, Urban II., who eased himself of his imperial antagonist by stirring up the son of Henry IV. to strife against his father, was strong enough in 1095—substituting for all Gregory's political schemes a pure fanaticism—at the end of a council held at Clermont upon French affairs, to call upon all Europe to aid him in delivering the Holy Sepulchre. Since the year 1076 it had been recovered to themselves by the rude Turkish hordes, who first wrested

it, in 935, from the tolerant and civilised rule of the Caliphs of Bagdad. For a time it had been wrested from them; but now, coming with overwhelming force, they had seized Mecca and Jerusalem, and threatened the Greek empire with ruin. Over all Europe the enthusiasm spread. The afflictions of the world were to be healed by conquest of the earthly Jerusalem. Three hundred thousand men fastened the badge of the cross on their shoulders. Duke Godfrey of Bouillon collected an army in Lorraine; Duke Robert of Normandy mortgaged his whole territory to raise a troop of French and English knights. The time was thought to be come of which it was written, "Whoso will go with me, let him take up his cross and follow me." Our Lord himself was regarded as the commander-in-chief of the crusade; the Papal legate who went with the army was his representative, but, as he was no soldier, military affairs were directed and commanders appointed by a war committee. Long-bearded Peter the Hermit, who had stood by the Pope's side at Clermont, and as a missionary for the war rode abroad on his ass, and told how he had been in Jerusalem, and seen there a vision of Christ, commanding him to summon the Christian Church to his help, saying, "I have longed for her; I shall rejoice in her; and paradise is open to her"—this Peter was the spiritual leader of the poor and ignorant, glad to escape from home oppression. These were a wild body by themselves, who called their chief Tafur, which was Turkish for King of the Beggars. The Turks were then divided among themselves, and were old enemies of the more civilised Mahometans. The Christians had, therefore, the Caliph of Egypt for an ally in their first attack on the Emir of Nicæa, though, finding that friendly pagan become master of Jerusalem, they attacked him as an enemy when, after the siege of Antioch, overbearing delay caused by the quarrels of the princes, they pressed in an eager crowd towards the Holy

City. Jerusalem was taken by storm on the 13th of July, 1099, in the days of Eadmer, during Anselm's archbishopric of Canterbury, and a year before the death in this country of William Rufus—or, to compare great things with small, the year in which the building of Westminster Hall was finished. There was soon afterwards a rush home of the surviving Christians who had fulfilled their vow; Godfrey of Bouillon and Tancred being left at Jerusalem with about two hundred knights and two thousand men at arms.

By this crusade it concerns all literature of the following time to remember how many men of almost all countries in Europe, who had scarcely been beyond the acres they tilled, had their imaginations stirred with ideal expectations and visionary tales of miracle; their wit sharpened on their travel eastward and back. Always among the press and stir of human life, with attrition of minds and experience of many moods of many nations, their eyes were sated with changing Oriental scenes, their ears accustomed to the songs and brisk tales of the camp-fire. Thus from the religious enthusiasm there was bred a sense of the romance of chivalry; the flow of wit and fancy, and the taste for stories of adventure that had other than saints of the Church for their heroes, became quickened; and so there was a way made through the Church out of the Church, even by one of its narrowest and darkest passages, into the open world.

From the South we trace also the beginning of endeavour towards an independent search into Nature. The far search made by Athelard—though it was to derive knowledge not from Nature, but from the more cultivated intellect of Saracen unbelievers—was the first breaking of conventional bounds that followed quickly upon Gerland's course of homebred study.

Gerland.

Gerland, after the Conquest the earliest English writer on mathematical science, observed an eclipse of the sun in 1086, and produced, soon after the

year 1082, a treatise on the Computus, and a treatise on the Abacus, a system of calculation which Pope Gerbert had brought into fashion.

Athelard of Bath.

Athelard—or, in his own Latin form, Adelard—of Bath, born when Gerland was writing, studied in the schools of Tours and Laon. At Laon he taught till he pressed onward in search of knowledge to Salerno; thence, as he himself incidentally tells us, to Greece and Asia Minor, and, perhaps, as we may infer from his manner of speaking of his travels, to Bagdad itself. He returned to England in the reign of Henry I., and published before the year 1116 an allegory, "De Eodem et Diverso." In this work he represents Philosophy and Philocosmia, or love of worldly enjoyment, as having, when he was a student at Tours, appeared to him on the banks of the Loire in the form of two women, and disputed for his affections, until he threw himself into the arms of Philosophy, drove away her rival with disgrace, and sought the object of his choice with an ardour that carried him in search of knowledge even to the distant Arabs. The persistent taste for allegory, and the form of the taste, should here be noticed.

Athelard opened a school on his way home to England, and taught the Arabian sciences, which seemed but doctrine of the heathen to his nephew and old pupil, for whom, therefore, he professes to have written his book of Questions in Nature ("Quæstiones Naturales"). He begins this book by telling with a pleasant ease how, after a long absence from his country for the sake of study, he came home, and, being welcomed by his friends, at their first meeting asked them for home news; upon which they complained heavily of "violent princes, vinolent chiefs, mercenary judges, inconstant patrons, private flatterers, lying promises, envious friends, and almost everybody ambitious." He replied that he should not trouble about these matters. How could he

cure them by troubling himself? He would cure them by forgetting them.

But if scientific contemplation was to serve in those days for a sufficient antidote to public griefs, it needed all its powers of abstraction. Athelard's friends did not exaggerate the troubles of the country when this treatise was being written. We turn to the Saxon Chronicle, and read in it this account of the "violent princes, vinolent chiefs," for the year 1137. At the beginning of King Stephen's reign in 1135—

"They had done homage to him, and sworn oaths, but had held no faith; they were all forsworn, and forfeited their troth; for every powerful man made his castles, and held them against him; and they filled the land full of castles. They cruelly oppressed the wretched men of the land with castle-works. When the castles were made they filled them with devils and evil men. Then took they those men that they imagined had any property, both by night and by day, peasant men and women, and put them in prison for their gold and silver, and tortured them with unutterable torture; for never were martyrs so tortured as they were. They hanged them up by the feet, and smoked them with foul smoke; they hanged them by the thumbs, or by the head, and hung fires on their feet; they put knotted strings about their heads, and writhed them so that it went to the brain. They put them in dungeons, in which were adders, and snakes, and toads, and killed them so. Some they put in a 'crucet hûs,' that is, in a chest that was short, and narrow, and shallow, and put sharp stones therein, and pressed the man therein, so that they brake all his limbs. In many of the castles were [instruments called] a 'lâð and grim,' these were neck-bonds, of which two or three men had enough to bear one. It was so made that it was fastened to a beam; and they put a sharp iron about the man's throat and his neck, so that he could not in any direction sit, or lie, or sleep, but must bear all that iron. Many thousands they killed with hunger; I neither can nor may tell all the wounds or all the tortures which they inflicted on wretched men in this land; and that lasted the nineteen winters while Stephen was king; and ever it was worse and worse. They laid imposts on the towns continually, and called it 'censerie:'* when the wretched men had no

* In the MS. "tenserie." Censerie is, no doubt, the same as "cens," in Low Latin *censaria*, "rente seigneuriale et foncière, dont

more to give, they robbed and burned all the towns, so that thou mightest well go all a day's journey and thou shouldst never find a man sitting in a town, or the land tilled. Then was corn dear, and flesh, and cheese, and butter; for there was none in the land. Wretched men died of hunger; some went seeking alms who at one while were rich men; some fled out of the land. Never yet had more wretchedness been in the land, nor did heathen men ever do worse than they did; for everywhere at times they forebore neither church nor churchyard, but took all the property that was therein, and then burned the church and all together. Nor forebore they a bishop's land, nor an abbot's, nor a priest's, but robbed monks and clerks, and every man another who anywhere could. If two or three men came riding to a town, all the township fled before them, imagining them to be robbers. The bishops and clergy constantly cursed them, but nothing came of it; for they were all accursed, and forsworn, and lost. However a man tilled, the earth bare no corn; for the land was all fordone by such deeds: and they said openly that Christ and His saints slept."

From such evils Athelard turned to the grass and the trees and the stars, and in turning from man to nature told his assembled friends that he would cure them by forgetting them.

When the nephew, much concerned in studying causes of things, entered and asked for an account of his uncle's Arabic studies, this treatise is said to have been the answer. And because, says Athelard, "it is the inborn vice of this generation to think nothing discovered by the moderns worth receiving—whence it comes that if you wish to publish anything of your own you say, putting it off on another person, It was somebody who said it, not I—so (that I may not go quite unheard) Dominus Quidam brought forth all that I know." He begins then by reminding his nephew that he left him, seven years ago, a youth with the others whom he had been teaching at Laon, and then agreed that while the uncle sought the knowledge of the

un héritage est chargé envers le seigneur du fief d'où il dépend" (Roquefort, Glossaire Romain). In the copying of words there is great liability to a confusion between the similar old MS. letters c and t.

Arabs, the nephew should acquire the knowledge of the Franks. The nephew expresses doubtful esteem of the wisdom of the Saracens, and would like some proof that his uncle is the better for it. He shall have proof. Accordingly, beginning with the grass of the field and ascending to greater things, there are proposed and discussed seventy-six tough questions upon Nature, which the nephew treats according to the knowledge of the West, and which the uncle treats according to the knowledge of the East. Each short chapter of disputation being thus devoted to the elucidation of a distinct question, the inquiry rises in the later chapters to the stars of heaven. Athelard declares that they are animate; and, in reply to the question, "What food do they eat, if they are animals?" says that, as they are more divine than earthly things, they take a purer diet, for they feed on the humidities of earth and water, thinned as they are drawn up through a vast space."* That opinion prevailed for many generations more. Athelard, though of course erring greatly in his facts, yet places reason and observation of nature higher than authority; and so deserves for his own time the title given to him† in the thirteenth century of "Philosopher of the English."

Athelard wrote also a tract on the use of the Abacus, another on the Astrolabe. He introduced Euclid into England by a translation which, as it remained the text-book of succeeding mathematicians, was published afterwards with a commentary ascribed to a Campanus, but which may possibly be by Athelard himself; it was printed at Venice in 1482. Among his translations were also an Arabic work on Astronomy and the Kharismian Tables.

* A MS. of Athelard's "Quæstiones Naturales" is in the Cotton Collection, Galba E iv. The work was several times printed at the close of the fifteenth century, and I quote from a black letter copy printed in 1480.

† By Vincent of Beauvais.

Roger, who is called Roger Infans, wrote a treatise on the Computus, or Calculation of Easter, following and correcting Gerland and Helperic, in which he says that it was published in 1124, and that he wrote it when he was very young.* Roger Infans.

Born near Caen, in Normandy, Philip de Thaun was not an English writer, but he is to be named as the earliest poet in the Langue d'Oyl, if he may be called a poet who rhymed science with less fancy than Athelard of Bath shows in his prose. Philip compiled in verse a scientific treatise on the Astronomy of the Calendar under the name of "Livre des Creatures" and a "Bestiary," in which, following the track of the "Physiologus" that yielded our First-English poems ot the "Whale," the "Panther," and the "Partridge," the half-fabulous natural history of his day is moralised and allegorised into symbols of the mysteries and doctrines of the Church.† Philip de Thaun.

Now we turn to the chroniclers by whom we shall be led among the poets.

Marianus Scotus, born in Ireland, as his Chronicle shows, in 1028, travelled in 1052 to Germany, taught mathematics at Ratisbon, and four years afterwards became a monk at Cologne. In 1059, having been ordained priest at Würzburg, he went to the abbey of Fulda, where he remained till 1069. He died at Mayence in the year 1086, after writing a History from the Creation to the year 1083, following Cassiedorus, Eusebius, and Bede; but with use of such good copies of these authors that his work serves for occasional correction Marianus Scotus the Chronographer.

* The only known copy is in the Bodleian, MS. Digby No. 40.

† These books, with literal translations into English, will be found among Thomas Wright's "Popular Treatises on Science written during the Middle Ages in Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, and English" (London, 1841).

of their text. The Chronicle of Marianus Scotus was followed by a double chronology based upon his belief that the Dionysian era of the birth of Christ was wrong by twenty-two years. Dodechin, Abbot of St. Disibod in the diocese of Treves, continued the Chronicle of Marianus Scotus to the year 1200. With this Marianus is not to be confounded the Saint Marianus, also a Scot, who went to Germany and who died six years before his namesake. Marianus Scotus the saint went also to Ratisbon, and there wrote many books which he gave away gratuitously, for which reason, perhaps, so little care was taken of them that they all are lost. He did not leave Ratisbon, but immured himself in a cell there, for which reason he is also called "Inclusus;" and it is said in evidence of the sacred value of his writings that one night, when his candle went out, he still wrote on, because the tips of the three fingers that were not holding the pen poured light over his paper.

Marianus Scotus the Saint.

Here, too, there may be record of the home-keeping wit of Osbern of Canterbury, who tells that he saw Canterbury Cathedral burnt in the year 1070. It was his amusement to translate the Lives of native saints from First-English into a Latin of which William of Malmesbury admired the style. We have Lives by him of St. Dunstan and St. Ælfeg or Alphege, the latter written upon the occasion of the triumph of the native clergy, when after the Conquest it had been proposed to dismiss Ælfeg from the Calendar; but they held by him, and with Anselm's assistance gained their point.

Osbern.

Ingulf was an Englishman who became secretary to William of Normandy before the Conquest. Afterwards he went to Jerusalem, became a monk, was prior of Fontenelle under Abbot Gerbert, and being recalled to England, was in 1075 made by King William Abbot of Croyland in place of the deposed Ulfketel. A

Ingulf.

chronicle ascribed to him was forged in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and came to light in the year 1415. Under that date we shall speak of it.

Chester is the first city of England that had a book written about it. Lucian, a monk of St. Werburgh's, wrote the book* about the year 1100, and entitled it "De Laudibus Cestriæ," On the Praises of Chester. The great feature of Chester in this writer's eyes was the monastery of St. Werburgh. The city was its admirable outhouse.

Lucian of Chester.

The first English traveller who followed in the track of the Crusaders was Sæwulf, a merchant who had Bishop Wulfstan of Worcester for his confessor. Wulfstan, as his conscience was too tender for trade, wished Sæwulf to turn monk. He went to Jerusalem, and did in fact afterwards become a monk of Malmesbury. His close and literal account of what he saw in Palestine in the years 1102 and 1103 (the date can be fixed exactly by internal evidence) is diversified with the description of a great storm at Joppa, in which twenty-one ships and a thousand persons perished—sailors, pilgrims, and merchants, men and women—from which storm he escaped only by the accident of not having slept on board his vessel. Sæwulf's whole record would not fill more than about three columns of a modern English daily newspaper. If we could imagine that excellent modern institution carried back, with all its machinery, by a bold anachronism, into the year 1103, we may be sure that public interest in the war in Palestine would suggest to journalism the propriety of having an Own Correspondent in that country; and Sæwulf's travels, written in the spirit of their time, might appear one morning, or at most in two letters, as the report of such a correspondent. There is

Sæwulf.

* MS. Bodley No. 672, described in Thomas Wright's "Biographia Britannica Literaria," Anglo-Norman Period, a work by which I am often helped.

really not so much anachronism in this way of looking at old records as in worshipping them simply as things ancient and difficult of study. When they had all the life in them—for which only, so far as we can seize upon it, they have value to us now—assuredly it was not mould of antiquity that gave them their true relish. The dust, the rents, the crabbed text, the faded ink of the old manuscript, are but the glass through which we look at things beyond; and what man ever prized his windows for the dust and dirt and cobwebs that collected on them? It is the same human heart and brain at work in every age. And again I say that books are nothing, except in so far as, setting at naught space and time, they can bring us into contact with the life and soul of men of every age and race of which we can contrive to read the tongue.

Sulcard, who may have been an Englishman, dedicated to the Abbot Vitalis, between the years 1076 and 1082, a short legendary history of Westminster Abbey. It occupies only six leaves of MS.* He was a monk of Westminster, who says that he saw the old monastery before it was pulled down and rebuilt by Edward the Confessor.

Sulcard.

Ricemarchus, made Bishop of St. David's about the year 1085, and dying about 1096, wrote a Life of St. David, on which subsequent biographies are founded.†

Ricemarchus.

A short memoir of Bishop Wulfstan of Worcester was inserted by Sub-prior Heming in the chartulary of the church of that town which he compiled by Wulfstan's desire. Colman, a Worcester monk, who was for fifteen years Wulfstan's chaplain, wrote

Heming.
Colman.

* In MSS. Cotton. Faustina A iii. and Titus A viii. I cite through Thomas Wright the minor writers mentioned in these paragraphs.

† A MS. is in the Brit. Mus., Cott. Vesp. A xiv.

also the bishop's life, and, according to William of Malmesbury, not in Latin but in English.

When Aldwin, a monk of Winchcomb in Gloucestershire, visited some monasteries afflicted by the disasters of the north—Evesham, York, Newcastle, Jarrow—he was invited to Durham by Bishop Walcher, and went thither accompanied by Turgot, a young clerk from the ruined Jarrow. The Bishop of Durham aided Aldwin and Turgot in the rebuilding of Jarrow. Before the works were finished there they went to Melrose, whence they returned to Durham, and they were then settled again at Wearmouth, employed in the work of reconstruction. Turgot here received tonsure from Aldwin. After the murder of Bishop Walcher in 1083, his successor, Bishop William, obtained the king's licence to connect monks instead of canons with his cathedral. The monks of Jarrow and Wearmouth were brought therefore to Durham, and those twin monasteries connected with the memory of Bede became cells to the larger house at Durham, of which Aldwin was made the first prior. Turgot, as Aldwin's successor, was prior at the foundation of the new monastery in 1093. He was afterwards archdeacon of the diocese, and in 1109 Bishop of St. Andrews; but in 1115 he resigned his bishopric and returned to Durham, where he died in the same year, two months after his return. Turgot, besides a Life of St. Margaret Queen of Scotland, of which the only known copy was burnt in the fire at the Cotton Library, wrote a clear history of the monastery of Durham, to which Simeon of Durham put his own name fifty years afterwards.* Turgot.

* A MS. is in the Brit. Mus., Cotton. Tiberius D iii. The History was first printed in 1652 by that good royalist antiquary Sir Roger Twysden (who wrote also the "Historical Defence of the Church of England"), in his issue of "Ten Writers upon English History," then first published out of their old MSS. "Historiæ Anglicanæ

Turgot's History, which is in four books, begins with Oswald and Aidan, and the foundation of the church of Lindisfarne; tells briefly of Cedd and Colman, more fully of Cuthbert and Bede; tells as it proceeds of the ruin and second ruin of the Lindisfarne church by the Danes, and the miracles connected with the travels of St. Cuthbert's remains; until at the beginning of the third book we read how it was revealed from heaven, in the year 995, to a priest named Eadmer, that they were to come to Durham. Then we are told of the miracles worked in Durham Church at Cuthbert's tomb; of the gifts of Canute; of the siege of Durham by the Scotch King Duncan in 1035—Macbeth's King Duncan, who "was killed by his own people," the monk significantly adds, "not long after his return;" then we are told more miracles of the gifts to the church by Tostig and his wife Judith, and so forth, until the story comes to the election of Bishop Walcher in 1082. There is an account of the way in which Saint Cuthbert, appearing in a dream to one Ralph, sent by King William to compel tribute from Durham, beat the said Ralph with his pastoral staff, in punishment for his audacity, so that

Scriptores X. Simeon Monachus Dunelmensis. Johannes Prior Hagulstadensis. Ricardus Prior Hagulstadensis. Ailredus Abbas Rievallensis. Radulphus de Diceto Londoniensis. Johannes Brompton Jornallensis. Gervasius Monachus Dorobornensis. Thomas Stubbs Dominicanus. Gulielmus Thorn Cantuariensis. Henricus Knighton Leicestrensis. Ex vetustis MSS. nunc primum in lucem editi. Adjectis variis lectionibus, Glossario, indiceque copioso." Folio. London, 1652. As he found the work attributed in the Cambridge Public Library to Simeon of Durham, he published it under that name as the first of his ten, although Turgot's name was inscribed in a later hand on Sir Thomas Cotton's MS.; and John Selden, who followed Twysden's address to the reader with the substantial introduction to the "Ten Writers," began by proving Turgot to be in fact the author of the work to which Simeon prefixed an Apology and Preface, and in which Simeon made also some inconsiderable changes.

when he awoke from the dream he could not rise from his bed until he had appeased the saint. After this we read of the coming of Aldwin of Winchcomb from Evesham, with Turgot and another companion, Reinhold, who went "to Streoneshale, which is called Whitby." He went thither to reconstitute a monastery, the monks of which after his death migrated to York, where they built a house in honour of the Virgin Mary, removing, doubtless, because historical associations in the neighbourhood of a few fishermen were less valuable to them than association with a large frequented town. Mildly ascribing to Bishop Walcher no other offence than neglect to censure or punish the cruel greed of his people, the third book of the History ends with telling how the bishop was at last attacked by the people and burnt out of his church, to fall upon the lances of his enemies. Bishop Odo coming with military force to avenge this deadly riot, turned nearly the whole land into a desert, cut off heads, or mutilated those who, innocent of all part in the outrage, had remained in their homes, and stole the beautiful sapphire crozier of Durham Church, placed in the castle under military guard. As to all these later matters, the monastic chronicler is giving the report of an eyewitness, and the whole of the fourth book, which ends with the year 1096, has the same character.

Simeon of Durham.

Simeon of Durham wrote also a History of the English Kings to the year 1129, which is chiefly a literal transcript of the Chronicle of Florence of Worcester, but in its earlier part he used a Northumbrian Chronicle, no longer extant, which continued Bede to the year 802, and gave north country events in fuller detail than the Saxon Chronicle.

Florence of Worcester.

Florence, a monk of Worcester, formed his Chronicle by inserting records of English affairs into a general history for which the Chronicle of Ma-

rianus Scotus* supplied the groundwork. Marianus said little about events in Britain and Ireland. From the landing of the followers of Hengist and Horsa onward, such events, in order of time, are inserted by Florence of Worcester in the earlier part, chiefly from Bede, the Saxon Chronicle, and Asser's Life of King Alfred, but with additional detail and occasional change of a date, especially in what relates to the reign of Edward the Elder and Edward the Confessor. Florence inserted also, from sources not now to be traced, notices of saints and famous men among the clergy, especially of Worcester. His account of Bishop Wulfstan, and of his death in 1095, cannot be traced to any MS. of the Saxon Chronicle.

Nothing more is known of Florence himself than that he was a monk, and that he died on the 7th of July, 1118. So much is told † by the author of the first continuation of Florence's Chronicle of Chronicles, who speaks of it as in its time pre-eminent. The first continuer was another monk of Worcester, named John, who carried on the record from January 1118 to the year 1141.

As Bishop Wulfstan died twenty-three years before Florence of Worcester, this could not have been the monk John who is said by Orderic to have added to the Chronicle of Marianus Scotus, at Wulfstan's request, the details of William the Conqueror, William Rufus, and Henry I., taken from William of Poitiers and Guy of Amiens. Copies of this piece of chronicling produced at Worcester have not yet been found.

The work of the monk John, whose continuation of

* "E. W." III. 23.

† [1118] "Nonis Julii obiit Ds. Florentius Wigornensis monachus. Hujus subtili scientia et studiosi laboris industria, præeminet cunctis hæc Chronicarum Chronicon.

Corpus terra tegit, spiritus astra petat,
Quo cernendo Deum cum sanctis regnet in ævum. Amen."

Florence of Worcester extended from 1118 to 1141, was followed by another continuation to the year 1295,* which is from 1141 to 1152, a transcript from the Chronicle of Henry of Huntingdon; its continuation, from 1152 to 1265, is a transcript from the Chronicle of John de Taxster, a monk of Bury St. Edmunds, and from 1265 to 1295 a compilation by a monk of Bury St. Edmunds, who gives much space to the affairs of Bury.†

Thus by interpolations and additions, by uniting fragments of old chronicle into records interspersed with fresh notes, national or local, the story of the early life of England, or as much of it as quiet English monks could learn, was truly told.

* Its MS. is in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

† The best MS. of Marianus with Florence of Worcester's interpolation, ending abruptly at the year 1140, by loss of its last leaves, formerly belonged to the abbey of Worcester, and is now in the library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Another MS., beautifully written at the end of the twelfth century, is in the library of Lambeth Palace. It ends at the year 1131. A later MS. is in the Bodleian Library, and another, which contains the continuation to 1295, in a handwriting of the thirteenth century, is in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. It formerly belonged to Peterborough. The better of the two MSS. of De Taxster's Chronicle belongs to the College of Arms (Arundel, No. 6), the other, damaged by fire, is in the Cotton Library, Julius A i. The first printed edition of Florence of Worcester was published at London in 1592, at the expense of Lord William Howard of Naworth.

CHAPTER II.

ORDERICUS VITALIS AND WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY— GESTA STEPHANI.

Two chroniclers of special mark were at work in the earlier half of the twelfth century, and they were so strictly contemporaries that the Chronicle of each ends with the year 1142.

Ordericus Vitalis.

Ordericus Vitalis was born on the 15th of February, 1075, at Atcham, on the Severn, near Shrewsbury, close to that Wroxeter where the old Roman city of Uriconium has in our day been disinterred, and not far from the spot where the hall of Kyndyllan had been left a waste "without fire and without songs." His father, Odelirius, was a married priest, native of Orleans, attached to the household of Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, as one of whose train he had crossed over to England. His own name of Ordericus the chronicler took from the Saxon priest and curate of the parish who baptised him, and was also sponsor for him. At five years old Orderic was sent to school at Shrewsbury, where he learnt during the next five years of his life reading, grammar, and chanting, under a priest of royal blood named Siward. Odelirc, who was of Earl Montgomery's council, and received valuable gifts from his patron, gave a log-church, built by Siward in the suburbs of Shrewsbury, that had become his property, as the site of a stately Benedictine abbey of St. Peter, founded at his suggestion by the earl. Into that

abbey, when his wife was dead, and the earl was dead, Odelire withdrew as a monk of the stricter rule, with his son Orderic, then ten years old, and his youngest son, whom he had called Benedict. One half of his estates he gave to the abbey, and the other half to be held as a fief under the abbey by his second son Everard, who remained outside in the world. But the father presently feared that with a son dear to his fleshly heart in the same monastery with him, the earthliness of natural affection would interfere with his chance of salvation by abstraction from the world; little Orderic, therefore, was sent to Normandy under the care of a monk named Raynold, and given, with thirty silver marks, to the Benedictine abbey of Ouche. That was an abbey founded by Evroult, for whom, as a saint of his own town, Odelire, still somewhat a victim to his sympathies, had a too natural predilection. The abbey, which afterwards took the name of St. Evroult, was buried among forests, and was at that time forming a good library. The boy of eleven, "from the farthest wilds of Mercia," was kindly received by Abbot Mainier. Forty years afterwards, still in the same religious home, he wrote in his Chronicle:—

"Then being in my eleventh year, I was separated from my father, for the love of God, and sent, a young exile, from England to Normandy, to enter the service of the King Eternal. Here I was received by the venerable father Mainier, and having assumed the monastic habit, and become indissolubly joined to the company of the monks by solemn vows, have now cheerfully borne the light yoke of the Lord for forty-two years, and walking in the ways of God with my fellow-monks, to the best of my ability, according to the rules of our order, have endeavoured to perfect myself in the service of the Church and ecclesiastical duties, at the same time that I have always devoted my talents to some useful employment.*

* Ord. Vit., b. v., ch. 1. The next passage quoted is in book v., ch. 14. I follow the translation by Mr. Thomas Forester, which gives the whole Chronicle of Ordericus Vitalis in plain English, well

And in another place, having inserted an account of his father's connection with the monastery of St. Peter's, Shrewsbury, he says :—

"I have thus made a short digression respecting the foundation of the abbey on my father's property, which is now occupied by Christ's family, and where he, at the age of sixty, if my memory serves me, voluntarily submitted to the Lord's yoke till the end of his life. Forgive me, I pray you, good reader, and let it not be thought wearisome, if I have committed to writing these few short particulars respecting my father, whom I have never seen since the day when, for the love of the Creator, he sent me into exile as if I had been a hateful stepson."

Orderic entered the Norman monastery in 1085. On the 22nd of September in the following year, on the Feast of St. Maurice, a boy in his twelfth year, he received the tonsure, and changed his English name of Orderic for that of Vitalis, one of St. Maurice's companions in martyrdom. That Maurice was in the year 286 commander of the Thebæan legion under Maximianus Herculius. Being camped in the Holy Land, he and all his men are said to have been baptised by Zembdal Bishop of Jerusalem, and afterwards, having crossed the Alps with the imperial army, when the Emperor sacrificed to his gods on a plain by the Rhône in the Valais, Maurice and his legion of 6,666 men marched eight miles away from the scene of impiety. Maurice having explained that they did this because they were Christians, the legion was ordered to be decimated, and as that did not shake their faith they were massacred in the place called Ayounum, now St. Maurice. Two of his lieutenants who died with St. Maurice and with all the men of the legion, Innocentius and Vitalis, are named with the chief saint in the celebration of the festival. And

prefaced, annotated throughout, and fully indexed, in four volumes of Bohn's Antiquarian Library.

thus Orderic, receiving tonsure on St. Maurice's day, had his name changed from Orderic into Vitalis.

Ordericus Vitalis was admitted subdeacon at the age of sixteen, and deacon at the age of eighteen, but not until fifteen years afterwards did he venture to receive from the Archbishop of Rouen what he regarded as the solemn burden of the priesthood. The pious simplicity of his monastic life, and his devotion to study, carry our thoughts back from Orderic at St. Evroult to Bede at Jarrow, and he is among the better class of English historians that followed Bede. He was sixty-seven years old at the close of his history. Had he lived on, he would have worked on. We may assume, therefore, that he died soon afterwards, in the year 1141 or 1142. Like Bede's, his life was on one spot, devoted to religious exercises and his labour in the book-room. Orderic made few journeys after he received the tonsure. One was in 1115 to England, when he went to Worcester and spent some weeks at Croyland Abbey, obtaining material for his History; one was in 1132 to Cluny, to attend a general chapter of the Order of St. Benedict; and one was to Cambray, a journey that seems also to have been made for the purpose of obtaining information necessary to his work.

The Abbey of St. Evroult was in Orderic's day the asylum of many aged soldiers of rank who had been with the Normans in Italy, had fought in the Crusades, or in the wars of William the Conqueror and his sons. It was also in constant communication with three monasteries colonised from itself in Italy, and with England, whence it drew much of its revenue. Orderic's work, like Bede's, is called an "Ecclesiastical History" of England and Normandy. It is in thirteen books, of which the last seven constitute for us the main narrative. They begin with very brief annals of the Carlovingian kings, of the Franks, and of succeeding history; then,

Orderic's "Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy."

after a break at the year 1054, with the year 1084 they become full, very early in the seventh book, or first book of the chief series; from which date through the eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth books, the narrative proceeds to its close, in 1141, with the Life of the author, who is thus essentially a journalist of his own times. To these seven books four are prefixed, and they were the part first written, forming now the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth. In these, setting out with the foundation of monasteries in Normandy, Orderic proceeds to tell the history of his own abbey of St. Evroult, of the Archbishops of Rouen, and of ecclesiastical affairs, as seen from within his own community. To these were then prefixed two books, now the first and second of the whole thirteen, and they were written during the progress of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth. They tell the history of the Church from the birth of Christ to the death of Leo IV. in 855; a list of Popes from that date to Innocent II., the reigning Pope, A.D. 1142, being appended. The "Ecclesiastical History" of Orderic consists, therefore, of three parts, slightly connected with each other. The first part, in two books, is the compiled church history just mentioned; the second part, in four books, is the history of the affairs of his own abbey and its diocese, and of the church, so far as they most interested the St. Evroult monks; and the third part is in seven books, which, except a short introductory sketch, consists wholly of conscientious, although disorderly, contemporary record of political events in Normandy and England. Vitalis claims no subtlety; he discovers all that he can, and tells all that he knows, with breaks and digressions, with representation of facts sometimes in the form of speeches put in the mouth of persons of his story, or other movement of the fancy for expression of the truth, but with no attempt to colour facts to his opinions. His journal is, like every good old chronicle of

its kind, a mine of historical anecdote, and illustrates vividly the social condition of England and Normandy in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

A MS. of Orderic's History was carelessly preserved at St. Evroult, where M. Guizot found, although it had been complete and had been copied at the beginning of the previous century, nothing left in the year 1799 but four leaves of the seventh book, and the last five books complete, except a few leaves at the end. This MS. was indexed in a catalogue of books at St. Evroult, made shortly after Orderic's death, and is his autograph copy, written very clearly on small sheets of common parchment, with corrections in some places. Orderic's Chronicle, of which there are several MSS. in France and England, was little known in the Middle Ages, and was first printed in 1619, by André Duchesne, with the Chronicle of Dudo of St. Quentin, and other pieces, in his folio of "Ancient Writers of Norman History." Of that volume, in fact, Orderic's work forms the most substantial part. A notice of Orderic by M. Guizot, then Professor of Modern History at Paris, was prefixed to a French translation of his History in the year 1826; and a careful edition, with notes, of the text of Ordericus Vitalis, formed from collation of the best MSS., has been published in five volumes by the French Historical Society since 1838, under the editing of M. Auguste le Prevost.* From this edition the whole history has been translated into English by Mr. Thomas Forester.† Geoffrey of Monmouth wrote only five or six years later than

* "Orderici Vitalis Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ libri tredecim. Emendavit et suas animadversiones adjecit Auguste le Prevost" (Paris, 1838—1854).

† "The Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy, by Ordericus Vitalis, translated, with Notes, and the Introduction of Guizot, by Thomas Forester, M.A.," in 4 vols. of Bohn's Antiquarian Library (London, 1853—1856).

Orderic, and a chapter of Orderic's twelfth book contains citations from the Prophecies of Merlin.

William of Malmesbury.

Of the chroniclers after Bede, to whom he referred when writing his History of Britain, "William of Malmesbury," says Milton, "must be acknowledged, both for style and judgment, to be by far the best writer of them all." After the praise of Milton it is little to record that Ussher pronounced Malmesbury "the chief of our historians;" that Leland thought him "elegant, learned, and faithful;" and Sir Henry Savile pronounced him to be the only man of his time who, as an historian, had discharged his trust. Of his own life he tells little, and his own monastery of Malmesbury scarcely preserved his memory. He tells us that his parentage was both English and Norman—*utriusque gentis sanguinem traho*—probably, therefore, he had an Anglo-Saxon mother and a Norman father. From a few passages in his works, it is doubtfully inferred that William of Malmesbury was born in the year 1095 or 1096, and that he was therefore by twenty years a younger man than Orderic, his contemporary. He went as a boy into the monastery of Malmesbury, where he became librarian, and refused the dignity of abbot. His History of the Kings of England ends with the year 1142. Orderic's History ends its last book with the year 1141, and its second book with the year 1142. William, therefore, seems to have died at Malmesbury nearly at the time when Orderic died at St. Evroult. As a youth, William of Malmesbury was an enthusiast for books; he visited monastic libraries, bought—and read—every author that he could procure, divine or poet; studied the Latin authors of the old classical time, and consciously followed the venerated example of Bede—which he followed also in refusing to be made an abbot—by devoting to study and literary research every interval between his religious exercises. For what he takes of earlier time from older authors

William of Malmesbury makes those authors responsible; of his own time he speaks only from personal knowledge and from trustworthy report. Robert Earl of Gloucester, a natural son of Henry I., a man of high feeling and scholarly tastes, was the monk of Malmesbury's especial patron, and to him Brother William's chief work, the History of the Kings of England, is dedicated, as well as some other of his writings. Brother William's credit as a scholar caused application to be made to him from other religious houses for biographies of saints. For Glastonbury he wrote the Life of St. Patrick,* the "Miracles of St. Benignus and the Martyrdom of St. Indract," abridged from the First-English;† also a Life of St. Dunstan,‡ in two books. Among other works of his are a History of the Church at Glastonbury, dedicated to Henry Bishop of Winchester;§ the Life of St. Wulfstan, translated from the Anglo-Saxon;‖ the Miracles of the Blessed Virgin, in four books, and the Order of the Evangelists, in fifteen books of verse;¶ the Miracles of St. Andrew, abridged from another work;** abridgments also of Amalarius on Ecclesiastical Offices;†† of the History of Haimo of Flory;‡‡ and of the Commentary of Paschasius Radbert upon Jeremiah.§§ When

* Extracts from it are in Leland's "Collectanea," but there is no known MS. of this or of the "Miracles of St. Benignus."

† In the Bodleian, MS. Digby 112.

‡ Bodleian, MS. Rawlinson 263.

§ "De Antiquitate Glastoniensis Ecclesiæ." It is printed in the third volume of Gale's "Historiæ Brit. Sax. Anglo-Dan. Scriptores XV.," together with the Life of Aldhelm, forming the fifth book of the "De Gestis Pontificum."

‖ A great part is printed in vol. ii. of "Anglia Sacra."

¶ Both in Leland Coll., vol. iv.

** MS. Cotton. Nero E 1.

†† At Lambeth Palace, MS. 380.

‡‡ Bodleian, MS. Selden Arch. B 32.

§§ Bodleian, MS. 868.

a youth he wrote in verse the Miracles of St. Elfiga; but neither that work nor his three books of Chronicles remain to us. He wrote also the Itinerary of John Abbot of Malmesbury to Rome, from the relation of a monk who was his companion. The work is lost, but Leland saw it, and said it was very curious, also that the writer himself there appeared as precentor of his monastery. Thus far we see only the industry of Brother William the monk. His skill as an historian is partly shown, however, in his four books of the History of the Prelates of England—"De Gestis Pontificum"—of which there are several MSS., and which were printed in 1601, in the same folio that contained also the first imprint of Malmesbury's "History of the Kings of England," by Sir Henry Savile,* founder of the Oxford Professorships in Geometry and Astronomy which bear his name.

William of Malmesbury's History of English Prelates.

The fifth book of the History of English Prelates, which remains only in one MS., is in Dean Gale's collection. The bishops in this work are arranged under the heads of their several sees: Archbishops of Canterbury being first chronicled; then the sequence of bishops and the points of note in their history at Rochester, London, in the east of England; in the west, and first of Winchester; at Sherborne, at Creed in Devonshire, of which the see was transferred in Edward the Confessor's time to Exeter; at Selsey, now Chichester. The

* "Rerum Anglicarum Scriptores post Bedam præcipui, ex vetustissimis codicibus manuscriptis nunc primum in lucem editi. Willielmi Monachi Malmesburiensis de Gestis Regum Anglorum, lib. v. Ejusdem Historiæ Novellæ, lib. ii. Ejusdem de Gestis Pontificum, lib. iv. Henrici Archidiaconi Huntingdoniensis Historiarum, lib. viii. Rogeri Hovedeni Annalium pars prior et posterior. Chronicorum Ethelwerdi, lib. iv. Ingulphi Abbatis Croylandensis Historiarum, lib. i. (Frankfort, 1601)." This is the book in which Milton read William of Malmesbury.

Archbishop of York opens the third book, and so the work proceeds; the great monasteries within its jurisdiction being noticed in connection with each see.

William of Malmesbury's History of English Kings—"De Gestis Regum"—is in five books, of which the first contains Anglo-Saxon History from the year 449 and the arrival of the Anglo-Saxons to the consolidation of England under Egbert; the second book contains the history of England until the Norman Conquest; the third contains the history of England under William the Conqueror; the fourth gives a short account of the reign and character of William Rufus, followed by a full history of the first crusade; and the fifth book extends to the twentieth year of the reign of Henry I., the father of that Robert Earl of Gloucester to whom the History is dedicated. Under the separate title of Modern History—"Historia Novella"—at the request of his patron, the monk of Malmesbury continued his narrative in three shorter books, from the twenty-sixth year of Henry I. to the year 1142, at which year he breaks off in the midst of that civil war in Stephen's reign wherein Earl Robert of Gloucester, fighting for his sister Matilda, nearly dislodged Stephen from his throne. The escape of Matilda over ice from Oxford to Wallingford, when in Oxford she was besieged closely by Stephen and her capture seemed inevitable, is the last incident recorded in this chronicle; and its last sentence says, in relation to the Empress's escape, "this I purpose describing more fully if by God's permission I shall ever learn the truth of it from those who were present." Of these three books of Modern History, Robert Earl of Gloucester is the central point, and they seem to have been designed as a record of his action in his sister's behalf against King Stephen. After 1142 there was a balance of power, and in 1147 Earl Robert died. Although William of Malmesbury mentions only such authorities for his earlier history as are

William of Malmesbury's History of English Kings.

known to us—Ethelwerd and Eadmer for example—yet, since he was an eager reader of all tracts and accessible records of his time, he became acquainted with many details of early history that would have been lost to us but for his scholarly zeal; and, in fact, next to Bede and the Saxon Chronicle, William of Malmesbury's History is not only for careful journalism of its own time most valuable, but it now furnishes the best record of the political life of Anglo-Saxon England. Its narrative is throughout wholesome and lively; it digresses largely into a busy history of the Crusade, and but slightly into the monk's professional detail. The writer looks freely abroad over the world, and has a monk's sense of the worth of a legend, side by side with a man's sense of the realities of life, and a good historian's sense of the worth of a State paper. William of Malmesbury's chronicle has been used more than any other as the basis of all modern histories of England under the first Anglo-Norman kings.

Together with William of Malmesbury's Modern History, balancing the reports of honest men who describe the same conflict from opposite points of view, should be read the chronicle known as the "Gesta Stephani," written by an unnamed contemporary in the reign of Stephen. Its author was friendly to the cause not of Earl Robert, but of the king. With the closeness of a tale having Stephen for its hero, this chronicle follows the king's fortunes from his accession to the year of the death of Earl Robert, where the MS. from which the work was first printed—with the History of Orderic and other works, in Duchesne's "Normannorum Scriptores,"—became fragmentary, and was abruptly broken off. In 1845 the book was re-edited and annotated from the printed copy in Duchesne for the English Historical Society by Dr. R. C. Sewell; and by Dr. Sewell, in the preface to his new edition of the text, it is thus sufficiently described: "Facts are here met with, which not only Malmesbury but other writers passed

"Gesta Stephani."

over, and scenes are described with minute particularity which they have neglected, or of which they were ignorant. We are transported at once into the camp of Stephen and his barons; we are present at his councils; we are hurried forward in the night march; we lurk in the ambuscade; we take part in the storming of castles and cities. Now we stand in the wild morasses of the Isle of Ely; at another time we reconnoitre the fortifications of Bristol; from the hard-fought field of Lincoln we are carried to the walls of Oxford; from the dungeon of the captive king we hasten to witness the escape of the Empress during all the severities of the December night. It is one stirring series of events of personal and individual interest, and in this respect it partakes much more of the character of a romance than of history; it resembles more the metrical remnants of Barbour and Robert of Gloucester (save that it is written in prose) than the steady, the more calm and philosophical work to which it forms so valuable an appendage. But at the same time it carries with it the impress of truth."*

* The "Gesta Stephani Regis" have been edited for the Rolls series of Chronicles and Memorials by Richard Howlett, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. They form, together with the Chronicle of Richard of Hexham, the Relatio de Standardo of Aelred of Rivaulx, the poem of Jordan Fantosme, and the Chronicle of Richard of Devizes, the third volume (1886) of a series of "Chronicles of the Reigns of Stephen, Henry II., and Richard I." Volumes I. and II. contain the History of William of Newbury.

CHAPTER III.

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH.

Geoffrey of Monmouth.

To the same patron of letters and opponent of King Stephen who received the dedication of William of Malmesbury's History of the Kings of England, Geoffrey of Monmouth also dedicated his History of the Britons, a work more really on the border-land between poetry and history than the "Gesta Stephani." Geoffrey of Monmouth's chronicle was the book that, above all others, brought King Arthur home again out of Brittany to Britain. The first work of this writer was a Latin translation of the Prophecies of Merlin, which we have found Orderic quoting. This translation Geoffrey made at the request of Alexander Bishop of Lincoln. There has also been improperly ascribed to him a Life of Merlin, in Latin hexameters. His great work, the History of the Britons, to which he added his translation of the Prophecies of Merlin, was dedicated to Robert of Gloucester; and as Robert Earl of Gloucester, to whom Geoffrey was domestic chaplain, died in the year 1147, that is the latest possible date of Geoffrey's History. Geoffrey is named of Monmouth because he was educated at a Benedictine monastery near that town, and from having become Archdeacon of Monmouth. He was consecrated Bishop of St. Asaph on the 24th of February, 1152, but in that year, according to his contemporary, the Welsh chronicler Caradoc of Llancarvan, died in his house at Llandaff before he entered on his office. He was, says Caradoc,

nephew and foster-son of Uchtryd Archbishop of Llandaff, and held an archdeaconry in the church of Tielo at Llandaff, where, says Caradoc, he was the instructor of many learned men and nobles.

Caradoc of Llancarvan, who gives this report, whom Geoffrey, at the conclusion of his own history, calls his contemporary, and who seems also to have been one of Geoffrey of Monmouth's personal friends, wrote a chronicle, beginning, where Geoffrey's left off, with the abdication of Cadwallader, and continued to the year 1156, when death may be supposed to have stayed his hand. The chronicle of Caradoc of Llancarvan was continued by the maintenance of record in his abbey. Of this hereafter. There was also in a Liber Landavensis a record of the Bishops of Llandaff for five hundred years, ending about the year 1132.

The history of Geoffrey's History has been said to be that Walter Map—a man himself born in the Welsh borders, of whom we shall presently hear much as the man of highest literary genius in Henry II.'s reign, but who was a child in arms at the time here referred to—discovered when in Brittany an ancient History of Britain, written in the Cymric tongue. He was delighted with it, brought it home as a treasure, and found no man better able to translate it than the Welsh priest Geoffrey, a man skilled in his native language and antiquities, and accounted an elegant writer of Latin verse and prose.

Geoffrey gladly undertook the task imposed upon him by the infant prodigy, and, dividing his work at first into four books, dedicated them to Robert Earl of Gloucester. Afterwards he made alterations, and formed the work into eight books; to which he added Merlin's Prophecies, translated out of Cymric verse into Latin prose. He says that he had not got far in his History when there was a public talk of Merlin's Prophecies, and he was obliged to publish these at the request

Geoffrey of Monmouth's History of the Britons.

of his acquaintance, especially of Alexander Bishop of Lincoln, a prelate of great piety and wisdom, to whom he writes in a letter, "The regard which I owe to your great worth, most noble prelate, has obliged me to undertake the translation of Merlin's Prophecies out of British into Latin before I had made an end of the History which I had begun concerning the acts of the British Kings." Archbishop Ussher mentions an old Welsh chronicle in the Cotton Library, thought to be that which Geoffrey translated; but, if so, he made additions to his text. In 1811, the Rev. Peter Roberts published the Chronicle of the Kings of Britain, translated from Welsh MSS.* (which may be all later than Geoffrey's time); a Chronicle of the Kings of Britain, almost identical with Geoffrey of Monmouth's.

Geoffrey himself, in his dedication of the work to his patron, plainly says that the book was found by Walter Archdeacon of Oxford—not Walter Map, who was not archdeacon till 1196, but Walter Calenius, who had been archdeacon in 1110, and was archdeacon still in 1147. Calenius offered the curious MS. to him when he was studying the Kings of Britain, and, at the archdeacon's request, Geoffrey translated it into Latin. Geoffrey adds that it was then very ancient, was in the British or Cymric tongue, and "in a continued regular story and elegant style related the actions of all the British Kings, from Brutus, the first of them, down to Cadwallader the son of Cadwallo."

Geoffrey's History was at once widely read for delight of the fancy, and was translated into Anglo-Norman, English, and Welsh; but the students who were accustomed only to laborious compilation of truth in the name of history, were indignant when there appeared this tissue

* "Collectanea Cambrica. The Chronicle of the Kings of Britain, translated from the Welsh copy, attributed to Tysilio," &c. (London, 1811.)

of manifest invention. It was a work of imagination, published before such works were a recognised part of the highest literature, and taking the form of chronicle which the new stir of national life had brought into most request. William of Newbury, looking back from the end of the century, expressed the general impression when he said—"A certain writer has come up in our times to wipe out the blots on the Britons, weaving together ridiculous figments about them, and raising them with impudent vanity high above the virtue of the Macedonians and Romans. This man is named Geoffrey, and has the by-name of Arturus, because he cloaked with the honest name of history, coloured in Latin phrase, the fables about Arthur taken from the old tales of the Bretons, with increase of his own. . . . Moreover, in this book that he calls the History of the Britons, how saucily and how shamelessly he lies almost throughout, no one, unless ignorant of the old histories, when he falls upon that book, can doubt. . . . I omit how much of the acts of the Britons before Julius Cæsar that man invented, or wrote from the invention of others as if authentic;" but William of Newbury, making condemnation of Geoffrey the whole object of the Preface to his own work, goes on at length to testify to the falsity of Arthurian romance, and complain that Geoffrey of Monmouth has "made the little finger of his Arthur stouter than the back of Alexander the Great," and has represented his Merlin as a British Isaiah, except that he "dared not prefix to his prophecies 'Thus saith the Lord,' and blushed to write 'Thus saith the devil' . . . Therefore, as in all things we trust Bede, whose wisdom and sincerity are beyond doubt: so that fabler with his fables shall be straightway spat out by us all." *

Gerald of Wales, whose acquaintance we are soon to make, writing when Geoffrey's History had been extant

* Gul. Neubrig. Hist. Rer. Ang. in Proem.

some forty years, good Welshman as he was, scouted Geoffrey's book as history. "The name of Wales," he says,* "was not derived from Wallo, a general, or Wandolena, the queen, as the fabulous history of Geoffrey Arthur† falsely maintains, because neither of these personages are to be found among the Welsh; but it arose from a barbarian appellation. The Saxons, when they seized upon Britain, called this nation, as they did all foreigners, Wallenses." Geoffrey Arthur was more than half a poet, and many men delighted in his book, however ill some took it that a Latin work calling itself "Historia Britonum" should be a work of fiction. In the literature of its time the book was as the ugly duck of the farmyard where not a fowl could recognise the future swan. There was in our time, says Gerald,‡ who is going to knock down fiction with fact, a Welshman at Caerleon named Melerius, who, "having always an extraordinary familiarity with unclean spirits, by seeing them, knowing them, talking with them, and calling each by his proper name, was enabled through their assistance to foretell future events. . . . He knew when anyone spoke falsely in his presence, for he saw the devil as it were leaping and exulting on the tongue of the liar. . . . If the evil spirits oppressed him too much, the Gospel of St. John was placed on his bosom, when, like birds, they immediately vanished; but when that book was removed, and the History of the Britons by Geoffrey Arthur was substituted in its place, they instantly reappeared in greater numbers, and remained a longer time than usual on his body and on the book."

The previous History of the Britons bearing the name of Nennius had told that the first inhabitants of this island were Trojans led to Italy by Æneas, the wife of whose grandson

* Walliæ Descriptio, ch. vii.

† Gruffydd ab Arthur was the Welsh form of his name.

‡ In his Welsh Itinerary, ch. vi.

Silvius bore a son of whom it had been foretold that he should kill his father and mother and be hated by his countrymen. The son was named Brut. His mother died in giving birth to him; his father he killed by the chance shot of an arrow. He was expelled from Italy with his companions, and came to this island, which is named after him Britain. The History of Nennius contained also the Legend of Merlin, and told of the twelve battles in which King Arthur was victorious; ending with that of Mount Badon (Bath). Geoffrey of Monmouth's contemporary Orderic, writing in Normandy, had introduced into his History a chapter of the prophecies of Merlin. William of Malmesbury, writing in England, mentioned King Arthur in the first book of his History as "that Arthur about whom the idle tales of the Bretons (nugæ Britonum) craze to this day, one worthy not to have misleading fables dreamed about him, but to be celebrated in true history, since he sustained for a long time his tottering country, and sharpened for war the broken spirits of the people." This part of William of Malmesbury's History may have been written a dozen years or more before Geoffrey of Monmouth published as a Latin History those "idle tales of the Bretons." It was in 1142 that William of Malmesbury completed his work with the Modern History; and it was, at latest, in 1147 that Geoffrey of Monmouth completed his "Historia Britonum," but a part of it may have been published somewhat earlier. Geoffrey himself brings his book to an end with a playful reference to more exact historians, William of Malmesbury and Henry of Huntingdon, to whom he leaves the Saxons, but whom —as he must have written with a twinkle in his eye—"I advise to be silent about the kings of the Britons, since they have not that book in the British language which Walter Archdeacon of Oxford brought out of Brittany."

Geoffrey of Monmouth dealt in his own way with popular tradition, of which he made full and free use.

He not only amplified it, but, whatever may have been in the Breton book, certainly it was he who, with a touch of the humour that was strong afterwards in Defoe, gave to the work the mock gravity of sober history. He quietly cites Homer as a witness that during the wanderings of Brut he built the city of Tours on the spot where his nephew Turonus was slain in a battle; and when, at the end of his first book, he has brought Brut to the foundation of Troynovant—New Troy, afterwards London—he is delightfully particular in telling his readers that this was when Heli ruled in Judea, and when the ark of the Testament was taken by the Philistines, and when the sons of Hector reigned in Troy, and when Silvius the son of Æneas reigned in Italy. His next two books manufacture a British history down to the time of Cæsar's invasion, so contrived as, according to the humour of his day, to account by eponym for the names of places in the island. Some person in the story gives a name to every great region, river, or important city. Thus Brutus's three sons Locrin, Albanact, and Camber, give to Saxon England, Scotland, and Wales their names of Lloegria, Alban (or Albany), and Cambria. The invading Humber, king of the Huns, was defeated and drowned in the river that now bears his name. His daughter Estrild was the captive of Locrin, who loved her though he had a lawful wife, and hid her in a secret chamber sixteen feet under the ground of London. There she bore him a daughter, Sabren, "virgin daughter of Locrine," who was afterwards, together with her mother, drowned by Locrin's widow in the river called after her Sabrina (Savrina), Severn. Geoffrey's next three books convert into romance the history of the Romans and Saxons in Britain to the time of King Arthur, and as the history proceeds, more and more names of places are accounted for by cunningly invented incidents. Geoffrey's seventh book contains Merlin's Prophecies. In the eighth book we have

King Arthur's father, Uther Pendragon, and of the ninth and tenth King Arthur alone is the hero. He besieges in York Colgrin, who comes over with more Saxons to make an end of the Britons; his nephew King Hoel of Brittany sends 15,000 men to his aid, and Arthur makes the Saxons his tributaries. They break faith and land again, when Arthur with his own hand kills 470 of them in one battle. The Saxons are overcome; the Scots and Picts are pardoned; Arthur restores York to its ancient beauty; adds to his government Ireland, Iceland, Gothland, and the Orkneys; subdues Norway, Dacia, Aquitaine, and Gaul; summons a solemn assembly of kings to the City of Legions (Caerleon-on-Usk), and is pompously crowned. Then he receives a letter from Lucius Tiberius, general of the Romans, commanding him for his withholding of tribute and seizure of territory to appear at Rome before the middle of August next year; he holds council upon this, refuses tribute, and prepares, at the end of Book IX., for a war with Rome. At the opening of Book X. Lucius Tiberius is calling together the kings of the East against the Britons; Arthur leaves Modred his nephew to rule Britain and take care of his queen Guanhumara (Guenever); has a portentous dream as he departs; kills a giant from Spain who has carried Helena, the niece of Hoel, to the top of St. Michael's Mount; beats the great force of the Romans; addresses his soldiers; Lucius Tiberius also addresses his soldiers; they fight a great battle; the Britons have the victory; Tiberius is killed; part of the Romans fly, the rest give themselves up as slaves; Arthur hears as he is marching on Rome that Modred at home has seized his kingdom and married his wife. So ends the tenth book of Geoffrey's History. The two remaining books create, partly by bold amplification of hints taken from Nennius, perhaps the one book that he used, an unbroken history of British kings from the return of Arthur, his victory over Modred, Guenever's becoming a

nun of the order of Julius the Martyr, Arthur's mortal wound and resignation of his crown to Constantine, down to the death of Cadwallo, which is assigned to the year 689. The work, it should be added, is comparatively brief, its twelve books not occupying more space than about a couple of the thirteen books of Orderic.*

Certainly here was a book to startle the grave monks who had a conscience as historians, who had been trained by the traditions of centuries to account no literature worthy that did not diffuse positive truths, and who almost thought it necessary to excuse themselves for collecting facts of history where their predecessors were more profitably occupied in expositions of theology and record of the miracles of saints.

Thus, for example, Orderic at St. Evroult excused himself for writing on those rough deeds which interested himself and the world in his own day, instead of giving himself to pure expositions of religion or the lives of saints :—

Breaking new ground in Literature.

"If our bishops and other rulers of the world were so gifted with sanctity that for them and by them miracles were divinely wrought, as was frequently the case with the primitive fathers, and these accounts scattered through ancient books sweetly influence the readers' minds, refreshing their memories with the glorious signs and wonders of the early disciples; I also would fain shake off sloth, and employ myself in committing to writing whatever may be worthy of the eager ken of posterity. But in the present age, in which the love of many waxes cold and iniquity abounds, miracles, the tokens of sanctity, cease, while crimes and lamentable complaints multiply in the world. The litigious quarrels of bishops, and the bloody conflicts of princes, furnish more abundant materials for the writers of history than the propositions of theologians, or the privations or prodigies of ascetics."

* The translation of it is contained, together with translations of Ethelwerd's Chronicle, Asser's Life of Alfred, Gildas, Nennius, and Richard of Cirencester, in one volume of Bohn's Antiquarian Library. London, 1848. Geoffrey's Chronicle was printed as early as 1508, and reprinted in 1517.

Orderic supposed that all this meant the approach of Antichrist, but the strong interest he himself, a pure-hearted man, felt in the course of the "litigious quarrels of bishops and the bloody conflicts of princes," testified that minds as well as bodies were, in fierce antagonism of principles and interests, actively working forward on the way towards that higher life which it is the privilege of man to attain only by the strengthening and ennobling use of all the powers he received from his Creator.

In Anglo-Saxon times the course of thought was comparatively uniform, but from the time of the Conquest, not in England only, antagonistic claims of every form of right and authority were trying their strength against each other. Civilisation grew apace, and as, during the period of individual bodily growth, the impulse of health to freedom and variety of exercise of limb is irresistible, so it is in the growth of the body politic. In the number of the early chroniclers we have evidence that there was mind at work under all the stir and tumult of the Anglo-Norman days, and that men fastened with strong human interest on the apparently confused affairs of life. This quickened material growth; and the new freedom of contact between writers and the active business of the world, meant quickening of the blood of literature. The growing mind of the nation acquired an unwonted freedom of movement, and the appearance of Geoffrey of Monmouth's History marked the beginning of a time when English intellect would begin to find for itself many and various forms of exercise.

Geoffrey's book was a natural issue of its time, and is, indeed, the source of one of the purest streams of English poetry. It perplexed the men of precedent and custom, but it pleased the common mind of which it came. In England, Alfred of Beverley made an abridgment of it. Alfred was living when, at the beginning of the twelfth century, Henry I. planted a colony of

Alfred of Beverley.

Flemings at Ross, on the Welsh border. He tells that in the days of an imposed silence among the clergy, at York —which must have been the days of contest (1141—1154) between two rival archbishops who took opposite sides in the civil war of Stephen's reign—he sought amusement in the study of history, and hearing people talk of British kings about whom he knew nothing, and was ashamed continually to confess that he knew nothing, he with difficulty borrowed a copy of Geoffrey's new History, was charmed with it, and not having time to copy it or money for materials for a full transcript, he made an abridgment of it. Having done that, he determined, by abridging other historians, to continue his book down to Norman times, and thus he produced a Chronicle which ends like Turgot's, the last from which he took material, with the year 1129.*

Geoffrey Gaimar.

In the north of England Geoffrey Gaimar, when Geoffrey of Monmouth's book was fresh, undertook to translate it into Anglo-Norman verse. This he did at the request of the lady to whose household he was attached, Constance, wife of Ralph FitzGilbert, a powerful baron of the north in Stephen's time. The copy of Geoffrey from which Gaimar translated was obtained through a Yorkshire baron, Walter Espec, from the Earl Robert of Gloucester himself, to whom the work had been dedicated. Gaimar, like Alfred of Beverley, continued the British Chronicle by adding a metrical History of Anglo-Saxon Kings. A better translation of Geoffrey of Monmouth's book by Wace caused that of Gaimar to fall out of request, and no copies of it are now known to be extant. But of his Chronicle of Anglo-Saxon and Norman Kings four MSS. remain. The work, written between the years 1141 and 1151, is mainly based on the Saxon Chronicle,

* "Aluredi Beverlacensis Annales, sive Historia de Gestis Regum Britanniæ, Libris X.," was edited from an old MS. by Thomas Hearne (Oxford, 1716).

but it preserves many old traditions of northern and eastern England. It ends with the death of William Rufus.*

The other translator of Geoffrey of Monmouth's History, Wace, or Eustace, who has been christened Robert on mistaken authority,† was born at Jersey,‡ probably about the year 1124, was taught at Caen, and was in after life resident in Normandy. For a long time he was at Caen, where he was a *clerc lisant*, reading clerk or teacher. He employed himself with writing in romance rhymes, for the people, of St. Nicolas and other saints and martyrs; afterwards King Henry II. gave him a prebend at Bayeux. There are four documents relating to church affairs of Bayeux, three dated severally 1169, 1172, and 1174, and one undated but earlier than 1174, in which Wace is named as "Wacius canonicus," "Magister Acius canonicus," and "Magister Wascius," always without a Christian name attached. There was also a canon Richard Wace, who entered into an agreement, confirmed by the Bishop of Bayeux, on the 24th of June, A.D. 1200, when the poet certainly was dead. In early MSS. of St. Nicholas

Wace.

* Gaimar's Chronicle was edited for the Caxton Society, in 1850, by Thomas Wright, together with the Lay of Havelok, the Legend of Ernulf, and the Life of Herward, all in the same volume.

† Huet was the first person who ("Origines de Caen," 1706) gave to Wace the name of Robert. The error arose from a misunderstanding of the last five lines in his Vie de Saint Nicholas:—

Qui fait le livre? Mestre Guace,
Qui l'ad de Seint Nicholas feit,
De latin en romanz estreit
A l'oes Robert, le fiz Tïout
Qui Seint Nicholas moult amout.

This source of the error was pointed out by M. Edelstand de Méril in Wolf and Ebert's "Jahrb. für Roman. u. Engl. Lit." (1858).

‡ He says himself, "Roman de Rou" v. 10447, "En l'isle de Gersui fu nez."

he wrote himself "Dans" Guace,* Dominus—afterwards he was always "Maistre," Magister. Wace compiled also from "Miraculum de Conceptione Sanctæ Mariæ" ascribed to Anselm, and from other sources, a poem on the establishment of the Feast of the Conception. He says that he had seen the three King Henrys—the First, the Second, and the son of the Second, who was crowned during his father's life. His translation of Geoffrey of Monmouth into French verse as "Li Romans de Brut" was completed in the year 1155, immediately after the accession of Henry II., and presented to Queen Eleanor. His other great poem, the Romance of Rou or Rollo, giving the story of the Norman Conquest—the "Roman de Rou"—was produced by him some years later. This was a poetical amplification of the "Gesta Guillelmi Ducis Normannorum" of William of Poitiers, who was chaplain to the Conqueror; but Wace adds facts from near tradition, says that he had conversed with men who saw the comet of 1066, and recollects distinctly his father's account of the number of vessels which sailed from St. Valeri.† The "Roman de Rou" begins with an introduction in 751 lines of rhymed octosyllabic verse, then follows a narration in 4,424 lines of

* "Seignors, appelé sui Dans Guace,
Dit m'est et rové que en face
De seint Nicholas un romanz,
Qui fist miracles bels granz."

† "Mais jo oï dire a mon pere
(Bien m'en sovint, maiz valetere),
Ke set cenz nes, quatre meins, furent,
Quant de Saint-Valeri s'es murent,
Ke nes, ke batels, ke esqueis
A porter armes e herneis."

The text of the "Roman de Rou" is given, with a translation into English rhyme, photographs from the Bayeux tapestry, and notes of various writers, in a handsome volume by Sir Alexander Malet, Bart., B.A. (London, 1860).

Alexandrine verse, followed in one MS. by 315 lines of a "Chronique Ascendante des Ducs de Normandie."* Then followed a third part of the "Roman de Rou" in 11,502 lines of rhymed octosyllabics. Nobody has questioned Wace's authorship of this, though there has been some question of his authorship of the Alexandrines, and more question of his authorship of the "Chronique Ascendante,"† One writer—Edelstand de Méril—has observed that the author of the Alexandrines prided himself upon historical accuracy, while Wace in the third part does not avoid fabulous incidents. When he grew old the King's patronage forsook him. Benoit, another poet, had been asked to write the history of the Normans, and Wace seems to have died in England, soon after the year 1174, complaining. His "Brut," which superseded Gaimar's version of Geoffrey, is a poem of more than 15,000 lines, sometimes translating closely, sometimes paraphrasing, sometimes adding fresh legends from Brittany, or fresh inventions of his own.

* First published by Plaquet in vol. i. (1824) of the "Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de Normandie."

† The best text of Maistre Wace's "Roman de Rou" is that published at Heilbronn in 1877 and 1879 by Dr. Hugo Andresen, in whose volume will be found a full discussion of preceding studies of the subject. Of the First and Second Parts the only MS. is a copy made from an older MS. by André Duchesne. This includes the third part, and is in the National Library at Paris. Of the third part separately there are three MSS., two in Paris and one in the British Museum.

CHAPTER IV.

CHURCH MILITANT: THOMAS BECKET—GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS.

ALTHOUGH Thomas Becket left to literature only a collection of letters, which were first arranged with many by other persons in four books by John of Salisbury, the spirit of our more Saxon writers in the generations after him will, in some points, hardly be interpreted aright if nothing is said here of the conflict between Archbishop Becket and the king. The Church, in which the Norman Becket represented only a disease of his own day, preached the upholding of all clerical immunities, it claimed to be as gold against the mere lead of the State—to be of the race of Abel, while the other was of Cain. It even ventured on more violent antithesis. It said, I have my authority from Heaven, you obtain your strength from hell.

Thomas Becket.

In Italy and France nothing was known to pope, king, or people of the substantial grievance out of which the quarrel arose in England between king and archbishop. "Liberty of the Church in danger!" was the vague cry that awakened sympathy. But what was that liberty of the Church? Exemption of all clerical offenders from the jurisdiction of the civil law. When Henry II. came to the throne there lay *sub judice* the case of Osbert Archdeacon of York, charged with having administered poison to his archbishop in the Eucharistic cup. The accused not only withdrew himself from the control of English civil law, but

escaped among the intricacies of the canon law, and was able to refer his case wholly to Rome. In the beginning of King Henry's reign, men whom a contemporary entitles "tonsured demons, workmen of the devil, clerks in name only, but belonging to Satan's portion," furnished "murderers, thieves, robbers, assassins, and practisers of other atrocities." In rough times the immunities of the Church sheltered persons of this class, of whom we learn that a great number obtained ordination without cures. A chronicler of the time says roughly that a hundred murders had been committed by clerks since the beginning of Henry's reign. Men with no benefices to lose cared little for the sentence of deprivation, which they could for a long time escape, and by which the utmost rigour of the Church was represented. The ecclesiastical law was weak and slow to seize, and at the worst, inflicted punishment that was no terror to this class of evil-doers. Henry II., hard-handed and passionate, but animated with his own rude sense of his own rights, asserted the liberty of England in demanding that such men should not be sheltered by immunities that were withdrawing a large number of his subjects from responsibility towards their fellow-subjects and their lawful rulers.

Becket, too, a London citizen's son, was from the first swift-tempered and ambitious. The white and slender-handed clerk to a rich merchant kinsman, and to the chief magistrates of London, was introduced through the chance friendship of Norman ecclesiastics into the service of Archbishop Theobald. He made the best of that position, obtained among other preferments, which were pure matters of income, the living of the old church of St. Mary-le-Strand (pulled down in the reign of Edward VI. to make room for Somerset House), received prebends, acquired wealth, indulged his taste for pomp and luxury; went to study ecclesiastical law, for the grief of his king, during a year, under Gratian at Bologna; undertook delicate missions, and

among them that which paved the way for the succession of Henry II., by causing Eugenius III. to forbid the coronation of Eustace as his father's colleague. This mission it was that gave to Becket a strong hold on the goodwill of Henry. Ecclesiastical gifts, of an archdeaconry, a provostship, and "very many parish churches," had made Becket, mere deacon as he was, rich before he owed anything to Henry's favour. Pluralities and other matters of that kind tending to promote luxury and stifle conscience in the Church, were not among the ecclesiastical abuses which we find Becket in later days reforming. His labour simply was to reform that which deprived the Church of influence or money into a shape that brought to it increase of worldly power.

When Henry came to the throne, Becket was thirty-six years old, "tall and handsome in person, of eloquent and witty speech, of an apprehension so quick as to give him an advantage over men of greater knowledge, an accomplished chess-player, a master in hunting, falconry, and other manly exercises. His tastes were luxurious. If he mortified himself it was by limiting his allowance of a dainty dish, and not by substitution of coarse fare. It is said, indeed, that when entertained in exile by the poor Cistercians of Pontigny, he ate for a time pulse, privately introduced into the show of delicate food, with which, that he might keep his fasting secret, he maintained his dignity before the brethren. But the unwholesome diet disagreed with him, it is said. He had a comely face in those days, and looked stout; but after his death it was revealed that the stoutness was produced by a hair shirt; and it was found on the day after his martyrdom, that under his fair outside of pomp he was so religiously beset with vermin, that, wrote Grim, "anyone would think that the martyrdom of the preceding day was less grievous than that which these small enemies continually inflicted." A story told by Hoveden

may or may not illustrate to the incredulous the true character of some of Becket's secret mortifications. One day, as he was dining with Pope Alexander, one who knew his custom of living on bread and water, although dainties were served up to him, placed on the table a cup of water. The Pope tasted it, and found it excellent wine; whereupon, saying, "I thought this was water," he set it before the archbishop, and immediately it became water again! When going disguised as a poor monk into exile, travelling a French road painfully on foot, Becket is said to have betrayed himself by the sportsman's interest he displayed in a hawk carried by. At Pontigny the Bishop of Poitiers had to urge on him repeatedly the duty of "condescension to the religious house which entertained him," by reducing the number of his train of men and horses; and his wise friend John of Salisbury, whose letters show him to have been the most honest Churchman who contributed his thread to the webs of chicanery, deceit, violence, and overbearing pride, of which broken and matted threads are left to us in the ecclesiastical correspondence of that time, attacked wisely the worst pride of Becket. He was using his leisure for more controversial study of the canons. "Laws and canons," John wrote, "are indeed useful; but believe me these are not what will now be needed. . . . Who ever rises pricked in heart from the reading of laws or even of canons?"

Having been given by the Church to the king as a friend and favourite who would watch subtly over the material interests of Churchmen, and having profited by an undue exercise of the king's authority in obtaining his archbishopric, Becket used no moderation in advancing the claims of himself and of his order. For his submission to the constitutions of Clarendon, which hedged the power he was striving to make boundless, Becket, as a priest of his century, is hardly to be blamed. He was compelled by

force; not he only, but also his cause was lost if he resisted them. His conscience was not for one man to bind by inconvenient promises. In the latter phases of his struggle want of self-control is always manifest. At Vézeley he was embarrassing the Pope by dealing excommunications on men personally hostile to himself, when he aroused Henry to seek his expulsion from the shelter he had found with the Cistercians. The king's acts of persecution were two in number only; and, however little to be admired, each following upon distinct provocation. The banishment of Becket's kindred followed on the return of Henry's envoys from the Papal court at Christmas, 1164; the dislodging of the exiles followed only upon Becket's excommunication of the king's adherents, and the threat of a like censure on himself. Even against Rome and the Pope Becket stormed when they were not ready enough to serve him. A letter from the Pope himself, ordering the absolution of one whom the archbishop had cursed, was described as an order "that Satan might be let loose for the ruin of the Church." "I know not how it is," he cries, "that in the court of Rome the Lord's side is always sacrificed—that Barabbas escapes and Christ is put to death." Such was the witness to Rome of one of her own saints. To the last the turbulent mind was the character of this saint, and a foul epithet, applied to one of the knights under whose blows he fell, seems to have stung them to his murder, when possibly their first intention may have been only to seize his person.

Lives of Becket.

Canon Robertson has edited "The Life, Passion, and Miracles" of Becket, by William, a Monk of Canterbury, who was present at the beginning of the murder in the Cathedral, and when Fitzurse cried "Strike! strike!" fled because he expected a general slaughter and felt himself unfit for martyrdom. From the same editor we have the Life of St. Thomas by Edward Grim, who was Becket's crossbearer, and was

wounded in the arm by Becket's murderers. At much more length we have also the Passion and Miracles of St. Thomas as they were set forth by Benedict of Peterborough, who was elected Prior of Christchurch, Canterbury, in 1175, and Abbot of Peterborough in 1173, remaining abbot until his death in 1193 or 1194. He wrote his account, he says, by the desire of his monastic brethren, and of St. Thomas himself, who appeared to him in visions. The miracles worked by touch of the blood of the saint were multiplied by the discovery that the power of the blood was transmitted to water in which the smallest particle of the blood had been infused. This caused a very large demand by Canterbury pilgrims for "Water of St. Thomas," or "Canterbury Water;" and in churches, monasteries, and private houses it was stored in ampullæ of tin or lead. The metal phial of Canterbury Water, hung round the pilgrim's neck, was to the Canterbury pilgrim what the scallop shell and the palm-branch were to the pilgrims from Compostella or Jerusalem.*

* "Materials for the History of Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury (canonised by Pope Alexander III., A.D. 1173)." Edited by James Craigie Robertson, M.A., Canon of Canterbury. Vol. I., 1875; Vol. II., 1876. Vol. II., in addition to Benedict of Peterborough, gives the Life of Becket by John of Salisbury, with its supplement by Alan of Tewkesbury, who entered the monastery of Christchurch in 1174, before which date he had been a canon of Benevento. He was made Prior of Christchurch in 1179, and for his too great energy in maintaining the privileges of his convent, was removed by the influence of Archbishop Baldwin to the abbacy of Tewkesbury, which he held for about fourteen years before his death in 1202. And in this volume is the Life of Becket by Edward Grim. Vol. III. of these "Materials" (1877) contains the Life of Becket by Fitzstephen, and the Life by Herbert of Bosham, a confidential follower of Becket, who went with him to his consecration at Canterbury, was with him at the Councils of Tours, Clarendon, Northampton, and in his exile. Herbert of Bosham's Life of Becket was finished about sixteen years after the murder. Canon Robertson's fourth volume (1879) contains the Life of Becket, doubtfully ascribed to Roger, a monk of

It need not be said that the records show jealousies of rivalry in the healing art between the monks and doctors.

Tall, stalwart, bushy-browed Gerald the Welshman, called also Silvester (the Savage)—which was but an English word for Welshman in his day—represented in the twelfth century the church militant in Wales. A man ready at the worst season to cross Alps, or defy archbishops, if not kings, in the pursuit of his idea, he really lives in his writings. They are yet warm with his own natural heat. The strong flavour of his personality in all he writes, and his Welsh blood, give often to his manner an excess of boastfulness, and there is some Welsh pedantry, perhaps, but it is not the vanity of a weak self-contemplation that mingles with Gerald's flow of social anecdote and hearty comment on affairs of men, while jest and pun and practical home-thrusting humanise his use of his book-knowledge. He planned his narratives upon no model, good or bad, but spoke his mind with vivid earnestness, with strength and fearless truth that was the more genuine for its impetuosity. His sketches of his own career ("De Rebus a se Gestis") and his letters are alive with action and the soul of action in the mind and temper that beget the stir which they describe. His personal account

Giraldus Cambrensis.

Pontigny, where Becket lived during two of his six years of exile, and the anonymous Life—of which there is a manuscript in the Archbishop's Library at Lambeth—with tracts and fragments, and the composite Life by four authors called the "Quadrilogus." The authors were John of Chartres, Alan of Tewkesbury, William of Canterbury, and Herbert of Bosham, and the compilation from them is said to have been executed in the last year of Richard I. There follows a fifth volume (1881) containing Collections of Letters concerning Becket. Another volume of the "Chronicles and Memorials" is the "Thoma-Saga Erkibyskups: A Life of Archbishop Thomas Becket in Icelandic, with English Translation, Notes, and Glossary. Edited by Eiríkr Magnússon, Sub-librarian of University Library, Cambridge." This Saga is based upon the Life by Benedict of Peterborough.

of Ireland, to be found in Camden's "British Writers," is no dry antique itinerary, but a series of vigorous and graphic sketches both of men and things, unequalled in Gerald's own time for its spirit and truth; as a picture of Ireland, remaining without equal till the time of Spenser.

In the year 1147, Gerald or Giraldus de Barri was born of a Welsh fighting family within the turreted castle of Manorbeer, which stands among wild rocks on a hill-top near a stormy sea, three miles from Pembroke Castle. The valley under it was made sandy by the violence of the winds, but the region was fertile, and indeed, in Gerald's own opinion, the most pleasant spot in Wales. He was the youngest son of his father William, by a second wife, and his maternal grandmother was Nesta, the Helen of Wales. Before she was the mother of a son to Henry I. of England, Nesta had three sons by her first husband, of whom one was David Bishop of St. David's, friend of Robert Fitzstephen and of Dermot the exiled King of Leinster. Gerald followed his uncle rather than his father. William, the father, went into battle with his sons and many retainers. Fighting men of that family were the chief helpers in Strongbow's conquest of Ireland. It was David, the uncle, who gave to young Gerald, the one scholar within the walls of Manorbeer, his opportunities of study. The boy was called by those of his own household the little bishop; but with all his predilections for the church the hot blood of a race of Welsh warriors was in him.

Gerald, with three intervals of return to Wales, studied for several years at Paris, and came back to England at the age of twenty-five, soon after the death of Thomas Becket. The Welsh had in those days proved turbulent and savage neighbours to the English, and the resolve of Henry II. was to rule Wales by an ecclesiastical instead of a military police, the bishops being Normans instead of Welshmen.

Welsh by his mother's blood, upon his father's side Giraldus was a Norman, and his uncle was still Bishop of St. David's. Entrusted at once, therefore, after his return, with a commission from the archbishop, young Gerald distinguished himself in his own neighbourhood as an ecclesiastical reformer. The prelate of St. David's being negligent of oversight, the people of Pembroke and Cardigan, negligent of duty, withheld tithes of wool and cheese. Gerald directed to these enormities the attention of the Archbishop of Canterbury, then legate of the Holy See, and brought nearly all to submission except the hostile colony of the Flemings of Ross, settled by England upon the Welsh borders. The coerced people indemnified themselves by foray on these Flemings. But William Karquit, high sheriff of Pembroke, thought that as king's officer he might set at nought the young busybody of the church; and under Gerald's nose he carried off eight yoke of oxen from the Pembroke Priory. Three times summoned in vain to return his plunder, king's officer as he was, William Karquit received notice from the zealous churchman that as soon as all the bells of the monastery sounded at triple intervals he might know himself to be excommunicated. And the bells did sound. The sheriff, being cast out of the church, restored the prey to the bishop in Gerald's presence. Having done that, there was decreed for him a whipping and an absolution.*

But Gerald applied his rod to clergy as well as to laity. The Welsh clergy had fallen into many irregularities;—among others they had given up celibacy, and converted church benefices into heritable property. The old Archdeacon of Brecknock, among others, was a married man, and not disposed to put away his wife at the command of a boy of six-and-twenty. The archdeacon, therefore, was

* "Restitutione facta et satisfactione secuta, virgis verberari meruit et absolvi."

suspended; and the Commissioner himself being promoted to his place, continued as Archdeacon Gerald his successful war against evasions and immunities that interfered with the rights of the Church. He worked incessantly, and to the end of his life scorned the man who watched for the weather when business had to be done. That, he said, was a weakness pardonable only in seamen. One day it blew, and rained, and hailed when, after a fatiguing campaign against recusants, Gerald lay at Kerren with his uncle the bishop. He was called in the night, and the bishop, who slept in the next bed, urged him to wait for daylight. "No," said Gerald; "delays are dangerous when those who have been excommunicated are expecting absolution." That day at dinner, while the storm outside continued, and the bishop saw his suite idling with ladies over the wine in wanton talk, he said with regret, "He that hath left us to-day in such a storm as this never neglects his duty for gluttony, sloth, or licentiousness."

It was at this time of his life that Archdeacon Gerald met and beat a real bishop in a match at excommunication. A new church at Keri, on the boundary-line between the dioceses of St. David's and St. Asaph's, was claimed for each see. One morning Gerald was told that the bishop over the border meant on the Sunday following to consecrate the church, and to substantiate his claim. On Saturday, therefore, the archdeacon despatched messengers to his brethren and kinsmen, requesting them to furnish horsemen and arms, as the bishop was advancing, supported by the men of Powis. Very early on Sunday morning Gerald was before the church door at Keri, but the two incumbents had gone off and the keys were hidden. The hidden keys having been found, the archdeacon entered the church, ordered the bells to be rung in token of investiture, and proceeded to celebrate mass. Meanwhile came messengers bringing word of the approach of the bishop, and his

command that the church be got ready for the dedication. The archdeacon gravely went on with his service, and when it was complete returned his answer to the bishop's message that if his grace came peaceably he should be hospitably entertained; if otherwise, he came at his peril. The astonished bishop, who had thought he was secretly stealing a march on his neighbour, replied that he came not as a guest or neighbour, but in virtue of his office, to exercise jurisdiction. He was told that the parish did not belong to him, and that there was appeal from him to the Pope; but as he still advanced, swift riders were sent to prepare the archdeacon for his arrival. Hereupon, the archdeacon, having left in the church his retinue to keep it bolted and guarded, himself sallied out to confront the bishop at the gate of the cemetery. The whole country was out to see the battle of authorities. The bishop bade the archdeacon get out of the way, or, though they had been schoolfellows together at Paris, he should excommunicate him. The archdeacon begged the bishop for old acquaintance' sake to desist; and as he still pressed forward, urged him in the name of Pope, archbishop, and king, not to thrust his sickle into another man's corn. The bishop produced his letters of authority over St. Asaph, and an ancient book that made all churches between Wye and Severn subject to him. The archdeacon told the bishop scornfully that he might write in his book what he pleased, but if he had a charter with a seal let him produce it. If the bishop excommunicated him, he would do as much by the bishop. "You are only an archdeacon," said his grace; "you cannot excommunicate a bishop." "And you are no bishop of mine," said Gerald, "so that you can no more excommunicate me than I you." The bishop backed, slipped off his horse, clapped on his mitre, and advanced to do the deed. The archdeacon gave a sign, and out of the church came a procession of his clergy in stoles and surplices, with book

and candle; this solemnly advanced to face the bishop. "I will spare you for once," said the bishop, then, "but I will excommunicate generally all who usurp the rights of St. Asaph." This, to keep up appearances, he began to do in a loud voice, but the archdeacon and his people, in a louder voice, proceeded to excommunicate all who usurped the rights of St. David. Then the archdeacon ordered the bells to be rung at triple intervals, a sound that struck to the superstition of the Welsh. The bishop and his attendants thereupon mounted and fled, pelted with clods and stones by the shouting spectators.

Giraldus told his story to the king at Northampton, and it was received at court with shouts of laughter. But the king saw that this was not the man to serve his turn in a Welsh bishopric. His uncle was just dead, and the bishopric of which he defended the bounds lay vacant. It was the old metropolitan Welsh see, and there was desire in Wales, a strong desire in Gerald, to restore it to its old rank, and so give to the Welsh Church a sort of independence. But nothing was farther from the king's design than to let turbulent Wales have its own head in any form. When the Welshmen gave up the hope of getting at St. David's a metropolitan by title, their next best hope was to put in the see a man who would be as a metropolitan by force of will; whose birth, learning, and audacious shrewdness should be more than a match for my lord of Canterbury. The choice of the chapter, therefore, fell upon Archdeacon Gerald, and as four names were to be presented, the three least suitable were cunningly joined with his.

"That same night," Gerald frankly confesses, "reflecting upon the events of the day, and the precipitate proceedings of the chapter; remembering also that no nomination or election ever takes place in England until the king or his justiciary is apprised of the death of the bishop, and the royal assent first obtained, he determined to renounce the

election early next morning." But at the first tidings the king was furious.

The chapter of St. David's collapsed. Canons and archdeacons all, without a single exception, followed the king from place to place to avert his wrath and save their livings. Gerald alone remained quiet, and used what influence he had to get another and a proper man appointed. The see was at last given to a poor creature, Peter de Leia, Prior of Wenlock, a black monk of the Cluniac order, who by his rules ought never to have assumed a mitre. Gerald troubled him much with instructions as to the right way of wearing it, and finding that he could do nothing, set off again for Paris to complete his studies of Imperial Constitutions and Decretals.

There he became a most popular expounder in both branches of the law, until finding his remittances irregular, he came back to England four years after his loss of the bishopric, about the year 1180, his age being in that year no more than thirty-three. Reaching Canterbury on Trinity Sunday, he was a guest at the profuse table of the monks, where, he says, wine, mead, mulberry juice, and other strong drinks were served in such abundance at the refectory, that beer, which is excellent in England, and especially in Kent, found no place there. Returned to Wales, Gerald became more and more incensed at the weakness of the monk Peter, who loved the loaves and fishes over-much, yet had not courage to stay any strong hand that robbed them from him.

"He never once dared," Giraldus tells the chapter, "to interdict or excommunicate Robert FitzRichard, who frequently plundered the monastery of Whiteland, or refuse institution to his son in Haverford-west, though he was but a child of five years old. He could never be prevailed on to pass sentence of excommunication on Wogan Stake and his sons, who robbed the churchyard of St. Michael de Talachar, and, carrying off two hundred sheep from the church, kept them under the very nose of the bishop, notwithstanding all that I could urge; for

he was afraid they would lie in wait for his dues on the road to Carmarthen. The most I could obtain from him was that he would consider them as excommunicated. I told him that was not enough, unless he solemnly excommunicated them with lighted candles in the church of St. David, and had the sentence published, and condemned the parties to make restitution. And as I continued to press this matter in behalf of my parishioners and the poor people who had been robbed, Archdeacon Osbert, his master and warden, answered for him, and said, 'If my lord were to do what you require he would not have a tail left of all his cows at St. Kevan.' 'What!' said I, 'can he not do justice for fear of his cows? Then let him sell his cows or remove them to some safer spot, and do that justice which it is his office to do.'"

Peter, much troubled, became at last a voluntary exile from his see, and left the busy Gerald to administer affairs. But when Peter from afar quarrelled with certain of his canons and archdeacons, Gerald made common cause with them, threw aside his office, and became the strong opponent of the bishop, until he had enforced upon him and all parties a mutual restitution of goods. The bishop was made to give up all he had taken from the chapter, the chapter all that it had of the bishop's, the canons all that they had taken from each other, and peace came of this very frank settlement of standing quarrels.

In 1184 Henry II. invited Gerald to court, appointed him one of his chaplains, and used him in the pacification of Wales, but gave him no substantial reward. In the following year the king ordered him to attend upon Prince John, then eighteen years old, in his unsuccessful Irish expedition. The Welshman had intimate alliance with many leading Irish families, and there would be manly vigour in his counsels. It was during this expedition that Gerald obtained that personal knowledge of Ireland and the Irish which he communicates in his "Topographia Hiberniæ." It was followed by the "History of the Conquest of Ireland," the best of Gerald's works. The Irish chiefs are certainly translated into Greeks by name: Fitz-Stephen

becomes Stephanides; FitzGerald, Giraldides; they are supplied, too, with artificial orations in which they quote Cæsar and Ovid; but otherwise they are all wild Irishmen by nature. Their characters are drawn with precision by a lively and shrewd observer, events are told after impartial sifting of evidence and careful observation of the ground in the case of battles, sieges, &c. The style of the book is simple and manly, and its temper singularly honest. Gerald remained in Ireland four or five months after Prince John's return, digesting the materials for his History.

It was at Easter, 1186, that Gerald returned to England. Before Whitsuntide he returned to Wales, and worked on at his "Topographia." That being complete, he published by reading it at Oxford in 1187, as a work dedicated to Henry II. And as there were three divisions in the work, and each division occupied a day, the readings lasted three successive days. On the first day he received and entertained at his lodgings all the poor of the town; on the next day all the doctors of the different faculties, and such of their pupils as were of fame and note; on the third day the rest of the scholars, with the soldiers, townsmen, and many burgesses. "It was," he says, "a costly and noble act, because the authentic and ancient times of poesy were thus in some measure renewed; and neither present nor past time can furnish any record of such solemnity having ever taken place in England."

In the latter part of this year Western Europe was stirred by news of the capture of Jerusalem by Saladin; and in the year following, Henry having assumed the cross in Normandy, Archbishop Baldwin was sent with a train of clergy to perambulate Wales, Gerald being at his side while he preached the Crusade to a willing people. With the archbishop and Giraldus there stood also the favourite of the Welsh, Rhys son of Griffith, whose name lighted dull Cambrian chroniclers to animation when they lauded him

as "Rhys, the young man, famous for his prowess and bravery, his learning and wisdom; Rhys the light of the old, the liberality and fame and jewel of the young." His "Itinerary of Wales" is the record left by Giraldus of this incident in his life.

In the year following, 1189, the death of Henry II., at which Gerald seems to have been present, quenched his interest in the Crusade. He returned to Wales, and there refused the bishopric of Bangor, which fell vacant while Prince John, during his brother Richard's absence, managed the kingdom. Gerald grounded his refusal on the desire to complete his studies, but in truth the only see he wanted was that of St. David's, where he might work out for the Welsh Church its independence. On the road to Paris being stopped by the war, Gerald retired to Lincoln, then celebrated for its theological school, and remained there until the death of Bishop Peter, in July, 1198. The Chapter of St. David's begged him then to return, sent two archdeacons and four canons to Hubert Archbishop of Canterbury, with their letters nominating Gerald first and foremost, Reginald Foliot being set last on the list of four as the man least likely to be elected. This nomination the archbishop flatly refused to accept. He was determined that no Welshman, and least of all Welshman Gerald, should have the see. Gerald, however, resolved to fight his battle out with the archbishop, and the unhappy canons aiding him, four of the canons were commanded by the chief law officer of the Crown to cross over to King Richard in Normandy, and in the depth of winter. A Welshman in the twelfth century was usually no competent traveller: he wanted money, knowledge of the world, and above all the gift of tongues.

After much representation of the want of money and other difficulties, two canons were despatched, who had to hunt the king through Normandy, Anjou, and part of Aquitaine; then heard that he was in Limousin; and then

learnt that he was dead. Turning back, they found Prince John, who gave their archdeacon all the desired support, and they returned so triumphant that Gerald packed up his books, left Lincoln, was elected at St. David's, and urged by his chapter to proceed to Rome and receive his consecration from the Sovereign Pontiff.

But this was defying the king's power. Gerald knew that it would be called treason in England; he believed, however, that the game had now to be played boldly on behalf of the Welsh church—it was no question to him of personal ambition—and he consented to the advice of his brethren. The canons of St. David's receiving peremptory command from the English archbishop to elect to their see the Prior of Llanthony by the 22nd of August in that year, 1199, Gerald started at once for Rome. He sent on before money and horses for his use, by a man who was attacked, plundered, and killed upon his way. Landing at St. Omer, where the canon who was his sole companion, having fallen sick, must leave him, he found all the country dangerous because of the war that had broken out between Philip Augustus and the Earl of Flanders. He must make, therefore, his way alone, with no more state or means than a pedlar, away from the high road, through the forest of Ardennes, over Champagne and Burgundy, across the Alps as a solitary climber, to come at the end of November to the court of Innocent III. at Rome.

Innocent received him with great courtesy, and trifled with his suit. The suit lingered for years, during which Gerald faced his enemies, although attainted of treason; journeyed to Rome, when a watch was set at all parts to prevent his egress from the kingdom; crossed the Alps at midwinter through deep snow. Persevering toil, indomitable courage, were thus wasted upon a lost cause. Gerald's zeal for the *status* of St. David's became a pontifical joke; and the earnest Churchman had made himself a subject of

derision, before he astonished king and archbishop by his sudden reappearance in England, not as the cause but as the ender of strife, with a hearty and swift concession of the point he had failed to gain. The expense of his suit was then repaid to him; he received sixty marks a year of preferment; and withdrew to pass in quiet obscurity the remaining seventeen years of his life.

Gerald de Barri's amusing "Topography of Ireland; its Miracles and Wonders," the result of his visit as companion of Prince John, is in three Distinctions or Divisions. Of these, the first is on the Topography and Natural History, in which the animals often suggest allegorical instruction; the second is a curious collection of stories on the Wonders and Miracles of the land; the third is on the Inhabitants, with a digression in praise of music, from the fact that the Irish, still a pastoral people, too indolent to till their fertile ground though excellent in their natural gifts, have an incomparable skill in playing on the harp and tabor. But it is said of them that they have a bad habit of walking with an axe (securis) instead of a staff in the hand. From these "securibus" there is no security; while you fancy yourself secure you will feel the "securim." You put yourself heedlessly in danger if you permit the "securis" and omit to take thought for your security. Gerald, made for society himself, believed that he was the best priest who came most into wholesome contact with the world. He had only a nominal respect for the monks who shut themselves up for religious contemplation.

Gerald's "Topography of Ireland."

"*Gerald of Wales on Monks and Clergy.*"

"They ought," he said, "to know, as Jerome reminds Eleutherius, that as the case of the monks differs from that of the clergy, the clergy feeding the sheep, and the monks being fed, the monks are in the same relation to the clergy as the flock to the shepherds. The monk has only the guardianship of a single person, he has to take care of himself

the clerk is bound to have a deep concern for the welfare of many. The monk is, therefore, like a single grain of wheat deposited in the ground; the clerk like a grain that sprouts up and brings an abundant crop into the granary of the world."

Gerald's History of the Conquest of Ireland.

In the Preface to his "Vaticinal History of the Conquest of Ireland," Gerald explained that as his Topography related chiefly to the past, he dwelt now with the present, and would give the annals of the recent conquest. "But methinks," he said, "I see some one turn up his nose, and, disgusted with my book, hand it to another, or throw it aside, because the reader will find all things in it plain, clear, and easy of apprehension."

"*Gerald of Wales against Pedantry.*"

"I admit," he said, "that I have endeavoured always to write in a popular style, easy of apprehension, however I may have added to it some ornament from my own stores; and I have therefore entirely rejected the old and dry method of writing used by some authors. And inasmuch as new times require new fashions, and the philosopher bids us follow the examples of the old men in our lives, and of the younger men in our words, I have earnestly aimed to adopt the mode of speech which is now in use, and the modern style of utterance. For since words only give expression to what is in the mind, and man is endowed with the gift of speech for the purpose of uttering his thoughts, what can be greater folly than to lock up and conceal things we wish to be clearly understood in a tissue of unintelligible phrases and intricate sentences? To show ourselves sciolists in a knowledge of our own, shall we take pains so to write that others may see without comprehending, and hear without understanding? Is it not better, as Seneca says, to be dumb, than to speak so as not to be understood? The more, then, language is suited to the understanding, though framed with a certain elegance of style, the more useful it will be, as well as more suited to the tastes of men of letters."

Literature in the Vernacular.

Amen to that, Welsh Gerald, and to many more sound manly thoughts of yours! In the same spirit Gerald lived to regret that his works were in Latin, and in the last preface, dedi-

cating his book on the Conquest of Ireland to King John, he observed that narratives heard through an interpreter "are not so well understood and do not fix themselves in the mind so firmly as when they are published in the vernacular tongue." He therefore wished that his book might be translated, not into English, the language of the unlettered many, but into French, then the familiar language of the reading public. There is sign here of an extension of the circle of readers beyond the bounds of men trained to employ the Latin of the ecclesiastic; and in urging this point Gerald quoted his friend, a man of great eloquence, Walter Map, Archdeacon of Oxford, who had often said to him in conversation, with his usual wit and that urbanity for which he was remarkable: "You have written a great deal, Master Gerald, and will write much more, and I have talked much; you wrote, I talked. Your writing is much better and far more likely to go down to future ages than my speaking; but as everybody could understand what I said in the common tongue, I am the better for my talking; while you, addressing yourself to learned princes, who are now dead and out of date, have not had any of the reward your works deserve." "It is true," Gerald adds, "that my best years and the prime of my life have been spent without any gain arising out of my literary labours, and I am now growing old, and standing as it were on the threshold of death; but I neither ask nor expect worldly recompense from anyone."

Gerald's work, in two books, on the Conquest of Ireland, is throughout a piece of that living presentment which the right reader finds in the chronicles of the Middle Ages. So is his Itinerary through Wales; so is his Description of Wales;* so is the autobiographical sketch, in three books, "of the

Other works of Gerald.—The Itinerary; Autobiography; "Invectionum Libellus."

* All these books of Gerald's upon Ireland and Wales, the Irish in the version of Mr. Thomas Forester, the Welsh as translated by Sir

Things done by Himself," composed late in life, and his "Invectionum Libellus," begun at Rome and completed there by desire of Innocent III., a bitter attack on his enemies, of whom Hubert Walter Archbishop of Canterbury is accounted the chief. Gerald was a fiery Welshman with a noble ancestry, personally offended and thwarted in his patriotic effort to secure the independence of the Welsh Church; thwarted, too, by an Englishman who was not well born, who was no scholar, and who was given to lay work. In the calm of age, when he had ceased from contending, he published a little tract of Retractations, withdrawing his worst charges against Archbishop Hubert, and admitting that he had been more bitter than just. The work was lost, but the fifth and sixth books of it were first discovered by the late Professor Brewer in a copy made in 1836 by a German transcriber from a MS. at Rome, in the collection of Christina Queen of Sweden; and the corresponding copy of the preceding books having since been found among the confused papers of the suspended Record Commission, the whole work, under Professor Brewer's editorship, is now in print. Another of Gerald's works that belongs also to the later years of his life is the collection of letters, poems, speeches, and prefaces, under the title "Symbolum Electorum,"* in four books: the first of Letters; the second of Poems; the third of Descriptions of Character given in his works, as, for example, his character of Dermot, of Thomas à Becket, or of Henry II., and the orations put by him in the mouths of persons of his story; the fourth and last book being a collection of his Prefaces. He wrote

"Symbolum Electorum."

Richard Colt Hoare, are to be read in plain modern English, as edited with notes by Thomas Wright, in a volume of Bohn's Antiquarian Library, "The Historical Works of Giraldus Cambrensis" (London, 1863).

* Of this there are three MSS., that in the library of Trin. Coll. Cam., R 7, 11, being the only one that contains the poems.

also to the Chapter of Hereford, in answer to his maligners, an extant account of the books he had produced. His favourite work, the "Gemma Ecclesiastica," or Jewel of the Church, has been for the first time printed from the only known MS., in the Archbishop of Canterbury's library at Lambeth, and forms the second of four published volumes of the works of Giraldus Cambrensis, edited by Professor Brewer, with such clear, lively, and accurate introductions as Gerald himself might have prayed for.* After Professor Brewer's death the fifth, sixth, and seventh volumes of the works of Giraldus were edited by a very competent successor, the Rev. James F. Dymock. Professor Brewer's fourth volume (1873), containing the "Speculum Ecclesiæ" has an interesting Introduction on the old monastic life, suggested by Gerald's attacks on the Cistercians. Mr. Dymock's edition of the fifth volume contains the "Topographia Hibernica," and the "Expugnatio Hibernica"; the sixth volume, 1868, contains the Itinerary and Description of Wales; and the seventh (1877), the concluding volume, gives the Lives of St. Remigius and St. Hugo, with Appendices.

"Gemma Ecclesiastica."

Gerald's "Gemma Ecclesiastica" was a practical work in two books, addressed to the Welsh clergy. He says in his Preface that he desired only to be simple and clear, and that if the book should fall into the hand of the learned to whom all things are trite and common, "let such readers know that I would rather set before them what they may consider superfluous than withhold from my countrymen what I deem to be neccessary." The work enforces precept by example, from the real life of the Wales of Gerald's time, and is happily described by its editor as "in fact

* They form part of the series of Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages, published by the authority of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls.

exactly of the same nature as an archidiaconal charge, addressed to a living body of men, dealing with real abuses of the times, interpreting disputed points of doctrine, enforcing ecclesiastical practice, regulating services, and explaining rubrics—with this only difference in its favour, that it is much more learned, genial, and lively than archidiaconal charges are in general." Earnestness here speaks, indeed, the gravest truths through gay anecdote, and the superstition of the writer's time is to the modern reader in curious contrast—as it is in other works than those of Gerald de Barri—with a manly sense that is the writer's own. One of the anecdotes in the "Gemma Ecclesiastica" tells of the excommunication of a popular song. Gerald is opposing the popular custom of dancing and singing profane songs in the churchyard on saints' days. A priest of Worcester, he says, who had been hearing the refrain of a song all night in such dances in the churchyard, when he stood next morning at the altar in full canonicals, instead of pronouncing the "Dominus vobiscum," chanted in a loud voice, to the scandal of his audience, the refrain of the song that had haunted him,—

Popular Songs.

Swete lamman dhin are—

William of Norhall, the bishop, hearing of this, publicly anathematised that song by synod and chapter, and forbade it ever to be sung in his diocese. Two other popular songs of his day are mentioned by Giraldus when he condemns the custom of tacking additional gospels, for the sake of more oblations, to the service of the days. Such priests, he says, are like the singers of fables and gests. When they see that the song (cantilena) of Lauderic does not please the audience they begin to sing of Wacherius.

Other of Gerald's anecdotes illustrate the decay of Latin scholarship. The barbarous Latin introduced with the

growing regard of the Church for jargon of school logic helped, Gerald considered, to corrupt Latinity, and the passage of much literature out of the Church into the world withdrew many cultivated minds from Latin studies. As to the logic he tells the story—which is at least as old, therefore, as the thirteenth century—of the young man who coming home from the university told his father that he had done wonders. He could prove that four made eight, and six were twelve. At breakfast he actually did prove that the six eggs were twelve; so very clearly that his father did not scruple to eat the six on the table, and leave him the rest of the twelve for his breakfast. After the time of Giraldus the corruption of Latinity became marked and general. Upon this subject there could be no better witness than Professor Brewer, who united a sound acquaintance with the classics to habitual study of the mediæval writers. "Down to the thirteenth century," he says, "it would not be easy to find among the chroniclers or miscellaneous writers of Latin in the Middle Ages very gross departures from the ordinary rules of Latin syntax. The niceties of the language had been lost ten centuries before; but the difference of the Latinity of the age extending from Bede to Giraldus—that is of the seventh to the thirteenth century—from Tertullian or Ausonius, is not greater than the decline of the latter from the pure Latinity of the republic." Among the less educated clergy of Gerald's time, and even among some of the chroniclers after it, bad Latin was common. The Welsh clergy, indeed, were never good scholars, and never quite yielded to Roman influence the traditions of the ancient British Church. The English bishops put over the Welsh clergy in Gerald's day were rapacious, and one of them thus gave a Latin lesson to a priest of his diocese: the priest had met the bishop, and desired to say to him in Latin, My Lord, I beg your acceptance of 200 eggs, "ducenta ova," but his

Close of a period in mediæval Latin.

bad Latin made him say, "ducentas oves," 200 sheep. So when the eggs were sent the bishop returned them, and holding the unfortunate man to his promise, extorted out of him 200 fat wethers. A priest preaching on the woman of Canaan, explained that she was partly woman partly canine. Another preaching on St. Barnabas Day, taught that the saint was a good man though a thief; quoting in support of that statement the text, "Barabbas was a robber," and the fact that Barnabas was canonised. Another on giving out the Feast of St. John Port Latin, "ante portam Latinam," explained that this saint was the first who brought the Latin language into England, as his name tells—ante, first, portam, he brought, Latinam, the Latin tongue. One came to John of Cornwall and asked him what was the meaning of the Latin word busillis. "Where do you find it?" "In the missal." Show it me." The book was brought, and there stood "in die-" at the end of one column, and "bus illis" at the top of the next, the words being "in diebus illis."

Another of Gerald de Barri's works, written after the death of his antagonist of Canterbury, and dedicated to Stephen Langton, set forth at length, for the archbishop's instruction, in a prologue and seven books, the Ecclesiastical Condition of St. David's Diocese—"De Jure et Statu Menevensis Ecclesiæ"—being again a large work rich in illustration of the writer's life and times. Gerald also held the mirror up to the Church in a work of great mark, the "Speculum Ecclésiæ," and wrote Lives of St. Ethelbert of Hereford, St. David, St. Caradoc, a noble hermit of St. David's, Saint Remigius, first bishop, and St. Hugo, a later bishop, of Lincoln.

Gerald on the state of the Church.

CHAPTER V.

RETROSPECT—CHRONICLERS—HENRY OF HUNTINGDON—MIRACLE PLAYS OF HILARIUS.

STILL chronicler follows chronicler, and by this time we must have observed how quiet and natural is the early growth of a great national literature. The whole body of the most complex literature can be resolved into the two simple elements of Record and Reflection. We observe the world without; we exercise on it the mind within. Knowledge must come before thought, record before reflection, and exact observation of the outer world is in every act of intellect, in every branch of literature, even the most imaginative, a condition of the highest exercise of genius. The first employment of a nation's mind is like the first working of a child's attention upon all that is external to it; everything yields record, or matter to be remembered. In this earliest gathering and retaining of knowledge there is for a time faint power of discrimination between false and true, and much pleasant confusion in the use of all the active untrained powers that are being developed by free exercise. Very often does a child innocently refract through its mind the memory of what it has seen, and so blend its report of a fact with the stir of its desire or fancy, that what it says is altogether fabulous. To the mind of the young child,

Retrospect.

Literature consists of Record and Reflection.

Record precedes Reflection.

Nature of the first Records.

as to the mind of the yet untaught nation, beyond the very narrow round of its experience everything is a wonder. When wonder is excited while the judgment is yet weak, imagination becomes active, and being further helped by strong desires and feelings, it will colour all that is observed. With untrained judgments men endeavoured to keep records. Because, with little power to transmit knowledge by writing, men depended on their memories for preservation of their facts, words were arranged in some known artificial form with frequent recurrence of certain sounds or initial or final letters, so that one might help to the exact recollection of the next. For this reason, and because rude ears listened attentively to that which was chanted with dramatic energy, the earliest literature usually took the form of verse. For the same reason it was a verse either with short lines, or with long lines that contained several devices for securing each important word from being accidentally supplanted by another. Herein, as we have seen, lies much of the design of our ancient Celtic and First-English metres.

The Gaels in their earliest literature had a history in prose narrative, as well as a poetry always employed in celebration of historic incident. We have seen that the Gaelic Ollamh, whose trade it was to represent the cultivated memory of a half-civilised society, was required to learn and to be able to repeat accurately a certain number of prime stories and a certain number of secondary stories, his topics being "destructions and preyings, courtships, battles, caves, navigations, deaths, expeditions, elopements, and conflagrations;"* all records of actual events. We have noticed also in illustration of this character of ancient literature the legend that tells of the pains taken by Sencan, about the year 580, to recover the exact words of the old tale or record of the Cattle Spoil of Chuailgné.† The old Gaelic poetry, when it recorded and glorified the deeds of Cuchorb, or

* "E. W." I. 171. † "E. W." I. 176, 177.

preserved the memory of Fionn, Oisin, and the Fenians, celebrated battles and the deaths and burials of chiefs, consisted throughout of records not designedly inaccurate, nor held to be in any part untrue by a community wanting ripeness of experience and the judgment that experience alone is able to develop. They who told those early tales told them as children, meaning to be true, tell wonderful things to one another. Exaggerations seemed only to heighten truth; and fancy, aided by desires and feelings, gaily and curiously influenced the record.

In the ancient literature of the Cymry, severed from romances usually confused with it but really belonging to a later period, we have seen the same use of the mechanism of verse for record of experience. The battles of Urien, the ruin of the Hall of Cyndyllan in the contest with the Saxon, and the great final struggle in Strathclyde, as celebrated in the Gododin, are handed down from memory to memory. But they are told, like the reports of a child's observation, as matter for admiration and wonder, with regard rather to the enjoyable part of truth than to the relative value of facts as a judgment matured by experience would estimate them. Close reasoning, minute criticism, that exercise of mind from which the word intellect derives its name, a "choice between" one matter and another, hardly existed in those ancient days. They went little farther than the sense that it was better for a man to have what he liked than to go without it; for which reason, whether it were victual, victory, a wife, or applause of his companions, he must endeavour to get it; to deserve it perhaps, to fight for it more probably, but certainly to get it if he could. A charm of its own is in this early literature. All faculties and energies with which men are endowed mingle in exercise, with an effect of natural tint and proportions often as true and delightful as the mixture of the tints in a bird's plumage. But the poetical charm is not produced by act of reflection,

it is natural to the first untrained efforts for the record of experience.

Influence of race.

Again, as the version a young mind would give of observed facts by which its fancy and its feelings or its passions had been stirred would vary much according to its inborn character, so we find, also, the various races of men giving distinctive colour to their early records. It may be to the accident of the different conditions under which their extant pieces of early literature were produced that we owe much of the contrast between the lightness of the strain of the Gaels even in lament—for their very dirges were still brilliant with imagery—and the monotonous iterations of deep sadness in the metrical records of the Cymry who were giving way before the English arms. However they may have differed between each other, there was a quickness of wit in both these Celtic peoples that, while it gave them national precocity of intellect, has, where they are unstrengthened by fusion of race, had in the end its disadvantage. Impressions formed by events of the outer world, in the same instant that they touch, so to speak, the surface of the mind, may be at once scattered abroad again in lively and even accurate pictures. But it is a very trite, though to this argument a very applicable truth, that the mind which may appear to be much slower in its working, because it suffers all that lies around it to sink into its texture, is that which digests and assimilates experience into the surest means of growth. Such seems to have been the first temper of the First-English mind, deficient in vivacity, while freely receptive of surrounding influence. The First-English also began with a literature of metrical record, wherein historical facts, as those of Beowulf, became even more deeply tinged with the hues of their own minds. The chronicle became thus to modern eyes of so much the greater value as a poem. But although it was meant to

record facts, and although it was the record of a people so essentially earnest and single-minded that they hardly broke their course of thought with any simile, or used a metaphor that involved any bold wresting of a word from its plain sense, yet the chronicle was perhaps even less true than that which either Gael or Cymry would have easily produced out of the same matters of fact.

Still, then, before the introduction of Christianity, and the accompanying advance of civilisation, our literature, in each of its small springs, Celtic or Germanic, was one of record only. There was reflection only so far as it was inevitable that a record should express something of the nature of the mind whence it had come. But from the first the Christian preachers not only produced a record, but urged it upon a half-civilised world, as matter for reflection. Partly by some early fusion of race with the Celtic people, who were incompletely dispossessed of the ground, partly perhaps by the fact that in the Teutonic invasion and colonisation of our north-eastern coast there were more Danes, and in that of the southern coast more Frisians, we have seen that English intellect for many of its first years throve best in Northumberland and Durham. But even here the quickened wit passed only gradually into a literature in which reflection was more prominent than record. Cædmon's Paraphrase was a record of Scripture history. We first see in it facts of Scripture, staff of a civilisation destined to climb heights inaccessible under the best guidance of heathen philosophy, firmly taken by the Anglo-Saxon mind. Bede's life's labour was to add facts of theology, to gather facts of all the knowledge of the day, that Christianity brought with it as an attendant civilising power. National childhood had passed into boyhood, and the worth of accurate knowledge was well understood; while the distinction between fact and fable was more clearly, but not completely, apprehended. Bede's

Christianity. Rise of a new Literature of Reflection.

literary life was one long labour of record. We have seen that in framing his Ecclesiastical History of England he was true chronicler enough to distinguish between forms of testimony. In history, as in his compilation of science, or his digested record of the doctrines of the fathers of the Christian Church, although the scant experience of his day could not enable him to distinguish between truth and what we now know to be fable, there never lived a man whose faithful labour of the pen has done more service to his country. We have found also the First-English poetry after Bede's time a literature still of record, celebrating only chiefs and battles, and now also more commonly the lives of saints. But a literature of reflection and criticism sprang up in the Church. Violent critical controversies beat over almost all forms of opinion. Bede himself entered so far into the speculative temper as to seek edification by resolving Scripture facts into some spiritual allegory. The Christian records were after Bede's time reflected upon until men argued themselves into sections, differing as they are made to differ for the common good in active exercise of energies that part man from the beast. Christianity was working on the modern world as the great living awakener and guide of thought. It was, and is, only by conflict that thought can be exercised and strengthened. All the battles of opinion among men, like all their joys and sorrows, are but a part of the beneficent ordinance of a God who has breathed into them the breath of His own spirit, and raising them high above the monotony of the life of beasts or plants, bidden them, as creatures made a little lower than the angels, seek willingly, although not without help, their way to the light of His presence. We have seen how in our early literature the first more spiritual reception of religious truth was disturbed rapidly by conflict of those dogmas that were among the firstfruits of the untrained powers of reflection. But we are not to regret

Healthy conflicts of opinion.

that men differed, or to suppose that it would have been better for them or for us if there had been more stagnation of opinion.

Before the Norman Conquest this dogmatic literature of reflection, wholly, and in the main wholesomely, grounded upon Christianity, was acquiring predominance over the records that became often openly subordinate to it in lives of saints. In Bede, Asser, Ethelwerd, and the Saxon Chronicle, we have all the direct histories remaining from the purely Anglo-Saxon time. But there were the lives of saints, written very frequently by companions or pupils who knew and loved them. There is nothing that should surprise us in the miracles with which these narratives abound. Alike in record and reflection judgment was yet weak. Almost destitute of experience, it was necessarily, like that of a child, without critical power. Where little was understood of that high evidence of Divine Wisdom and Love which is in the marvellously interwoven harmonies of Nature, the very wind and rain seemed often to come only by special miracle. Devotion erred in believing that God's majesty was more shown in occasional disorder than in perfect order. Men were swift, therefore, to find in it a miracle wherever they saw—and where could they look and not see?—what they did not understand. We have observed in the story of the miraculous shortening and lengthening of a piece of roof-timber during Aldhelm's church-building at Malmesbury* how immediately and honestly the blunder of a carpenter could be transformed into an unquestioned interposition of the Virgin. We see, even in our own day, after centuries of heaped experience, how even educated minds, unskilled in critical inquiry, entertaining themselves with the search for marvels and aided by the principle that such things must be, not seen to be believed, but believed to be seen,

Lives of Saints.

* "E. W." II. 134.

make for themselves a little world of wonder. In days when a defect like this was universal, there was no man's life that might not honestly be turned into a narrative like that of one of the old First-English lives of saints. Dunstan, when he was yelped at by a pack of dogs upon the highway, undoubtedly believed that they were fiends.* The miraculous reading of every fact was the one preferred. Critical inquiry was so far out of the question that any little or great matter that would not harmonise with the miraculous interpretation was, as a superfluity, omitted from the tale, and soon dropped out of memory. In our own day also such facts, suppressed with no conscious dishonesty, are to be drawn only by keen questioning from the credulous who tell the wonders they have seen. There is seldom any consciousness of improper suppression, when men tell only that which will suffice to convince others of the fact they do not themselves doubt. And then again, where all was credulity, and throughout the land the critical temper was yet wholly unformed, many, with good and bad motive, would practise upon easy faith. An abbot, when also the general code of social ethics was on many points more lax than it is now, would here and there account it even righteous to act some fictitious miracles for the good of his church, the honour of his saint, and the increase of regard for religion, seeing that he was answerable for the souls of a rude people more easily moved by signs than words. Among the people, too, there would be many disposed to win honour and worldly profit by planting themselves on some church, or acquiring dignity in some community, as living witnesses to the healing power of its wonder-working shrine. In this way the priests, not unwillingly indeed, would be more frequently the victims than the authors of an easy fraud. When the three blind women, led by the dumb boy, went to the new shrine of St. Swithun and were

* "E. W." II. 305.

healed,* they, of course, settled with great comfort at Winchester, where it would have been almost sacrilege for any one to say, if by rare chance there had been any one person able to say, I knew these people in the Isle of Wight, where they were neither blind nor dumb. As many miracles are credited in the nineteenth century to the shrine of a quack medicine as were ever credited in the ninth to the shrine of a saint.

Since, then, in the ninth century the defect of critical power that distinguishes still no small part of the population of England was the inevitable condition of the time, let us read with quiet, unscornful attention all the miraculous details in the lives of saints, content to fasten upon their pure spirit of devotion where that is expressed, to recognise the human language of friendship and sympathy which is to be found in most of them, and the incidental hints of manners and customs by which these numerous little treatises afford nearly or altogether the best help to those who would picture to themselves daily realities of Anglo-Saxon life. Thus we read incidentally how Saint Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, carried a hod, and worked with his own hands in building his church; this being told only as an incidental part of the story of the miraculous healing of a cripple. We have in these lives of saints curious records also of the study and practice of medicine, which was almost confined to ecclesiastics until it was forbidden them by Innocent II., in the twelfth century. It may be observed also that the Church legends were for many years nearly the only tales that supplied food for imagination to the great body of the people.

The Danes disturbed the studies of the Churchmen. King Alfred, when he sought to revive learning, by his own work recognised each first element of literature—that of reflection, by translating

The Church and the World.

* "E. W." II. 303.

Boëthius and Gregory's Pastoral Rule; that of record, by translating Bede and Orosius.

After Alfred's time the Church, as we have seen in the course of our narrative, had, by reflecting in a circle, by too much dissociation of its life from the life of the world, brought home also to England the great question that of all others was then most timely and wholesome —should the priest shut himself up and be holy by meditation, or should he be a part of the world, leavening it with his influence. Ethelwold and Dunstan were apostles of the strict monastic rule;* they were opposed strongly by a clergy that claimed human ties with wife and children, and made no pretension to exclusive holiness. That battle of opinion had not been fought out when the Normans came. The question of the adjustment of relations between Church and World, which runs, as we shall see, with many changes of form, through English literature, is even at this day matter of argument.

Revival of a Literature of Record. Spirit of the Anglo-Norman Chronicles.

When the Conqueror took seizin of England he and his race had been making active history in France. The priests, however strict in their formal rule, identified the well-being of religion with that of their monasteries. Many in Normandy, especially of those who were fed most plentifully on the monastic funds, had no better religion than this care of their own goods. Changes of fortune were many and sudden. Prelates, and those below them, took therefore a keen interest in civil strife. The educated mind in the monastery took human intelligent interest in what was passing, and sought for trustworthy news. The imprisoned mind delighted at least in the contemplation of activity. Disappointed warriors went with their money into monasteries, took the religious habit, and told tales of battle to the monks. Sometimes they buckled armour on again, rushed out into some family fray, and, if they were not

* "E. W." II. 301-6.

killed, came back to their "Dominus vobiscum." Wounded soldiers were tended in religious houses; for these were the only hospitals, the monks the only surgeons and physicians; and such patients told exciting tales of crime and adventure from their sick-beds. After all, the holiest and wisest of these monks were men with interests and passions none the weaker for the unnatural life they led. The march in a circle round one threshing-ground of meditation, always pounding on the same unlucky sheaves of corn, till some of the corn had been already beaten into flour and trodden into mud, had not eternal charms. As intelligent men, therefore, they fastened upon details of the outer world, and would have done so if its movements had not interested nearly the material well-being of their houses. With some such apology for the change as that which we have found Orderic making to himself and his readers at St. Evroult,* they abated in their zeal for abstract meditation, that had become but little better than as the churning of sand, and their lettered companions were converted into chroniclers who would lay in the cream for future churning.

We know how many and great changes the Norman Conquest of England brought with it, and, in foregoing pages, we have seen, almost to monotony, in how many monasteries the pens of priests were busily recording events as they happened. Again, then, almost the whole substance of our literature consists of record. But it is now the more exact record of men civilised by some experience.

Only in few cases were the Anglo-Norman chronicles produced by writers who sought literary fame. Every great monastic house had its own chronicler. Usually the chronicler told what he knew, and grafted his account of what seemed to him or his house the most interesting facts of his own times on a record of preceding history, which he

* "E. W." III. 52.

sometimes compiled and abridged from séveral authorities, sometimes abridged from one authority, sometimes copied unaltered from some other writer and adopted as his own. Thus it was not by fraud that Simeon of Durham, who had no thought whatever of a future place in literary history, took to himself the chronicle of Turgot.* The chronicler, writing for his own religious house, commonly gave chief prominence to its ecclesiastical affairs. As a chronicle grew —the book that all in the monastery who read anything were sure to read—it would repeat for convenience old information within its pages, new information would be contributed from different sources, and perhaps inserted by several hands. A copy of the chronicle of one monastery, thus composite, would be made perhaps for some other religious house, which would interpolate details more peculiarly interesting to itself, and would proceed to add according to its own editor's view of what was interesting to his particular circle of readers. We may use the word historiographer instead of editor, but these old chroniclers were none the less in every respect, for the reading public in connection with the monastery schools, the journalists of their own day; and the long file of Chronicles and Memorials of the Middle ages now being issued by our Government, under direction of the Master of the Rolls,† is not a dry mass of tediousness, but might be regarded as a file of the journals of the middle ages, out of which it would be easy to fill a broadsheet of extracts with home and foreign intelligence, criminal reports, state papers of the day, obituary notices of kings and great men written just after their death, and a few passages of editorial comment on contemporary events, that would look very much like leading articles.

In the use of the numerous chronicles heretofore pub-

* "E. W." III. 27.

† In this year, 1888, the series has nearly reached its hundred and seventieth volume.

lished, now being issued, or yet lying unprinted, precisely the same sort of care is necessary that will be necessary for those who consult hereafter our own newspaper records. There is great need of discrimination between passages in which the monastic editor gave the fresh information of "our own reporter" and those in which he simply copied matter out of other journals. If a passage written in Bede's journal has been copied and recopied generation after generation through a score of chronicles, until it reappears, let us say, in Matthew Paris, the authorities for the fact, of which nominal evidence has been thus multiplied, are not Bede and Matthew Paris, with or without the intervening score of chroniclers. The single authority is Bede. References in Hume's History of England, and in other works, bear frequent witness to the want of discrimination with which any chronicler is cited as an authority for any fact included in his pages. There was no guide but long and laborious study to an easy discrimination of authority in reading these mediæval chronicles before the appearance, as a very essential part of the Government issue of Chronicles and Memorials, of Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy's Catalogue of the Materials of History.*

Geoffrey of Monmouth's History of British Kings was continued to the year 1156, by his neighbour and contemporary, Caradoc of Llancarvan; and copies of this history are said to have been then kept in the abbeys of Conway and Stratflur, and from that date until 1270 yearly augmented after the manner of the Saxon Chronicle, the two abbeys comparing notes every third year. Transcripts were made in Wales of these collections, and

Caradoc of Llancarvan.

* "A Descriptive Catalogue of Materials relating to the History of Great Britain and Ireland to the end of the Reign of Henry VII." Vol. I., Parts I., II. (1862), extends to the Norman Conquest. Vol. II. (1865) covers the period from 1066 to 1200. Vol. III. (1871) continues the list to the year 1327. Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy died in 1878.

there are said to have been a hundred such copies extant when Humphrey Lloyd, a worthy student of Cymric antiquities, translated the book, with additions from Matthew Paris and Nicholas Trivet, into English. Humphrey Lloyd dying, the copy of his translation was purchased by Sir Henry Sidney, then Lord President of Wales, and he, desiring its publication, entrusted to Dr. David Powell the labour of preparing it for press. Collating the work, then, with three copies of the Cymric book, adding also, with a mark to denote the addition, and a change of type, what he thought fit from other Chronicles and from the Cymric or British Book of Pedigrees, Dr. Powell, in 1584, published the work thus ascribed to Caradoc of Llancarvan, with a dedication to Sir Henry's son, "the right worshipful Sir Philip Sidney, Knight," as "The History of Cambria, now called Wales: a Part of the most famous Yland of Brytaine, written in the Brytish language above two hundreth yeares past: translated into English by H. Lhoyd, Gentleman: corrected, augmented, and continued out of Records and best approoued Authors by David Powel, Doctor in divinitie." Of this book there have been several editions.

To Caradoc of Llancarvan there is ascribed also a short extant Life of Saint Gildas, but the editor of the first printed copy of this work* shows reasonable ground for believing that it was written before Geoffrey of Monmouth had taught Welshmen to magnify King Arthur. That hero of Geoffrey's romance is introduced simply as a petty king of Devonshire and Cornwall, who is frequently routed by his rival, Huel, on whom higher praise is lavished by the writer. Since, however, Huel, son of Nan, King of Scotland, was one of the three-and-twenty brothers of Gildas, of course the saint's biographer exalted him. It is

* The Rev. Joseph Stevenson, by whom it is prefixed to his edition of Gildas for the English Historical Society.

further urged however that King Arthur is said to have been unable for a year to discover that Guenever was at Glastonbury after her elopement, that he found an equal in the seducer Meluas King of Somersetshire, made a disgraceful peace with him, and received Guenever back. Certainly this does not seem to be the King Arthur of a man who thought it worth while to continue Geoffrey of Monmouth's British History. And yet the MS. (in Corpus Christi Coll. Cam.), which is of the twelfth century, ends with a couplet that decisively names Caradoc of Lancarvan as the author.*

Laurence of Durham.

The poetry of Stephen's reign reproduced only upon the old ground in the north of England a dull Latin Cædmon in Laurence, a monk of Durham, who was at one time of his life a chaplain at court, favoured by the king, and who died Prior of Durham in 1154. He died in France on his way back from Rome. His paraphrase is called the 'Hypognosticon,' and it consists of nine books of fluent hexameters and pentameters. Six of the books versified the chief events of the Old Testament, with divers digressions; the seventh book was given to praises of the Virgin Mary; the eighth contained only a brief sketch of Gospel history; and the ninth, a catalogue of saints and martyrs, among whom Cuthbert of Durham is made prominent. The first book was written at Durham; the others were written at court, and contain occasional reflections on court life. An imitation in prose and verse of the great work of Boëthius is another of Prior Laurence's works; "Consolation for the Death of a Friend" is its title. He wrote also a prose Life of St. Bridget, divers short rhetorical exercises, with, according to the Annals of Durham, a Rhythm on Christ and His Disciples, and a poem on the

* Nancarbanensis dictamina sunt Caratoci
Qui legat, emendat, placet illi compositori.

City and Bishopric of Durham, in a dialogue between Laurence and Peter.*

The literature of record, when it fastened on the stir and movement of the world, would necessarily pass into a literature of reflection, yielding those true mind-pictures of life on which reason and fancy—and religion too—work with substantial effect. Henry of Huntingdon, born not later than 1084 among what he calls the "pulcherrimæ paludes" of the fen country, the son of a married clerk named Nicholas, was trained in the household of Robert Bloet, Bishop of Lincoln, who was his patron in after life. Before the bishop's death, Henry, who had been connected with the abbey of Ramsey, was made Archdeacon of Huntingdon and Hertfordshire. He had a fancy for verse, and, except when versifying, a true sense of poetry. In mature life the stir of the world yielded matter for his contemplation. In his youth he wrote metrical treatises on herbs, gems, spices; hymns, amatory poems, epigrams. In 1135 he produced a book—"De Summitatibus Rerum"—in which he begins by discussion of the expected end of the world. At the request of Alexander of Blois, the successor of his patron in the bishopric of Lincoln, Henry of Huntingdon undertook to compile a History of England, from Bede and the Saxon Chronicle and later sources, which he completed in seven books to the death of Henry I. He wrote afterwards an eighth book on the reign of Stephen, in which he tells much from good oral testimony, and occasionally, as in the other book, dwells on some point in verses of his own, either acknowledged or attributed to "quidam." The earliest MSS. of Henry of Huntingdon's History is the Hengwrt MS. in possession of Mr. Wynne of Peniarth,

Henry of Huntingdon.

* A MS. of the "Consolatio" and "Hypognosticon" is in the Brit. Mus., Cotton. Vesp. D xi. The Life of St. Bridget is printed in the "Acta Sanctorum" for Feb. 1.

Merionethshire; a later copy is at All Souls College, Oxford. These MSS. do not include Carlisle among the English bishoprics, and must give a text earlier than the year 1133, in which that bishopric was founded. Other MSS. carry the narrative down to 1135, 1139, and about 1145 respectively. In 1148 he added letters and a ninth book on the Miracles of English Saints. A final edition of the History brought it down to the year 1154, soon after which date the author must have died. He closed his literary career with a treatise on Contempt of the World, setting forth to his friend Walter, to whom his youthful poems had been dedicated, "once the flower of youth, now an old man suffering daily pain," perhaps Walter Calenius, Archdeacon of Oxford, how many whom the world knew he had seen depart into the grave. "A youth to a youth I dedicated juvenilities; an old man to an old man I destine now the thoughts of age. I have written something, therefore, of the Contempt of the World for you and me." This is his key-note. Then he talks to his own clerical friend of the Churchmen they have known and lost; next of those whom they have seen trained to the world's luxury, who have passed away. There was William, the king's only son, walking in silk, joyous in expectation, proud of his future.

His book on Contempt of the World.

"But he displeased me, and to my mind the too great worship and pride of him portended future disaster; and I said in my mind, this youth is thus delicately nourished as food for the fire. He, puffed up, was always thinking vainly of his future kingdom. But God said, 'Not so, ye impious ones, not so.' It happened to him, therefore, that for the crown of gold his head was split on the sea-rocks; that for the gilded robes he floated naked on the waters; for the loftiness of rule he was buried in the fishes' bellies at the bottom of the sea. This was the turning of the right hand of the Most High."

From this the old Prior of Huntingdon passes to other like examples. There is solemnity in the work and a

higher poetical sense than appears in the occasional verse contained in his History; but even in his History, as in his regard rather for King Edwy than for Dunstan, Henry of Huntingdon shows the liberality of mind that is part of the true sense of poetry. It interests us most, however, to observe that in this tractate of Contempt of the World we have a first step in our literature upon one path that will be hereafter taken by the poets. It will lead us, by way of Boccaccio, through the Tragedies of Gower and others to Lord Buckhurst's plan of the "Mirror for Magistrates," which was to show by example "with how grievous plague vices are punished in great princes and magistrates, and how frail and unstable worldly prosperity is found where fortune seems most highly to favour."

Prior Henry turns then, in this book that links him to the poets, from the luxurious to the men rich in the wisdom of this world, which is foolishness before God, and whom, also, he and Walter have seen pass sadly away. And then he looks to the men of great name, among whom he celebrates with horror one who had been the most powerful subject in England, Robert de Belesme, the son of Orderic's patron, Roger Montgomery, the great Earl of Shrewsbury. Robert de Belesme delighted in slaughter; he impaled women and men, with his fingers gouged out the eyes of his own infant as he held it under a cloak for baptism.

"He, therefore, was in all men's mouths, so that men spoke proverbially of the marvels of Robert de Belesme. Let us come at length to the end, that is to the thing desirable. He who wickedly vexed others in the dungeon, placed by King Henry I. in perpetual dungeon perished away. Of him, about whom fame had said so much when he lived, in his dungeon it knew not whether he lived or had died; and still mute, of the day of his death knew nothing."

Then Prior Henry treats of those great kings who are as gods to whom others swear fealty, and whom the very

stars of heaven seem to serve. "Such is the sublimity of these tops of the world, that others are not satiated with gazing on them, and they who dwell by them are more esteemed than other men." But of these men also, by examples they have seen together, the old prior tells his old friend Walter that the lives are vanity. Then follows, beginning with Lanfranc, as a sixth and last division of the subject, a long list of men who have been great in power at court. "Already they are nothing, they are nowhere; and by excess it may almost be said they never were." And thus the prior ends :—

"O abject lot of mortals to be born, miserable to live, and hard to die. O death, how soon you rush upon us! how sudden is your grasp! how grand the ruin that you make! May, therefore, the physician who comes after death give you, Walter, the remedy of his mercy to secure a life of health continual. Already a letter cannot be sent to you, but an epitaph; the short memorial is to be written with tears."

And so the treatise ends with a funeral song on his friend Walter in sixteen lines of elegiac verse.

Before he himself died Henry of Huntingdon collected all his writings into twelve books, of which there are two MSS. in the archbishop's library at Lambeth.*

A History of the Monastery of Peterborough was written by one called Hugo Candidus, who was placed in it when very young, under Abbot Ernulph, 1107–1114, and who died there in the time of Abbot William

Hugo Candidus.

* His "De Contemptu Mundi" is the last piece printed in Henry Wharton's "Anglia Sacra, sive Collectio Historiarum, antiquitus scriptarum de archiepiscopis et episcopis Angliæ a primâ Fidei Christianæ susceptione ad Annum MDXL." (London, 1691). His History was first printed in Savile's "Rerum Anglicarum Scriptores post Bedam præcipui" (1596), and was edited in 1879 by Thomas Arnold, M.A., for the series of Chronicles and Memorials issued under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. To Mr. Arnold's careful Introduction to this book I am indebted for what has been said of the successive editions of Henry of Huntingdon's History.

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de Waterville, 1155–1175. The MS. of the work is in the archives of Peterborough Cathedral.*

Richard of Hexham.

Richard of Hexham, which is the Northumbrian house whence Acca had urged more and more work upon Bede, was prior there in 1143. He wrote, besides a History of the Church of Hexham, a short history of the last two years of the reign of Henry I. and of the reign of Stephen.

John of Hexham.

A successor of Richard's, John, who was abbot in 1170, continued the history ascribed to Simeon of Durham from 1130 to 1154.†

Ailred of Rievaulx.

Ailred (Ethelred) of Rievaulx was born in the north country, and educated with Henry, son of David King of Scotland. Abandoning the court favour that would have given him a bishopric, he became a Cistercian monk in Rievaulx Abbey, Yorkshire. Thence he was removed to serve as abbot to the monastery of the same order at Revesby, in Lincolnshire, and in 1146 he returned to Rievaulx as its abbot. In 1162 he was active in reconciling Henry II. to the Pope. He was troubled in the last ten years of his life with stone and gout. In 1163 he was present at Westminster Abbey at the translation of the relics of Edward the Confessor, and offered on the occasion his Life of Edward. He died in 1166, at the age of fifty-seven, and was canonised in 1191; being so holy

* It was printed in "Historiæ Anglicanæ Scriptores Varii e Codicibus Manuscriptis, nunc primum editi" (London, 1723), a folio dedicated to Dr. Richard Mead, by Joseph Sparke, its editor. "Hugonis Candidi Cœnobii Burgensis Historia," is here printed as one of several histories of Peterborough, the others being by Abbot John, by Robert Swaffham or Swapham, and Walter de Whytleseye, to which are added an anonymous continuation and a history of the same monastery in old French rhyme. These histories, indeed, constitute the chief contents of the folio.

† The works of both priors of Hexham are in Twysden's "Hist. Anglic. Scriptores X." For Hexham and Ailred see note on p. 43.

that he forbade nuns to teach little girls, because they could not do so without carnally patting and fondling them. He was credulous of church legend, and is said to have achieved a miracle himself, in stilling a storm, when on his way home from a chapter of his order at Citeaux, by resuming a work in honour of St. Cuthbert, which he had begun on his way thither. Besides writing his Rule of Nuns, thirty-three Homilies, a Mirror of Divine Love, a Dialogue of Spiritual Friendship, and a book on the Twelfth Year of Christ, even the pious Ailred entered the ranks of the chroniclers with an account of Stephen's Battle of the Standard, and an account of David King of Scotland, followed by a short History of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman Kings.*

William Fitzstephen, a trusted clerk in Becket's household, was Becket's remembrancer in Chancery, sub-deacon at mass in his chapel, read documents in his court, and sometimes acted as advocate before him. He was witness of the murder of his patron, and was one of the three who, when the rest fled, stayed by Becket to the end, Robert of Merton, his old chaplain, and Edward Grim, his cross-bearer, being the other two. When Fitzstephen wrote, some time afterwards, a Life of Becket, being himself, like Becket, a Londoner, Fitzstephen introduced his biography with a valuable account of London as it was in his time, which has been printed separately in Stowe's Survey, and by Hearne in his edition of Leland's Itinerary. Miracle plays were acted in London in Fitzstephen's time; London, he says, instead of the ancient shows of the theatre, "has entertainments of a more devout kind, either representations of those miracles

William Fitzstephen.

Miracle Plays.

* As one of the Fathers, Ailred has had some of his works often printed. His Life of Edward is in the "Acta Sanctorum." Some of his theological works were published at Douay, in 1616, by the Jesuit, Richard Gibbon. His account of the Battle of the Standard and of King David of Scotland are in Twysden's "Hist. Ang. Scr. X."

which were wrought by holy confessors, or those passions and sufferings in which the martyrs so rigidly displayed their fortitude." These were all miracles of saints, they were not mysteries of Scripture.

To the time of Henry II., if not of Stephen, or even to the later years of Henry I., belong three Latin miracle plays written in France by Hilarius, an English monk, who was a pupil of Abelard; their subjects are the Raising of Lazarus, a miracle of St. Nicholas, and the History of Daniel. These are the earliest plays known to have been written by an Englishman; the Latin name for such entertainments was "ludi," plays; the French "jeux," plays; the English, when an English name came into use, still "plays."

Hilarius.

With Abelard the scholastic philosophy had gained new ground. He was born of a noble Breton house, thirteen years after the date of the Norman Conquest; was taught by Roscellin of Compiègne, chief of the Nominalists, and at Notre Dame, in Paris, by William of Champeaux, chief of the Realists, against whom he successfully contended. He taught with remarkable success in a school of his own first at Melun, then at Corbeil, then in Paris at St. Geneviève before the year 1115, when he himself became teacher at Notre Dame, and drew throngs of students. But his love for the learned Heloise, niece of his brother canon Fulbert, a girl twenty-two years younger than her lover, and the girl's refusal, after a child had been born, to marry an ecclesiastic and destroy his fortunes in the Church, led to the taking of a violent revenge on Abelard that left him a eunuch. Heloise, not twenty, became a nun, and Abelard a monk in the Abbey of St. Denis. In 1120 he was persuaded to resume his teaching at the Priory of Maisoncelle. But he was then attacked for the rationalism of his interpretation of the Trinity, condemned in a synod at Soissons publicly to burn his book, and shut up in the

Abelard.

convent of St. Médard. Thence he escaped to turn hermit and live in a reed hut in a desert near Nogent-sur-Seine, where students found him out and flocked around and built him an oratory, which he called Paraclete. Among those who flocked to him was Hilarius from England.

Hilarius quitted his own country, when very young, to learn of Abelard, when he was at Paraclete—that is to say, about the year 1125, ten years before the death of Henry I. He must have been, therefore, about forty years old at the accession of Henry II. Abelard being made, during the course of the studies of Hilarius, Abbot of St. Gildas de Rhuys, the young Englishman went to the school of Angers. No more is known of his personal history. While he was at Paraclete, he and the other students, on the report of Abelard's servant to his master, were brought into disgrace for some youthful excesses, and Abelard refused to continue his lectures unless they all left their lodgings in that monastery, and went to live at the neighbouring village of Quinçai. Upon this Hilarius wrote an amusing student's elegy in four-lined stanzas of Latin rhyme, abusing the varlet of an informer: "Lingua servi, lingua perfidæ," "Detestandus est ille rusticus;" lamenting with comic despair the cessation of lectures, and ending each Latin stanza with a refrain in the vernacular, "Tort a vers nos li mestre." The students did not at all relish the cruelty of the message that bade them go at once and live at Quinçai, or else hear no more lectures from Abelard; as saith the elegy—

> "Heu! quam crudelis iste nuntius
> Dicens: Fratres, exite citius!
> Habitetur vobis Quinciacus;
> Alioquin non leget monachus.
> *Tort a vers nos li mestre.*"

Hilarius asks himself why he does not go, but says that he is hindered by the shortness of the day, the length of the

road, and his own weight. Probably he was lively and fat.

"Quid, Hilari, quid ergo dubitas?
Cur non abis, et villam habitas?
Sed te tenet diei brevitas,
Iter longum, et tua gravitas.
Tort a vers nos li mestre."

Abelard.

When Abelard accepted an invitation to become the Abbot of St. Gildas de Rhuys, on the coast of lower Brittany, he entered upon ten years of struggle and misery, during which he established Heloise as head of a religious house at Paraclete. After he had fled from St. Gildas he wrote a "Historia Calamitatum," which caused Heloise to write her first letter to him, followed by two others in which she resigned herself to the position of a sister. A struggle between St. Bernard of Clairvaux, on the part of a devout unquestioning faith, and Abelard on the part of a devout rationalism that sought explanation of the grounds of faith, through the logic of Aristotle, upon ground between the extremes of Nominalism and Realism, preceded Abelard's death in 1142, when he was on the way to Rome to plead against the censures of the Pope.

Hilarius.

Of the verse written by Hilarius when at Angers there remains a poem on the life of Eva, an English lady of noble birth, whose father he calls Apis, and her mother Olive. This lady was attracted by the sanctity of a recluse named Herveus, at Calone, near Angers, to quit the English monastery of Clinton, in which she had been placed when a child, and cross the sea to live with him. The two hermits, male and female, lived together without reproach or suspicion, and made it part of their occupation to win out of the world novices for Geoffroi Abbot of Vendôme;—catch butterflies for him to dry, and add to his collection. Hilarius wrote only with honour of Eva, saying,

"Fuge, frater, suspicari: nec sit hic suspicio;
Non in mundo, sed in Christo, fuit hæc dilectio."*

Eva, weakened by fasting and watching, died before Herveus, and there was present a great concourse of the pious at her funeral. Until the publication, at Paris, in 1838, by J. J. Champollion-Figeac, of the MS. of "Hilarii Versus et Ludi," which had been buried from sight in the library of Rosny, this curious piece was known only by a few extracts that had been made by Mabillon in 1713. The MS. had been known also to André Duchesne in 1616, but in 1763 its place of deposit was unknown to the Benedictines who produced the "Literary History of France." The publication of the Catalogue of the Library at Rosny brought to light the existence there of a MS. of the twelfth century on fifteen parchment leaves, entitled "Hilarii Versus et varii Tractatus." It was at once examined, identified, and secured for the Bibliothèque Royale. The writings of Hilarius thus recovered consist of fifteen pieces, of which three are Mystery plays, the rest are Latin lyrics, amorous, satirical, descriptive, or historical. Mabillon has been the authority for representing Hilarius as an Englishman. The grounds of his statement are not known; but he might have inferred the fact from his works, since besides devoting forty of his rhymed four-lined stanzas to a celebration of the life of English Eva, four of his letters are addressed to English people. It is probable that Herveus also was an Englishman, whom Eva may have known before he was a hermit, for in the letters of Geoffroi of Vendôme is one in which the abbot condemns strongly a brother who said that his English butterflies were bad specimens, or accused Hervey of having

* "Ille sibi serviebat tanquam suæ dominæ,
Et vicissim Eva sibi sub ancillæ nomine.
Mirus amor viri talis atque talis feminæ,
Qui probatus et repertus omni sine crimine."

dishonoured the monastery of Vendôme by the small merit of the English whom he had caused to be admitted there as novices.

Hilarius addressed verses also to a nun named Bona, whom, of course, he found to answer to her name; to one named Superba, whom he addresses as a spotless virgin, in a gay strain of affection, asking exchange of verses, and another of her girdles. He is her Hilary, and in all innocence, perhaps, they are amusing each other with exchange of little flatteries, and little gifts, and little verses.

Other verses are to an English Rose, others more and others most amatory are to an English boy; there are lines also to a boy of Anjou, that equally display one of the blots on an unnatural life, not only by their undisguised character, but by the fact that they are quietly placed by a monkish transcriber with one or two others, more or less like them, as matter worth preserving in a book that contains writing upon sacred subjects. There are lines in praise of the priory of Chalantre le Petit, and there is praise also of an English gentleman called William de Anfonia. These are the verses which precede the plays.

Plays of Hilarius: Mystery Play of the Raising of Lazarus.

This, says the opening direction, was to be played by persons who should represent Lazarus, his two sisters, four of the Jews, our Lord, and twelve, or at least six, of the Apostles. First, Lazarus is shown on his sick-bed, with Martha and Mary and four Jews. The sisters sing two stanzas of lament. The Jews reply with a stanza of consolation. The sisters in a stanza send the Jews for Jesus, the great physician and the only king. The four Jews come to Jesus, and in four lines tell Him that he whom He loves is ill, and that they were sent to ask His aid. Our Lord replies in four short lines that the disease is not to death, but that God through it would be manifest. Then says the direction to the players, "In the meantime when they return, Lazarus being already dead, two of them bring Mary to Him, to whom she will sing:"—Her

lament is in four stanzas, each being of three rhymed lines followed by reiteration of one burden in French :—

" Hor ai dolor,
Hor est mis frere morz
Por que gei plor."

Two of the Jews console Mary in a couple of six-lined stanzas of rhyming speech, "After this Martha shall come with the other two Jews, singing :"—Her lament is, though in other words, of the same length and form as that of her sister, the French refrain of its Latin verses being—

" Lase, chative !
Dès que mis frere est morz
Porque sue vive ?"

Martha now receives from the two Jews who attend to her, her couple of six-lined stanzas of consolation, alike in measure to those offered to her sister. Then our Lord, who is now supposed to be distant, says to His disciples in four lines, "Let us go into Judea again," and the dialogue given in Scripture (John xi. 8–16) is versified with very slight amplification. Then Martha comes near to Jesus with this version of the text, " Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died ; but I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee" (verses 21, 22).

" Si venisses primitus
Dol en ai,
Non esset hic gemitus.
Bais frere, perdu vos ai.

Quod in vivum poteras,
Dol en ai,
Hoc defuncto conferas.
Bais frere, perdu vos ai.

Petis patrem quid libet ;
Dol en ai,
Statim pater exhibet.
Bais frere, perdu vos ai."

The following dialogue between our Lord and Martha (verses 23–27) is succinctly paraphrased. Martha tells Mary that Jesus has come, bidding her cease from tears and pray Him to restore life to their brother ; and Mary then, in a dozen short lines, addresses Jesus in words of faith, and beseeches Him to raise her brother. In a stanza of four lines, our Lord freely consents—his grief is omitted from the representation—and asks to be taken to the dead. "But she, leading

Jesus to the sepulchre, shall say: 'Here, Lord, is the place, here we deposited him whom we ask to be raised in the Father's name.'" Those about are then bidden in a couplet to remove the stone, and the bystanders make the reply assigned to Martha in the Gospel (v. 39). The prayer of Jesus (verses 41, 42) immediately follows. Four lines then represent the simple words of power, "Lazarus, come forth;" and two lines the following, "Loose him, and let him go." The officiating priest who has risen from the tomb as Lazarus loosed from his graveclothes, then turns in that character to the assembled people, and tells them that they have seen this and other wonders of God, who made the earth and sea, and at whose rule death trembles; he turns then to the representative of Jesus, whom he adores as Master, King, and Lord, who wipes out the sins of the people, whose ordinance is sure, and of whose kingdom there shall be no end; and the closing direction is that, "This being finished, if it was played at matins, Lazarus shall begin 'Te Deum Laudamus.' But if at vespers, 'Magnificat anima mea Dominum;'" and so the Church service in which this lesson of Scripture has been read to the eyes proceeds.

A play like this, setting forth one of the solemn acts and doctrines of the Gospel, was for some time, in France at least, distinguished as a Mystery from the Miracle Play, which represented to the eyes some marvel out of the lives of saints. Thus the short play of Hilarius, designed for representation during the service on St. Nicholas' day, was a warning against theft of the saints' treasures.

Plays of Hilarius: Miracle Play on the Image of St. Nicholas.

The personæ necessary are said at the outset to be that of a Heathen who deposits a treasure, of an image of St. Nicholas, of four or six robbers, and of St. Nicholas himself. A man representing an image of Nicholas stands in a shrine. The barbarian comes to the shrine, and lays before it all his treasure of gold and vestments, saying that he is going from home, and commits all his goods to the saint's keeping, bidding him mind that they are forthcoming upon his return. The heathen goes out, and the thieves come. Finding the door open and no man watching, they carry away all the treasure, without speaking. The barbarian comes back, misses his property, and wails in three short Latin verses, each with the refrain—

"Des! quel domage!
Qui pert la sue chose perque n'enrage!"

Then he addresses to the image two stanzas of wrath, with the burden—

"Ha! Nicholax!
Si ne me rent ma chose, tu ol comparras."

Then he takes a whip, and accompanies a couple of verses with a thrashing of the image to the refrain—

"Hore t'enci
Qu'are me rent ma chose que g'ei mis ci."

The image upon this goes out and reasons with the robbers; tells them that stolen goods will not thrive with them; that he has been thrashed and scolded for neglect of guard; and that if they do not return the whole treasure they will all be hanged, because he will denounce them to the people. The thieves show fear, and, without speaking, bring everything back. The heathen finds his goods, and sings joyfully to the popular tune, used in the play of Lazarus—

"Nisi visus fallitur
Jo en ai
Tesaurus hic cernitur.
De si grant merveile en ai."

After three such stanzas, he turns to the image and adores it to the tune of—

"Supplex ad te venio
Nicholax
Nam per te recipio
Tut icei que tu gardas."

The saint after this appearing bids him worship God alone, and praise only the name of Christ, on which the heathen, in four stanzas, accepts Christianity, and closes the piece with adoration.

The perfect simplicity of this representation contrasts with the pomp of the same poet's other miracle play, "The History of Daniel," which seems to have been a costly Christmas piece.

Plays of Hilarius: History of Daniel.

It is in two acts, the persons of the first being Balthazar, the Queen, Daniel, four soldiers, and four elders; the persons of the second, the

same Daniel, soldiers, and elders, King Darius, Abacub, and three different angels. The piece opens with Balthazar (Belshazzar) sitting in pomp on his throne, while the soldiers around him sing a song of triumph. It is Belshazzar's Feast. The king calls for the gold and silver vessels taken from the temple of Jerusalem. They are brought, and the long strain of triumph is continued. "Then there shall appear a right hand over the head of the king, writing 'Mane: Techel: Phares.'" The king, disturbed, bids his soldiers fetch the magi to interpret. Four elders come, and are addressed by the king. They confer aside; come forward, and say that they cannot solve the mystery. Then the king proclaims to the people that he shall be third in the kingdom who can read the writing, and in a poem of eulogy invites his wife to aid him—

"Veni cito
ut marito
Præbeas consilium."

She comes and tells him of Daniel, for whom the soldiers are sent, and whom they bring in with an explanatory chorus. The king appeals to Daniel: Daniel interprets, is magnificently clothed, and set by the king's side. The king sends away the vessels of the temple, and the soldiers close the act by carrying them off in procession, and conducting out the queen, in whose praise they sing a final chorus.

"Afterwards Darius, king of the Medes and Persians, coming with his army, and appearing to kill Belshazzar, and taking away his crown, sets it on his own head." There is now a chorus in praise of the enthroned Darius. Some tell him of the wisdom of Daniel. Soldiers tell the people of the man who predicted the fall of Belshazzar's power. Daniel is brought in to serve the king by men singing in chorus. The king addresses him; Daniel replies; is seated by the side of Darius. Then some who are envious come and accuse him, saying together that he has not obeyed the king's command. The king declares that his command shall stand. "Then Daniel secretly departing shall pray to his God, which being seen, the envious ones shall say to the king," a version of the text, "O king, hast thou not signed a decree?" They cause Daniel to be delivered to them, and lead him to the lions' den, where, at Daniel's prayer, "there shall appear an angel of the Lord in the den, having a sword, who shuts the mouths of the lions." Then an angel appears to Abacub, who is carrying dinner to the reapers, and bids him take the dinner down to Daniel in the den of lions. He replies that he does not know where that is, and the angel leads him thither by the hair. Arrived at the den, he offers Daniel the dinner.

Wrathful Darius comes, and finding Daniel saved, his envious accusers are now given to be eaten by the lions, and the king, taking Daniel by the hand, places him on his throne, and orders all the people to adore the true God. Daniel then delivers a rhymed version of the prophecy (ch. vii. 13, 14) of the coming of the Son of Man, and to close the piece a third angel appears, singing, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, &c.," "which being finished, if it was done at matins, Darius shall begin 'Te Deum laudamus;' but if at vespers, 'Magnificat anima mea Dominum.'"

This larger work, which contains no refrains in the vulgar tongue, and seems by its close to have been intended as a Christmas spectacle, does not appear to have been written throughout by Hilarius, but, together with two collaborators Jordanus and Simon; for sometimes one of these two names, and sometimes his, is placed over different parts of the play in the MS.

Such pieces, then, as these lie at the foundation of the modern drama. In Hilarius we see the miracle-play of the middle ages in an early form. It was acted in the church; for the excitement of devotion it was to a large extent choral, and it seems to have been throughout either sung or chanted. Although, in the directions to the actors, there seems to be a distinction expressed between singing and saying, this may be partly or wholly accidental; for it is to be observed that the direction is "dicet," not "cantabit," before the lament of Martha, set to a popular song-tune with its refrains of "Dol en ai;" . . . "Bais frere perdu vos ai."

Hilarius was far from being the inventor of this form of play. The earliest drama founded upon Scripture of which any part or record remains is a representation of the Exodus, by Ezekiel, a tragic poet of the Jews, in which the principal characters were Moses, Sapphora, and God from the Bush. There remain of it some fragments in Greek iambics, and it is

The Church and the stage. Suppression of the Ancient Drama.

supposed to have been written in imitation of the classical Greek drama at the close of the second century.

The old classical drama was swept away by the denunciation of the early Fathers of the Church. Theophilus of Antioch said, in the second century, "The tragical distractions of Tereus and Thyestes are nonsense to us. The stage adulteries of the gods and heroes are unwarrantable entertainments; and so much the worse because the mercenary players set them off with all the charms and advantages of speaking." By the first Council of Arles, A.D. 314, players were excommunicated so long as they continued to act. Cyril taught that when Christians, in baptism, renounced the devil and all his works and pomps, those "pomps" are the stage-plays; and Tertullian taught that, for this reason, baptized Christians could not go to a play without turning apostate. The censure was upon the celebration of the heathen gods by popular representation of fables connected with them in a form of entertainment that had its origin in rites of the heathen Bacchus, and was habitually connected with pagan religious festivals. "We keep off your public shows," said Tertullian, "because we cannot understand the warrant of their original. There is superstition and idolatry in the case; and we dislike the entertainment because we dislike the reason of its institution."* Again, he says, "the design is notably suited to the patronage of Bacchus and Venus. These two confederate devils of lust and intemperance do well together." Minutius Felix said of the absence of Christians from the theatres: "And good reason we have for our aversion. These things have their rise from idols, and are the trains of a false religion."

Thus sternly fought against by Christian teachers, as Christianity spread the old Greek and Roman theatres

* Jeremy Collier, in his "View of the Stage," saved after-comers all trouble of searching the Fathers for these testimonies.

were deserted, and, in the time of St. Augustine—who repented bitterly that he had enjoyed Virgil in his youth* —were everywhere falling into ruin. But the power of imitation with which men are born, and by which they learn all that they know, must needs have its literary expression; and the drama, in its healthy form, is an inevitable product of the mind of man. In the fourth century Apollinarius the Elder, a priest of Laodicea, not only turned Old Testament history into Homeric verse, but also converted portions of Scripture into plays, after the manner of Menander and Euripides; while Bishop Apollinarius, his son, formed the New Testament into dialogues after the manner of Plato. Even one of the Fathers of the Church, Gregory Nazianzen, as Patriarch of Constantinople, attacked the paganism of the Greek theatre, there flourishing, by substituting for the heathen plays, plays of his own, or stories of the Old and New Testament, written to the pattern of those of Sophocles and Euripides, Christian hymns taking the place of the old choruses. One of these plays, on the Passion of our Lord, survives among his works. Its prologue professes it to be an imitation of Euripides, and a piece which for the first time brings the Virgin Mary on the stage. Words were given to her from the Bacchæ of Euripides by transferring to her Agave's lament for her son, which words having been thus transferred to sacred use were afterwards omitted from all texts of Euripides. Where heathen songs and dances were most freely transferred for satisfaction and instruction of the ruder crowd to Christian use, especially in France, the priests, as much for their own intellectual amusement as for that of the people, produced also scriptural dramas. We have seen how, in Charlemagne's time, these also were denounced by Alcuin; but they held their ground.

* It may be read in Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints" how Jerome was scourged by angels for reading the heathen Cicero.

That Latin miracle-plays were enacted by the French clergy, even before the Conquest, is testified by the record of Matthew Paris, that, in William the Conqueror's time, Geoffrey, a learned Norman, was sent for by Richard Abbot of St. Alban's to establish a school there, but came too late, and settling at Dunstable to await the possible reversion of the office which had then been given to another, there composed a miracle-play of St. Catherine. When it was ready, he borrowed copes from St. Alban's for the decoration of it; but, on the following night, his house, with the copes and all his books, was burnt. This Geoffrey succeeded Richard in 1119 as the Abbot of St. Alban's.* Here is evidence that Latin miracle-plays were not unfamiliar to the Norman clergy in England immediately after the Conquest. The lately-discovered plays of Hilarius show that in, or a little before, Henry II.'s time, they were still written in Latin, with an occasional refrain in the vernacular to catch the public ear; and Fitzstephen testifies that they were familiar sights in London. Matthew Paris, writing about 1240, gives the name of this manner of play. He says that, "We commonly call them Miracles—'Miracula vulgariter appellamus;'" and William of Wadington, writing at about the same time, in French rhymes that have been quoted by Warton, describes while he denounces them as follies of the clergy, who, with masks over their faces, represent, to excite devotion, the most sacred subjects even in the streets and churchyards. They were not long, therefore, in seeking an audience outside the church, with a design like that of Aldhelm when he sang, blending devotion with attractive liveliness, songs of his own to his harp upon the bridge at Malmesbury. But the first plays

* Thomas Warton repeats the story in his "History of English Poetry," Diss. II., putting Dunstable Priory, then not built, for that of St. Alban's, a mistake that Douce corrected.

of our modern drama were performed, as we have seen, within the church itself.

Old Latin pieces, in which the origin of mystery-plays is to be traced from the Good Friday and Easter services of the Roman Church, are not among the remains of early English literature. There are fourteen in France and thirteen in Germany. There is also one in Holland. In Germany they have been studied critically by many writers,* and their origin found in the development of a passage in the Gospel read as part of the Church service from the sixteenth chapter of Mark, verses 3–7, with an addition from the corresponding part of Matthew (xxviii. 5–7). In Mark, in our English translation, this is the passage: "And they said among themselves, who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great. And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment: and they were affrighted. And he saith unto them, Be not affrighted: ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified; he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him. But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him, as he said unto you." The slight development of this passage in the twelfth century from the form of anthem

* Especially by Heinrich Hoffman von Fallersleben, in "Fundgruben für Geschichte Deutscher Sprache und Literatur," ii. 239–336, and "Göttinger gelehrte Anzeigen," 1838; by Jacob Grimm, in his "Deutsche Mythologie" (1835, and 3rd edition, 1854); by F. J. Mone, in his "Schauspiele des Mittelalters" (Karlsruhe, 1846); by Gustav Freytag, in his "De initiis scenicæ poesis apud Germanos" (Berlin, 1838); by Ernst Wilken, in his "Geschichte der geistlichen Spiele in Deutschland" (Göttingen, 1872); and by Gustav Milschsack, in his Monograph, "Die Oster- und Passionspiele: I. Die Lateinischen Osterfeiern" (Wolfenbüttel, 1880).

into half-dramatic dialogue led to further advance in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, by elaboration of the short Scriptural speeches, and by the insertion of new verses, always based on Scripture, that were sung in character. The piece from the first was closed with the Te Deum. That the earliest arrangement of this passage of Scripture for the Church services at Easter, whether in France or Germany, was devised by one man is reasonably inferred from the resemblance of all early copies to one another, not only in the treatment of the passage from Mark's gospel, but in the introduction of one passage from the corresponding part of the gospel of Matthew; he is risen, "as he said." In a Paris MS. of the eleventh century, and one at Einsiedeln of the twelfth, the lines run thus:—

PARIS.	EINSIEDELN.
[ANGELI:]	ANGELUS *dicit:*
Quem quaeritis in sepulchro, o christicolae?	Quem quaeritis in sepulchro, o christicolae?
[MULIERES:]	MULIERES *respondent;*
Jesum Nazarenum crucifixum, o coelicolae!	Jesum Nazarenum crucifixum, o coelicolae!
[ANGELI:]	ANGELUS *dicit:*
Non est hic, surrexit sicut ipse dixit;	Non est hic, surrexit sicut praedixerat;
ite, nuntiate quia surrexit.	ite, nuntiate quia surrexit de sepulchro.

The Einsiedeln MS. represents this as preceded by a Song of the Prophets, answered by a Chorus of the Church; the Paris MS. places before it only the short chorus, "Psallite regi magno, devicto mortis imperio." Another MS. edited by Martene * gives directions as to the manner of presentment. Four monks dress for it, during the third reading. One dressed in white, with a palm branch in his hand, who is to represent the angel, enters as if he came in for some

* "De Antiquis monachorum ritibus."

other purpose, and sits down quietly by the place that represents the tomb. When the responses are over, the remaining three enter capped, with censers of incense, with movement of hands and feet as if in search of something; they represent the women coming with sweet spices to anoint the Lord. When they approach the one who represents the angel, he begins to sing with a sweet voice, "Whom seek ye?" And when at the close of the dialogue the angel has said, "Go, tell that he has risen from the dead," the direction is that the three who represent the women shall then turn to the chorus, saying, "Alleluia! The Lord is risen!" Then he who represents the angel, as if recalling them, shall speak the antiphone (from Matthew xxviii. 6), "Come, see the place where the Lord lay," and shall draw a veil and show the place from which the corpse had been lifted, but with linen lying to represent grave-clothes in which it had been wrapped; and they who represent the women taking up the linen and holding it towards the chorus, as manifesting that the Lord is risen and has put off the garment of death, shall sing the antiphone,

"The Lord is risen from the sepulchre,"

and place the linen on the altar. When the anthem is finished the Prior, joining in the triumph of our King, shall begin the hymn, TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

CHAPTER VI.

WALTER MAP.

THE traveller seaward, over inland hill and plain, wearied at times by the long stretches of flat moor that he must cross upon his way, knows by the freshened breeze when he comes near the coast, and at the first sight of the distant water draws a glad breath and believes that he can smell the sea. So may it be now with us when the large wholesome spirit of English Chaucer, towards whom we are travelling, flashes upon us suddenly from afar, as we cross the high ground where dwells Walter Map. It is Gerald de Barri's friend, the Archdeacon of Oxford, the same pleasant and courteous Walter Map who called Gerald's attention to the fact that his own less valuable works were widely read because they were written in the vernacular, while Gerald's better Latin books found few learned enough to do them justice. Walter Map was no trivial jester, although the misreading of a piece of his most scathing satire has attached to him the cant name of "the jovial Archdeacon."

Walter Map.

Undoubtedly he had a lively wit, could make even an abbot blush, and send table companions out of doors to explode in laughter at his broad contemptuous jest against a blasphemous hypocrisy.* He was a wit somewhat of

* Witness his comment at the table of Gilbert Foliot Bishop of London on the failure of Saint Bernard to raise a dead boy to life by lying on him.—"De Nugis Curialium," Distinct. i., cap. 24.

Chaucer's pattern, ready against cowled hypocrites, and striking, as Chaucer often did, after the manner of his time, with a coarse jest out of the strength of a clean heart. It was the wit also of a true poet. Among the high dignitaries of the Roman Church he was an entirely orthodox divine, and looked down from the heights of theological scholarship upon what seemed to him the ignorant piety of the Waldenses. But the first Church reform concerned Church morals more nearly than theology, and in this sense, by his Latin verse and prose, Walter Map represents the chief of the Reformers before Wyclif. In French, then the vernacular tongue of English literature, he it was who gave a soul to the Arthurian romances, writing, most probably, the Latin original of Robert Borron's introductory romance of the Saint Graal, and certainly Lancelot of the Lake, the Quest of the Saint Graal, and the Mort Artus. Unassuming as Chaucer, and, before Chaucer, the man of highest genius in our literature, Map was a frank man of the world with ready sympathies, a winning courtesy, warm friendships, and well-planted hatreds. He especially detested a Cistercian. And is there not a report that Chaucer in his youth was "fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street?"

Among his many and various labours in illustration of the life and literature of the Middle Ages, special thanks are due to Mr. Thomas Wright for having been the first to rescue the Latin works of Walter Map from the obscurity of MS., and add them to the series of the Camden Society's well-edited volumes.*

* "The Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter Mapes, collected and edited by Thomas Wright, M.A., &c. London: Printed for the Camden Society" (1841). "Gualteri Mapes de Nugis Curialium Distinctiones Quinque. Edited from the Unique MS. in the Bodleian by Thomas Wright. Printed for the Camden Society" (1850). But why did the Editor, admitting his author's name to be Map, follow those who have called him Mapes? He writes himself Map (not even

Walter Map was born on the marches of Wales. He calls the Welsh his countrymen, and England "our mother." In the early story of our literature we have often to notice the enlivening influence of Celtic blood. The Scot blood in Erigena followed in France with livelier and bolder speculation the monastic sturdiness of Yorkshire Alcuin. And so it was in the days of Henry II. The King of England, ruling not only over Normandy and over Anjou, Maine, and Touraine, but also, by his marriage with Eleanor of Poitou, over Poitou and Guienne, Lord over poets of the Langue d'Oc and of the Langue d'Oyl, had the richest court in Europe. The appointed duties of this world occupied the minds even of monks. The Church had failed in her natural struggle to retain political ascendency, and keep her servants independent of the civil power, while some men were discovering that there is religion in well-spent activity of life, and many time-servers were finding the reward they sought outside the monastery walls. The stream of literature widened as it was swollen by fresh interests, and broke, from its first seclusion between walls of stone, into the open country. And at this time, in busy growing England, three men with Cymric blood in their veins were foremost spirits of a small Augustan age. They were Geoffrey of Monmouth, Gerald de Barri, who was half Welsh, half Norman, and Walter Map, who claimed the Cymry for his countrymen. We may remember, too, that Orderic was a man of the Welsh border, and that William of Malmesbury was born of intermarriage between Norman and Saxon. The pure Anglo-Saxon mind at this stage of its life is as the good flour being mixed with the good yeast. Born on the marches of Wales, about the year 1137, of a family that had done good service to King Henry II., both before and after his accession,

Latinised into Mapus) in the very book Mr. Wright edits, and is always called Map, with an occasional variation of the vowel, as Maep, in the old French Arthurian MSS.

Walter Map studied in the University of Paris, where he saw town and gown riots. These were at some date after the marriage of Louis VII. with Constance of Castile in 1154, because one of the household of that queen lost his hand for damaging in that riot the head of a priest. Map attended in or soon after the year 1160 the school of the English theologian, Girard la Pucelle, who in that year began to teach in Paris. On his return to England Map was in intimate relations with Archbishop Becket, and as he was in King Henry's service, this must have been before there was a wide breach between king and archbishop. Possibly he joined the court while Henry was in France, and returned with him to England in January, 1163. The king was no mean scholar, and had a sound relish of wit. Map, by birth, character, and attainments, was qualified to stand high and make friends. He was familiar with Becket before he was made archbishop. In 1173 he was presiding at Gloucester assize as one of the justices in eyre, who were then not so much judges in the modern sense as Government inspectors, obtaining from the chief men of each county a true return to certain questions touching fines that had been levied, royal wards, escheats, encroachments on the king's domains, and other points that it concerned the king to know of what was passing in the country. No prisoner was, in our modern sense of the word, tried by these itinerant judges; they simply saw that the appointed forms were observed in trial by battle, or in the decision by opinion of a jury of his neighbours as to an accused man's guilt or innocence. They heard no evidence, but in a short formula simply committed the case to the jury.* Map afterwards, an ecclesiastic not a lawyer, frequently represented the king as one of his justices in eyre. In the same year, 1173, when his age must have been about thirty, he was with the court

* Bracton, as set forth in Stephen's "General View of the Criminal Law of England."

at Limoges, where he received allowance for the care and entertainment at King Henry's expense of Peter Archbishop of Tarantaise. Probably Map was in attendance on King Henry as his chaplain, and therefore the proper host for the archbishop. He found Peter of Tarantaise lively and modest, a good man whom both his host and Bishop John of Lyons, an Englishman and friend, believed that they had really found able to cure a demoniac. The afflicted man being in the street, John had asked Map to bring out his guest that they might test his power, for he had never yet seen a true miracle performed, although there was pretence in plenty. The Bishop of Tarantaise came out, and the sufferer was so visibly calmed by his address, that Bishop John said, with tears in his eyes, "He is well. This man alone is a bishop. We are dogs who cannot bark."

Walter Map was in attendance on the king during his war with his sons. He was sent to the court of Louis VII. of France, the father of Philip Augustus, and there received as an intimate guest. Louis called le Jeune, who in Becket's lifetime had espoused his cause against King Henry, and who, after Becket's death, obtained from the Pope the laying of an interdict on Henry's French dominions, had fomented the rebellion against their father of the princes Henry, Geoffrey, and Richard. But he made peace with Henry about a year after the beginning of that war, and shortly before his death in 1180 made a pilgrimage to Thomas Becket's shrine at Canterbury. A mission to a French king having such relations with the English Government would have been confided by Henry only to a man in whose tact and shrewdness he could place the highest trust. Map was a Churchman too, and a man who had known Saint Thomas Becket. He may have been ordained by his friend the learned Gilbert Foliot, who became Bishop of Hereford in 1148, and lived to be almost blinded with years of study.

On another occasion Walter Map was sent to Rome, to the Lateran Council of 1179, and hospitably entertained on the way by Henry the Liberal, Count of Champagne. At this Council some of the Waldenses appeared with a Psalter, and several books of the Old and New Testament in the French language,* the use of which they wished the Pope to license. Walter Map ridiculed their ignorance, and not yet so far in advance of his time as to see the fallacy in his own argument that "water is taken from the spring, and not from the broad marshes," was invited to argue with the poor religious Frenchmen, and expose to them their ignorance. That Council did not interdict Peter Waldus's Bible. In 1199 Innocent III. caused the Bishop of Metz to inquire into its character, and its use was afterwards forbidden by the Council of Toulouse in 1229.

When the king's illegitimate son Geoffrey, a boy of fourteen, became Bishop of Lincoln, receiving for three years the revenues without consecration, Map succeeded him as canon of St. Paul's, and was made also precentor of Lincoln. Among other preferments, Map held also the parsonage of Westbury in Gloucestershire. But still he was in attendance on the king, and he was especially attached to the young Prince Henry, after he had been crowned by his father. In the reign of Richard I., and the year 1196, when his age was about fifty-three, Map became Archdeacon of Oxford, and at that date we lose sight of him.†

* The Waldensian dialect did not then exist, as it was formed gradually after their migration to Italy in the course of the union of the Vaudois with the Piedmontese. There is a good philological article by Grüzmacher, on the Waldensian Bible, in the number of "Wolf u. Ebert's Jahrb. für Romanische und Englische Literatur" for Sept., 1862.

† The facts in Map's life were first extracted by Mr. Wright from scattered autobiographical hints in his "De Nugis Curialium." They were further developed by Dr. George Phillips in Vol. X. (1853) of the "Berichte der Kais. Akademie der Wissenschaften."

The intention of his Latin book ("De Nugis Curialium") of the small talk of the courtiers, has been, I think, misunderstood by its editor, when he says that Map's "object seems to have been to show that it was impossible for anyone involved in the troubles of a court to apply himself to poetry with success; but as he proceeds he seems to have lost sight of his primary object, and goes on stringing together stories and legends which have no intimate connection with the general subject." Walter Map was certainly too clever and busy a man to think of wasting time over a book upon so empty a subject as the difficulty of writing poetry at court. It is quite true, as Thomas Wright points out, that he opens his work with a parallel between a court and the infernal regions; and that he answers to a friend Geoffrey who has been asking him, its Tantalus, to write something as a philosopher and poet, courtly and pleasant, that "Poetical invention needs a quiet concentrated mind," and to ask it of him, there at court, is to ask of him a miracle. But at the end of the twelfth chapter the purpose of the book is thus explicitly defined. Map there says of his friend's request—

Map's Book of the Gossip of the Court.

"I have fear on several grounds. My slenderness of knowledge will accuse me; inability of speech will condemn me; our modern time will despise me because I live. You who command will excuse me the two first terrors, and of the third I don't want the withdrawal, since I wish to live. You choose for me a subject copious enough, that no work could master, to which no labour could be equal, namely, the sayings and doings that have not yet been committed to writing, whatever I have learnt to think remarkable, so that the telling should be pleasant, and the instruction should tend to morality. It is proposed to me, then, not to strike out anything new, to add no invention; but that whatever I know from having seen, or believe from having heard, I should, as well as I can, unfold."

This is precisely what he has done in the book "De Nugis Curialium." He adds to the preceding sentences

that Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, regretting in his old age that his learning had hitherto spoken only through a few slight treatises, was producing a work on the Old and New Testament; that Bartholomew Bishop of Exeter and Baldwin of Worcester were then writing; men who had no want of the requisite leisure, and could bring their work to a good end; but what could he achieve at court, where he hardly had leisure to live?*

It may be that the friend who suggested the subject proposed for it a poetical form of which it was not susceptible, and that Map, perceiving the interest and value of a record of such facts as were known personally or by way of talk among the courtiers of the days of Henry II., adopted the suggestion, but obeyed his own sense of artistic fitness in the way of carrying it out. He grouped together notes made at different times on the life of his day; added to them and arranged them. What he thus put together was a note-book of events of the day that were discussed among the courtiers, authentic information of the private history of this or that incident or institution, hot from the busy ancestor of one of our own quidnuncs of the clubs, and usually more or less flavoured with the quidnunc sauce of scandal—the gossip of the court, in fact, as it passed through the head of the best man at the court, and came out blended with his own right touches of satire or reflection. Among the topics of the world and Church are tales of the Welsh marches that Map himself could have told after dinner to his companions, and the stories they could tell him in return. There is not a fact or story that might not have been matter of table-talk at Henry's court. Anecdotes on subjects allied to one another are generally arranged together; but there is a new topic in every chapter, and the work is a miscellany, rich in illustration of its time, and free enough in its plan to admit any fact or

* "Qui vix vaco vivere."

opinion on current events worth record. Old notes would be used, fresh ones jotted down by snatches, changes of arrangement and interpolations would sometimes be made. The work was in five divisions ("distinctiones"). Its editor has pointed out that a chapter of the first division was written in 1187, when the news had arrived of Saladin's capture of Jerusalem; but that the latter part of a chapter in the fourth book was written in 1182, immediately after the accession of Pope Lucius, while the earlier part of the same division of the work was written in a later year. In a single chapter, the sixth, of the fifth division, Henry II. is spoken of in earlier sentences as being dead, and in a later sentence as being alive. Thus we see how the notes grew. The opening allegory which finds in the court a Tartarus with its Tantalus, its Sisyphus, Ixion, Tityus, and birds of night, is simply the ingenious introduction to the subject whereby Map establishes a shape and title for the work; an introduction that amused with its satire the men whom court affairs concerned, the sort of men who were then almost its only readers, and that accounted to the satisfaction of the taste of his day for the natural form of the work as a memorandum-book, and not a laboured treatise. The true reason for the adoption of that form was, I think, the instinctive sense of a good artist, that no other was as fit. The true reason for his writing of its matter was, I think, a manly intellectual sense of the value of such notes.

Thus Map sketches vividly the life of his day when he tells how the poet Gischard de Beaulieu became a monk of Cluny, and when his son Imbert had lost, through his own weakness and the strength of enemies, all the land left in his hands, came out of the monastery, appeared in arms, compelled restitution, and went back to the fulfilment of his vows.

The Penitent Monk.

Of another monk of Cluny, recalled by like needs to the world, Map tells us that he was overpowered but not overcome, "whether his

enemies fled or resisted, unwearied he stuck to them like glue" (adhærebat ut glutinum). But he was caught when resting, hot after a victorious summer battle, with his armour off, under the shade of a vineyard, and by a treacherous enemy in guise of a friend struck with a mortal wound. Then he dictated to a boy, who alone happened to be near, the performance of the priestly office for the dying. The boy said that he was of the laity, and knew nothing.

"But the monk, eager in all that he did, and eager in penitence, said, 'Enjoin me by the mercy of God, dearest son, that in the name of Jesus Christ my soul lie in hell repenting till the day of judgment, and that the Lord then have pity on me, that I may not see with the impious His face of wrath.' Then the boy said to him, with tears, 'Master, I enjoin on you the penance which your lips have here spoken before the Lord.' And he, in words and countenance assenting, devoutly received it and died. Here let there be recalled to memory the word of mercy, which says, In whatsoever hour the sinner repenteth, he shall be saved. How this man could repent and not be saved if he omitted any of the contingents, let there not be dispute among us, and may God have mercy on his soul."

There is singular tact shown always in Map's manner of teaching, and something far higher than the mere professional impulse to lead other men to put a soul into their daily thoughts. So courteous and cheerful, so pleasantly at home in the world, full of good stories, quick at repartee, all seem to have acknowledged his rare genius, and relished his society without regarding it as that of a preacher. His less earnest comrades never felt that the mainspring of his power was a sacred earnestness. They laughed when he flashed his witty scorn at a wine-bibbing Golias bishop, and they were right, although they did not look far down into the pure spiritual nature of their pleasant friend, who drew Sir Galahad, the stainless knight, for his ideal. When Walter Map preaches as he writes, his sermon is but a few lines long, and it is fastened upon some worldly incident of which the interest is strong. Probably many chapters of Map's common-place book were, like his poems, copied and circulated when the occasion was fresh that produced them.

His longest incidental sermon—indeed the chapter of his book "De Nugis Curialium,"* in which it is contained, might have been preached at court by such a chaplain—is on occasion of the public consternation at the capture of Jerusalem by the great Saladin in 1187, and the extinction of the feeble Christian rule that had been there maintained.

"On Saladin's Capture of Jerusalem.

"The feet of many," he said, "have moved hence, and the steps have poured out of many not considering that this is not our Jerusalem. But we, not so; but we who seek our way to the future Jerusalem, the more the little worth of this world becomes manifest, the more we are chafed by it, the faster we journey thither, the better our hope for the future, and the freer from the cares of earth. The horse, the ox, the camel, and the ass, and every animal makes haste to get out of the mud, or struggles with its whole might to leap up out of a pit. But we choose to remain fastened in the mud."

And elsewhere commenting upon the legend of an all-conquering angel who fought at a tournament, in the semblance of a knight who at sound of the chapel bell had turned aside to pray, he writes thus—

"On the Churchmen Militant in Palestine.

"They want nothing but Jerusalem; there they take in defence of Christianity the sword that was prohibited to Peter in defence of Christ. Peter there learnt to seek peace with patience; I know not who has taught these to conquer peace by violence. They take the sword and perish by the sword. Yet they say that all laws and all rights permit force to be repelled by force. But he disapproved such law who, when Peter struck, would not command the legions of the angels. By the Word of the Lord, not at the point of the sword, the Apostles conquered Damascus, Alexandria, and a great part of the world that the sword has lost. And David, when he went out to Goliath, said, 'Thou comest to me with arms, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord, that all this assembly may know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear."

* Distinct. i., cap. xv.

Good Churchman as he was, Map was a better Christian, and living in the world with no ostentation of sanctity, ever at work usefully, consorting as a busy man with busy men, doing small things and great with the same pure high motive that was the secret between him and his God, and the last thing in a true man's mind to be made a matter of vainglory, Walter Map was the antithesis of the strict cloistered monk, who was but, as Gerald de Barri said, a barren grain of seed, a seed hidden between stones and withheld from the contact with earth whereby alone it could yield increase. Map's wit spared nothing that was base; not even, faithful servant of Rome as he was, the corruption of the Papal Court. But in such attack, when he has hit home, he recovers his position, and with a stroke of refined humour preserves ecclesiastical decorum. He tells, for example, this of

"*The Pope's Master.*

"Jocelin Bishop of Salisbury, when his son, Reginald of Bath, complained that, elected by violence, he was not admitted to consecration at Canterbury, said to him, 'You fool, fly quickly to the Pope, be at ease, don't hesitate, box his ears with a big purse, and he will stagger whithersoever you please.' So he went, he struck, the Pope did stagger and fall. The chief priest rose again and wrote, lying in the Lord, at the head of all his letters; for where he ought to have written, 'By grace of the Purse,' he wrote, 'By grace of God.' Whatever he of the purse willed, he did. Yet let Rome, our mistress and mother, be as a staff broken in the water, and let us not believe that which we see."

If we would be sure that we have not misread the spirit of Map's social life, as this book of Court Table-Talk has represented it, we have only to turn to his work on the King Arthur Romances.

Sir Frederic Madden,* accepting the opinion that a

* In his volume published by the Bannatyne Club, in 1839, entitled, "Sir Gawayne: a collection of Ancient Romance Poems, by Scottish

The King Arthur Romances.

mass of popular traditions relating to Arthur and his companions must have existed before Geoffrey of Monmouth's time, circulated first by native bards, and afterwards by the Anglo-Norman minstrels, holds that the earliest prose romances were based upon these; though he does not agree with Southey, Scott, and Ritson in denying the existence of the Latin original to which, of some chief romances, all the MSS. refer. The romances, he thinks, must have been compiled in the following order, and the first of them at least twenty years after the appearance of Geoffrey of Monmouth's "History." 1. The Romance of the Saint Graal, sometimes called the Romance of Joseph of Arimathea, by Robert de Borron, called in the printed editions the First Part of the Saint Graal. 2. The Romance of Merlin, by the same. 3. The Romance of Lancelot of the Lake, by Walter Map. 4. The Romance of the Quest of the Saint Graal, also by Walter Map, being in the printed editions the second part of the Saint Graal. 5. The Romance of the Mort Artus, also by Walter Map, and originally a distinct romance, although combined in the printed editions with his Lancelot. 6. The First Portion of the Romance of Tristan, by Luces de Gast (who is said to have been at home near Salisbury). 7. The Rest of Tristan, by Hélie de Borron. 8. The Romance of Gyron le Courtois, by the same. Of these, the first six were written in the latter half of the twelfth century, and the other two in the earlier half of the thirteenth. To these, says Sir F. Madden, must be added the metrical romances composed by Chrestien de Troyes, between the years 1170 and 1195, and the later prose compilations of Rusticien le Pise, and his followers in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The Metrical Romances of Chrestien de Troyes are founded on

and English authors, relating to that celebrated Knight of the Round Table, with an Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary."

the Prose Romances, but contain incidents derived from other sources. They are the Percival le Gallois, the longest and best known, Tristan (now lost), the Chevalier au Lion, original of the English Ywaine and Gawin, the Romance of Erec and Enide, the Romance of Fregus—which somewhat resembles Percival, and has a Scotchman for its hero—the Roman de la Charette, an episode from Lancelot, and the Roman de Cliges.

The Romance of the Graal, which is designed evidently as a preface to the entire cycle of Arthurian Romance, was printed in 1864 for the Roxburghe Club, in the French text ascribed to English (?) Robert de Borron, with an English verse translation from the time of Henry VI. These are introduced by a general Preface from their editor, Dr. F. J. Furnivall, who has a lively sense of the spiritual character of the Graal story; and appended to the preface is an essay on the Graal Saga by a well-known student of early German romance, Herr Albert Schulz (San Marte), who had been studying the King Arthur Romances for the illustration of Wolfram von Eschenbach's "Parzival." Herr Schulz sees in the Graal Saga as it reappears in "Parzival" a symbol of the threefold relation of man placed in creation—to God, to the Devil, and to the Flesh. And there is no doubt that sight of the Graal means what is meant when it is written that "The pure in heart shall see God."

The Saint Graal. Robert Borron.

The most ancient MS. of the Prose Romance of the Saint Graal in the French National Library is of the thirteenth century, a parchment folio with costly ornament of miniatures, vignettes, and initials. It has a prelude to this effect:

"*Prelude to the Romance of the St. Graal.*

"He who accounts himself the least and most sinful of all, salutes, and begins this history to all those whose heart and faith is in the Holy Trinity. The name of him who wrote this history is not told at the

beginning. But by the words that follow you may in a great measure perceive his name, country, and a great part of his lineage. But he would not disclose himself at the beginning. And he has three reasons for that. The first is that if he named himself, and said that God had revealed through him so high a history, the felon and envious would turn it into scoff. The second is that all who knew him, if they heard his name, would value the less his history, for being written by so mean a person. The third reason is, that if he put his name to the history, and any fault were found committed by him, or by a transcriber from one book into another, all the blame would fall on his name; for there are so many more mouths that speak evil than good, and a man gets more blame for a single fault than praise for a hundred merits. And however he might wish to cover it, it would be more seen than he should like. But he will tell quite openly how the History of the Saint Graal was commanded to him to be made manifest. It happened 717 years after the passion of Jesus Christ that I, the most sinful of all men, was in a place wilder than I can describe . . . . ." *

And then he proceeds to open the tale in the character of a hermit to whom in that year, 717, appeared a vision of Joseph of Arimathea and the Holy Graal, and whose account of what was then revealed to him, written in Latin, is now to be set forth in French. In the last words of the story the name of the French author, Robiers de Borron, who wrote the Merlin also, is thus indicated: "Here is passed over the relation of all the lines that issued from Celidon, and we return to a history of Merlin, which it is fit to add to the History of the Saint Graal. And Messire Robiers begins in such matter as you shall hear, since it is he who tells you,"—a phrase indicating that these prose romances were written to be read aloud; as, indeed, books were habitually read aloud at dinner-tables for some time after the invention of printing. Robiers or Robert Borron's Romance of Merlin, twice as long as that of the Saint Graal, stops at the birth of Lancelot, the son of King Ban.

* "Les Manuscrits François de la Bibliothèque du Roi, leur Histoire, &c. Par M. Paulin Paris." In seven volumes. Paris, 1836.

Of all these romances of the Middle Ages, M. Alexis Paulin Paris, the scholar who has given most labour to the study of the MSS. in the French National Library, observes that their copyists were educated men, often poets themselves, who altered and added as they wrote, so that the tales grew, the incidents were varied, and it is difficult, except in an autograph copy, to get a piece as it came from the original author. In a noble MS. of the Saint Graal, Merlin, and Lancelot, written in the fourteenth century, the Romance of the Saint Graal appears expanded to its utmost, and Robiers de Borron's name, as that of the author, occurs frequently in the course of it as well as at the end, though it was probably in no case written by himself. Borron's Romance of Merlin also is expanded to its fullest dimensions, and has the prophecies appended; as they were dictated by Merlin to his scribe 'Antoine, afterwards Bishop of Gaul, except those which Antoine got from Meliadus, the lover of the Lady of the Lake. The complete copy of the Lancelot of the Lake in this MS. ends with the words, "Here Master Walter Map becomes silent upon the history of Lancelot, for he has brought it all well to an end according to the events that happened. And here his book finishes. For beyond this, or otherwise, nobody can tell the tale who does not altogether lie. Here ends the history of Lancelot of the Lake, and of the death of the King Artus. Amen."

Merlin.

Map's Lancelot and the Death of Artus.

The Holy Graal, or dish, was, according to M. Paulin Paris,* the point of unity in the Breton Epopœia. It was the dish in which, according to the tale, the Saviour usually offered sacrifice,

Design of the Romance of the Saint Graal.

* "Les Manuscrits François," tom. i., p. 161. The same author has set forth "Les Romans de la Table Ronde, mis en Nouveau Language et accompagnés de Recherches sur l'Origine et le Caractère de ces grands compositions, par Paulin Paris, Membre de l'Institut, Professeur de Langue et Littérature du Moyen âge au Collège de France." 5 vols., 1868–1876.

from which he ate the Last Supper, and in which the gore from his wounds was put when he was taken down from the cross by Joseph of Arimathea. Joseph was then its possessor, because, when the Saviour was taken, a Jew seized the Holy Graal and brought it to Pilate, who, unwilling to retain anything that had belonged to Jesus, gave it to Joseph of Arimathea, whom he knew as one of the Saviour's devoted friends. When the Jews, angered at the resurrection, thrust Joseph some days afterwards into a dungeon, the Saint Graal, placed miraculously in his hands, kept him insensible to the pangs of hunger and the horrors of his prison for two-and-forty years. Joseph, released by Vespasian, quitted Jerusalem, and went, with the Graal, through France into Britain, where it was carefully preserved in the treasury of one of the kings of the island, called the Fisherman King. But although a central point of the Arthurian Romances, the Holy Graal was, in the opinion also of M. Paris, an addition of the twelfth century to the earlier and ruder Arthurian tales, which it was desired to spiritualise. Pious inventions were then common supplements to history or legend. The origin of the vial from which French kings were anointed was unknown; but a priest dreamed that it was a gift to Clovis from the Holy Spirit. Nobody knew why Charlemagne had made his expedition into Spain; but a priest piously connected it with the pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella. Archbishop Turpin, so much celebrated in the popular songs, must have had a religious motive in marching with the French barons; a monastic fancy, therefore, produced such a history of the expedition as Turpin ought to have written, and thus gave currency to the narrative, bearing the name of the Archbishop of Rheims, to which there is such constant reference in the later romance and poetry founded upon tales of Charlemagne. In the same way, argues M. Paris, as nobody knew whence Arthur

came, what the Round Table meant, how Merlin was able to predict so much, how Lancelot and Tristan grew to be so strong, a priest resolved that where there were so many miracles religion ought to be concerned. One of the apocryphal gospels accounts for the institution of the Eucharist by miracles connected with a cup possessed by Joseph of Arimathea, whom Church legend had made a first apostle of the Britons. This cup might be made to give occasion to the institution of the Round Table; and the presence in Britain of the Holy Graal might serve as the mainspring to set all the romantic works of the Arthurian knights in motion. Merlin was a great prophet, but there must be no prophet dissociated from religion. He was modified, therefore, into the son of a fiend, with his nature, half that of a bad angel, transformed by the Saviour. As for the superhuman valour of the knights of the romances, the one pious way of reconciling that with the faith of the church was to make them all descend in direct line from the parents of Joseph and the first missionaries to Britain. Legends believed by the people were not in this way contradicted or transformed; they were accepted as they stood, carefully arranged, and with a subtle piety accounted for. There was nothing altered or taken away; but there was something added. The Arthurian Romances were, according to this opinion, all perfectly detached tales, till in the twelfth century Robert de Borron (let us add, at Map's suggestion) translated the first Romance of the St. Graal as an introduction to the series, and shortly afterwards Walter Map added his Quest of the Graal, Lancelot, and Mort Artus. The way for such work had been prepared by Geoffrey of Monmouth's bold setting forward of King Arthur as a personage of history, in a book that was much sought and discussed, and that made the Arthurian Romances a fresh subject of interest to educated men.

But M. Paulin Paris, whose opinions, founded upon a

wide acquaintance with the contents of old MSS. I am now sketching, and in part adopting, looked upon Walter Map as the soul of this work of Christian spiritualisation. Was the romance of the St. Graal Latin before it was French? He does not doubt that it was. He sees in it the mysticism of the subtlest theologian. It was not a knight or a jongleur who was so well read in the apocryphal gospels, the legends of the first Christian centuries, rabbinical fancies, and old Greek mythology; and there is all this in the St. Graal. There is a theory, too, of the sacrifice of the mass, an explanation of the Saviour's presence in the Eucharist, that is the work, he says, of the loftiest and the most brilliant imagination. These were not matters that a knight of the twelfth century would dare to touch. They came from an ecclesiastic and a man of genius. But if so, why should we refuse credit to the assertion, repeated in every MS., that they were first written in Latin? The earliest MSS. are of a date not long subsequent to the death of Walter Map, Latinist, theologian, wit, and chaplain to King Henry II., who himself took the liveliest interest in Breton legends. Henry, M. Paris supposes, wished them to be collected, but how? Some would prefer one method, some another; Map reconciled all. He satisfied the clergy, pleased the scholar, filled the chasms in the popular tales, reconciled contradictions, or rejected inconsistencies, and by him also the introductory tale of the Graal was first written in Latin for Robert de Borron to translate into French. Helinand, an annalist who died early in the thirteenth century, testifies to the immediate acceptance of the legendary origin ascribed artistically to Map's tale of the Graal, by actually placing under the year 717 the introductory story of the vision that appeared to a certain hermit in Britain, of St. Joseph and the Graal, "about which there was written by the same hermit the history called of the Gradal; but Gradalis or

Was Walter Map first author of the Graal Romances?

Gradale means in French a broad and somewhat deep dish, in which precious viands are placed before the rich, and is called Graal* . . . this History written in Latin I have not been able to find; but it is possessed only, written in French, by some nobles, nor, as they say, can the whole of it easily be had. I have not yet been able to beg the reading of it from anyone." The imaginary Hermit, M. Paris has argued, was Walter Map, and the only Latin copy of the history was that which he gave Robert de Borron to turn into the vernacular. To "the learned imagination of Walter Map" M. Paris also believes that Borron had recourse for the opening of the romance of Merlin, which recalls to mind the first chapters of Job. Of the rest, there is a summary in Geoffrey of Monmouth, and it might have been taken direct by Robert de Borron himself out of popular legend. Map indisputably wrote the Quest of the Graal, edited afterwards by Hélie de Borron, and invented the ideally pure character of Sir Galahad. M. Paris would confine the work of Map to the two Graal romances and opening of Merlin. Lancelot is, as we have seen, confidently ascribed to him on old MS. authority, but M. Paris considers that the religious element added piecemeal to old current legend there and elsewhere in the Arthurian romances are the inevitable additions made from time to time as men worked out the scheme of which Map, with a masterly hand, established the principle and marked the future course. Herein, I think, the learned critic is influenced by a regard for the soundness of his theory, and loses sight of the vivacious worldly side of the wittiest priest of his time. The romance

The opening of Merlin.

Map's Lancelot.

* "Gradalis vel gradale dicitur gallice scutella lata et aliquantulum profunda, in qua pretiosæ dapes cum suo jure divitibus solent apponi, et dicitur nomine Graal." The dish was said to have been shaped from a precious stone that dropped out of Lucifer's crown as he was hurled down from Heaven.

of Lancelot, he says, answers to the description given in its first verses of the Orlando,

> "Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori
> Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese io canto,"

and he adds his belief that it is not founded on Breton legend. The names of places and persons, the chivalrous character of the incidents, the absence of all source of interest but love and the tourney, and the prodigious talent of style, show it, says M. Paris, to be an invention purely French. But where was there an author able to invent it and to write it with a talent so "prodigious," except Walter Map, to whom alone, and to whom always positively, it has been ascribed? Who else would have interspersed it with those episodes by which its picture of chivalry, with all its vices as well as virtues, is bound to the conception of the Holy Graal, as the sublime centre around which Arthurian romance was by him made to revolve?

Birthplace of Arthurian Romance.

The question whether Wales or Brittany gave birth to the older and rougher forms of Arthurian romance I think as profitless as the inquiry whether a man is the son of his father or his mother. There is an admitted community of origin between the people of Wales or Cornwall and those of Lower Brittany; it is still manifest in their language, and even the old name of Armorica is said to be good Welsh—Ar-mor-uch, upon the sea heights.* The nature of the connection can only be conjectured.

Lancelot in the Rough.

The Vicomte Hersart de la Villemarqué, who has especially studied the Welsh MSS. for comparison with Breton legend, believes† that he

* "Die Arthur-Sage und die Mährchen des Rothen Buchs von Hergest. Herausgegeben von San Marte (A. Schulz)" (Quedlinburg and Leipsic, 1842).

† "Les Romans de la Table Ronde et Les Contes des Anciens Bretons," 3rd edition (Paris, 1860).

has found the original of Map's Lancelot, whose very name is French, in the King Mael (Meluas) of Gildas and of Caradoc of Llancarvan's Life of Gildas, of the Triads, and of the later poems that have been ascribed to Taliesin. The L in Lancelot represents the French article, the name being sometimes written Ancelot. Ancel (ancilla) in Romance language meant a servant, and Ancelot was its diminutive. But Mael is Welsh for a servant. Lancelot therefore is, said M. de Villemarqué, simply the Welsh Mael translated into the Romance tongue. From the laws of Hoel Dda it appears that after the triumph of the Saxons in Southern England, Mael was elected king of the native tribes in the year 560. In Gildas he is spoken of as redoubtable for arms, noted also for crimes of unchaste violence, and for having as a youth oppressed his uncle. From Caradoc of Llancarvan it is to be learnt that Mael's uncle was King Arthur, he being the king Meluas who carried off Arthur's wife Guenever, who was besieged by Arthur, and with whom Arthur made disgraceful peace, receiving his wife back. Mael or Meluas is said also to have ended his days in a monastery. King Mael is represented in the earlier Cymric traditions as a coarse barbarian. He seized Guenever by hiding himself, naked and covered with leaves, behind a bush in the wood she was to pass through, then rushing out on her as a satyr, from whom her attendants fled as he seized her and carried her off. This wild hero, who is more than once named in connection with Sodom and Gomorrha, was, if M. de Villemarqué's probable theory be true, transmuted by the genius of Walter Map into an ornament of unspiritual chivalry. Map had him carried off as an infant to be bred in fairy land, and come into the world again generous and brave, sinning like Mael, but in courtlier form, by the abduction of Guenever, and, like Mael, closing his days repentant in the bosom of the Church.

Sir Galahad, Map's ideal knight, was the son of his L'Ancelot and Elaine. The son and namesake of Joseph of Arimathea, Bishop Joseph, to whom the Holy Dish was bequeathed, first instituted the Order of the Round Table. The initiated at their festivals sat as apostle knights round the table, with the Holy Graal in the midst, leaving one seat vacant as that which the Lord had occupied, and which was reserved for a descendant of Joseph, named Galahad. Whatever man else attempted to sit in the place of Galahad the earth swallowed. It was called therefore the Siege (seat) Perilous. When men became sinful, the Holy Graal, visible only to pure eyes, disappeared. On its recovery depended the honour and peace of England, but only Sir Galahad, who at the appointed time was brought to the knights by a mysterious old man clothed in white, and placed in the Siege Perilous, only the pure Sir Galahad succeeded in the Quest.

The Holy Graal partially reappears in the "Parzival" of Wolfram von Eschenbach, who says that he took that poem from the Provençal of Kyôt of Provenz, whom one cannot believe to be any other than the clever monk Guiot of Provins, in the Isle de France, who was at Mayence in 1184,* and whose "Bible," a satirically pious, social, and doctrinal poem, a form of writing to which that name was then commonly applied, appeared in the year 1208.

Other versions of the Graal legend. Wolfram von Eschenbach.

Wolfram von Eschenbach was chief of a group of poets who at the close of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth century gathered about the Landgraf Hermann of Thüringen in his court on the Wartburg, at the foot of which lies Eisenach, in the present Grand Duchy of Saxe-

* "Des Guiot von Provins bis jetzt bekannte Dichtungen altfranzösisch und in Deutscher Metrischer Uebersetzung mit Einleitung," &c. Von J. F. Wolfart und San-Marte (A. Schulz) "Parzival Studien." Erstes Heft (Halle, 1861).

Weimar. They shaped tales of knightly adventure, blended with reflection, spiritual suggestion, and a grace of verse that represented the best culture of the court, and did not address itself immediately to the people. Wolfram was a younger son of one of the lower noble Bavarian families settled at Eschenbach, nine miles from Ausbach, in Middle Franconia. He had a poor little home of his own, Wildenberg, but went abroad to seek adventures as a knight, and tell adventures as a poet welcome to great lords, and most welcome to the lavish friend of poets, Hermann of Thüringen, at whose court on the Wartburg he remained twenty years, from 1195 to 1215, in which latter year his "Parzival" was finished. From some passages in his poem it may safely be inferred that he was happily married, and had children. The Landgraf Hermann died in 1216, and was succeeded by Ludwig, husband of St. Elizabeth. He did not care for the poets. Wolfram departed to his own home, died, and was buried at Eschenbach. Wolfram von Eschenbach was greatest of the German poets of his time, not for his grace of diction, but for energy and depth and earnestness of thought. The greatest lyric poet at that time in Germany, Walter von der Vogelweide, was among the poets at the court of the Landgraf Hermann in 1204, within the time when Wolfram was there. We cannot ascribe to English writers alone the spiritualising of the Arthur myths when there is Wolfram's "Parzival" drawing from the Arthur legends a noble poem of the striving to bind earthly knighthood to the ever-living God. While Gawain, type of the earthly knight, wins easy praise in love and chivalry, Parzival—Percival—sounds his way on from childhood up, through humble searchings of the spirit, till he is ruler in the kingdom of the Gaul, where he designs that Lohengrin, his elder son, shall be his successor, while Kardeiss, his younger son, has rule over his earthly possessions. But the German romance of Lohengrin was

developed only at the end of the thirteenth century, out of the close of Wolfram's "Parzival," by another Bavarian poet. There are fragments also from Wolfram's earlier work on the theme of another spiritual hero Titurel, who, as the purest, truest, humblest of knights, became ruler over the knights of the Graal, and protector of its temple. After Wolfram's death there was also an amplification of his "Titurel" by Albrecht von Scharfenberg.*

The King Arthur romances, as we know them now, were the produce of successive generations. We refer here to their first appearance in poetical literature, because we speak of Walter Map, with whose labours the history of their birth is inevitably connected. The harmonious blending of the inventions of Map with the main body of the legends of King Arthur was greatly assisted by the rhymes of the French poet, Chrestien of Troyes.

Chrestien of Troyes.

Chrestien of Troyes was born in the reign of Louis VII., probably within the ten years before 1150. Whether he was of the nobles or of the people, courtier or citizen, layman or priest, is not known; for it may be only in poets' homage that he is once or twice called by other singers "bon père Chrestien." It is expressly said that he was then dead, in a poem written soon after the year 1234, Huon de Meri's "Tornoiement Antecrist." It was Chrestien of Troyes who first sang the Romance of Erec and his wandering with the faithful Enid, which reappears in the Geraint of the Mabinogion, and

* The best text of Wolfram's "Parzival" and "Titurel" is that edited by Karl Bartsch, in 1870–71, in Franz Pfeiffer's series of "Deutsche Classiker des Mittelalters." They have been translated into modern German by Karl Simrock, in a volume of which there was a fifth edition in 1876. An interesting view of the whole subject will be found in "Die Saga vom Gral, ihre Entwickelung und dichterische Ausbildung in Frankreich und Deutschland im 12 und 13 Jahrhundert. Eine Literatur-historische Untersuchung von Adolf Birch-Hirschfeld" (Leipzig, 1877).

lives again for us, and for all time, in our laureate's "Idylls of the King." It seems to have been also his first song, for in the opening lines of Cliges he begins by describing himself as,

> "Cil qui fist d'Erec et d'Enide,
> Et les comandemanz d'Ovide"

author also of other pieces which he goes on to name, and which are all lost except "Erec and Enid." The German Minnesinger, Hartmann von Aue, who lived between the years 1170 and 1210, was, in his "Eric der Wunderäre," the first who took that story out of France. His is no servile version, and he may possibly, even probably, have followed a romance in prose which Chrestien had versified, or may have heard from other poets other songs on the same theme. But there is no evidence that Chrestien of Troyes was not, at the outset of his own career, the first creator of the tale of Enid. Nearly at the same time he sang the "Remedia Amoris" as the "Comandement d'Ovide," the "Ars Amatoria" as the "Ars d'Amors," and reproduced Pelops, Tereus, Philomela, from the Metamorphoses as "le Mors de l'Espaule," and "La Muance de la Hape et de l'Aronde et del Rossignol." These pieces are lost, and so is Chrestien's romance, "Del Roi Marc et d'Ysalt la Blonde," although there are extant fragments which some hold to be a part of it. Ysaeult, the wife of Mark King of Cornwall, uncle of Tristan, was called la Blonde to distinguish her from Ysaeult the Whitehanded. Chrestien wrote also the "Romance of Cliges," the lady of whose love was married to his uncle. Cliges was the son of the Greek Emperor's son Alexander, who had betaken himself to Arthur's court, and of Sordamours, King Arthur's niece, who had been given to the brave Alexander in marriage. This Cliges has nothing but name in common with the hero of our charming old metrical fabliau of Sir

Cleges, hereafter to be mentioned. Another romance of Chrestien's is that of King William of England, which is wholly independent of either William the Conqueror or William Rufus, or any William who was ever in the flesh. This William, with his fair and Christian wife, Gratiana, being admonished by a vision to fly from his kingdom, went to live in the woods, and was lost to his subjects. The tale is a poetical romance of the adventures of the king and his fair wife, and of the two children, Lovel and Marin, who were born in a sea-cave; how they were all parted, tried, and reunited. In spirit, the romance is a tale of the triumph of a pious spirit over earthly glory, and in substance it has some relation, perhaps, to our English "Sir Isumbras," and some points of resemblance to the German "Kaiser Octavian." Of Chrestien's romance of the "Knight of the Lion," Yvain is hero. This also was, before the year 1204, turned into a German poem by Hartmann von der Aue, whose version of it is his masterpiece. The tale was repeated also in Norse and in Welsh before it became our early English romance of "Ywaine and Gawin." But the tales of Chrestien's which most interest us here are the metrical tale of Lancelot in the "Chevalier de la Charette," and the metrical version of the Graal story in "Percival le Gallois." For the Lancelot romance, he says that he received his material from the Countess of Champagne; and for the Percival he says that he had his material from Philip Count of Flanders. A Flemish scholar, W. J. A. Jonckbloet,* has shown by minute comparison that the material

* "Le Chevalier de la Charette" and "Geschiedinis der Middennederlandsche Dichtkunst," quoted in Dr. W. L. Holland's very full account of "Crestien von Troies" (Tübingen, 1854). The extant works of Chrestien of Troyes—"Christian von Troyes sämtliche Werke"—are being collected by Wendelin Foerster, in an edition of which two volumes have appeared, "I. Cliges, Zum ersten Male herausgegeben. Halle, 1884." "II. Der Löwenritter (Yvain) [Chevalier au Lion]. Halle, 1887."

given to Chrestien by the Countess of Champagne was unquestionably Map's prose romance of Lancelot; that the one work was distinctly founded on the other, and that the resemblance does not arise from their being based upon some common original.

The Arthurian romances were but one symptom of the adolescence of the mind of modern Europe. It was no more under monastic tutelage. It had left school. An occasional swift glance at what is being done and thought abroad is necessary to right understanding of our home affairs.

Romance gathered about Charlemagne as about Arthur. The *Chanson de Roland*, an heroic poem in four thousand and one ten-syllabled lines, tells how Roland—Orlando—bravest of Charlemagne's twelve peers, fell at Roncesvalles, treacherously surrounded by the hosts of King Marsile of Saragossa. Marsile had feigned submission to Charlemagne, and with help from a treacherous peer, Ganelon, induced Charlemagne with his main army to depart for France, leaving Roland at the post of danger. Roland was urged by Oliver to blow his horn, that Charlemagne might come back to the rescue, but he would not till it was too late. This poem, by one calling himself Turold, was probably written at the close of the eleventh century. Oliver was betrothed to Roland's sister. The two Paladins were equally adventurous and brave. Once when they fought together they fought for five days, neither prevailing. Hence our proverb of equivalents, "A Roland for an Oliver." Chanson de Roland.

The Count Philip of Flanders, or of Alsace, who has been mentioned, and who died in 1191, in his enthusiasm for Arthurian romance, had in his pay poets of Artois and other adjacent parts of France, who were to produce for him French songs of the Saint Graal, Ywein, Percival, Galahad, and other heroes, which he then Epoch of Arthurian Romance. Flemish.

caused to be translated into Flemish. Of such poets who worked for the Fleming, Chrestien of Troyes was chief. The Flemings themselves had their trouvères or troubadours under the name of Vinder, and their wandering story-tellers, called Spreker or Zegger, and even the Flemish noble would put off his courtly robes and seek applause as a wandering minstrel, in which case he was called a Gezel.

Provençal.

Meanwhile in Provence very many preferred the spinning of emptily ingenious love-song to the telling of good stories. The close of a song by the Count of Poitou, father of King Henry the Second's Eleanor, runs thus, to the sense that he has made a verse of he knows not whom and will transmit it to whoever can send him back the key to it from her own keeping—

"Fag ai lo vers no sai de cui,
E trametrai lo à celui
Que lo m trametra per autrui
Lai ves Anjau,
Que m tramezes del seu estui
La contra-clau."*

Musical trifling is the chief characteristic of the Provençal love poem; musical trifling is also the chief characteristic of the sirventes or service poems—written in service of some chief—on any other theme. Many of these pieces were mere exercises of rhyming skill, cut like clothes to a fashion; mere intellectual tailoring; and when they were most earnest had seldom more than a beast's animal feeling to express with a man's grace of wit and melody of speech.

But the troubadour of southern Europe, who in the twelfth century began to represent new forms of culture in the

* It is the first poem in the "Parnasse Occatanien, ou Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours" (Toulouse, 1819).

halls of princes and nobles, only modified the customs of older institutions, which lived on in them. The scóp and gleeman of First-English poetry must have been parts of a system widely spread; and under different names in different lands they represented the position of the poet at an early stage of civilisation. The scóp invented and often also recited; the gleeman recited, and otherwise provided entertainment as musician, conjurer, rope-dancer.* Exactly similar was the relation of the troubadour to the jongleur. The jongleur of the south of Europe always lived by his craft as an entertainer of the rich. He chanted tales with action; when he was especially a story-teller, he was called *comtaire;* and his dramatic method gave him the Latin name of *mimus*, or the Provençal *contrafazeire.* He played music; and Guirant de Calanson, a troubadour, sang of the jongleur that he ought to be able to play at least nine instruments. He had choice of many—the monocord, the rote with seventeen strings, the fiddle, psaltery, sackbut, lyre, castanets, drum, trumpet; there are nine. The art of music had been little elaborated, and the ears of the polite sought nothing higher than either the melody of dainty little tunes, or an expressive accompaniment to a tale told in dramatic recitative. The jongleur of Provence might add rope-dancing and conjuring to his accomplishments; he might imitate the songs of birds, or he might bring in an entertainment of trained dogs, or other animals. But he must have skill as a musician. The jongleur was named from his *jocus*, which in middle Latin chiefly meant the play of music.

Troubadours and jongleurs.

The troubadour, named from the Provençal *trobaire, trobador*—the finder or inventor—was a scóp of the twelfth century, and, like the scóp, a companion of chiefs, often himself a warrior. The exercise of his art was now associated with the forms of chivalry, and he often was a

* "E. W." II. 13–17.

knight or noble who disdained to look on his art as a means of livelihood. The troubadour might or might not be one who sought reward from the use of his skill; the jongleur always and only exercised his skill for pay. The more courtly troubadours drew partly from the Arabs their pleasure in a cunning interweaving of rhymes and their faith in words of love as the material for such works of art. They called their skill an art—*art de trobar*—and often expressed pride in works from which no line could be taken away without hurt to the cunningly constructed music. It was thus that there grew out of the old national poetry, which still had vigour in its stem, a branch of court poetry which blossomed in the utterances of the troubadours. The defect of the court poetry was that it appealed rather to the ear than to the mind.

As in our First-English civilisation, the scóp who could not himself sing or recite would give his work to be recited in hall by a gleeman, so the troubadour who wanted skill in music delivered his inventions to a jongleur, who was his servant, and who usually was left to take the gifts earned by the song. But to a knightly troubadour, who himself by invention and song contributed to pleasure of the feast in hall, a horse, arms, or rich raiment would be the gift, if he accepted gifts. Large liberality in giving was encouraged by the singers. One chief was advised to have no bolts to his doors, and no hall-porters to drive out any who might come; one chief is said to have spent half his lands in gifts; another, as he became poor, took to plundering his neighbours, and justified himself by saying that he did not rob for his own gain, he robbed from others that he might be liberal in gifts.

Cœur de Lion.

Among the chief patrons of the Provençal troubadours was Richard Cœur de Lion, Count of Poitou from 1169 to 1199, and who in 1189 succeeded Henry II. as King of England. His ten years' reign from

1189 to 1199 quickened the love of song in courtly Englishmen. It quickened culture also by fresh contact with the Saracens, whose minds had much to give. The twelfth century contains the golden time of the court poetry of the troubadours. In the thirteenth century its characters became effaced by growth, not by decay, it rose to higher life, and helped towards the shaping of the full poet in Dante, who united grace of form to energy of thought, and allied both to the deepest interests of life in the Divine Comedy, which took for its date of action the year 1300.*

The more vigorous northern France, of which the power has been shown by the subsequent triumph of the Langue d'Oïl over the Langue d'Oc as the tongue of the French nation, had its love-songs too, after the Provençal fashion, in a language clearly testifying its relation to the French of later times. Thus, for example, almost in French of to-day, ran a song of the Langue d'Oïl in the year 1160 :— Norman French.

"Quand florist la violette
La rose et la flor de glai,
Que chante li papegai,
Lors mi poignent amorettes
Qui me tiennent gai,
Mes pièça ne chantai ;
Or chanterai
Et ferai
Chanson joliette
Pour l'amour de m'amiette
Où grand pièça me donnai."

But while in the south of France the light word-music held its ground, music of thought and action seized more firmly on the Norman French. The Scandinavian and Teutonic

* For the best recent study of the Troubadours see "Die Poesie der Troubadours. Nach gedrückten und handschriftlichen Werken derselben dargestellt von Friedrich Diez. Zweite vermehrte Auflage von Karl Bartsch" (Leipzig, 1883).

blood that gave new life and energy to their region of France was only to be stirred by records or by songs of action. They desired only such works of fancy as imagined noble or strong deeds as patterns of all that was most to be cared for by a masterful and busy race. They could enjoy also a literature astir with lively record of things done and suffered. The branch of court literature that grew out of the stem of their national poetry put out few blossoms. Their leaning was to the true literature that comes of a nation's mind and heart.

In Germany, as we have seen, the kindred mind was at work. Tacitus tells us that the ancient Germans celebrated in songs their heroes and their battles, the victory of Arminius over Varus in the Teutoberg Forest being a century afterwards renowned in song. The old heroic tale of Horny Sigfrid, the Dragon Slayer, and the animal story, really Flemish in its origin, of Reynard the Fox and Isegrim the Wolf, that in every turn refers to human character and action, are said to have come down in tradition even from the fourth century. Reynard or Reinaert first entered into literature as a Flemish poem in 1150,* and a more erudite and philosophical second part was added to it in the course of the next century. Sigfrid became nearly at the same time the hero of the Nibelungen-Lied. Reinaert (or High-German Reinard), which had for its Flemish or Low-German diminutive Reineke, became among the Franks so popular as Reynard, that in remote time the name of the story supplanted the old French name for a fox, goupil. King Arthur was hardly seated on his throne of Romance (the tales of him in the Romance language first giving the name of Romance to such stories of

German. Reineke Fuchs.

* This has been shown by Mr. J. E. Willems, quoted in "A Sketch of the History of Flemish Literature and its Celebrated Authors from the 12th Century down to the Present Time." By Octave Delepierre, LL.D. (London, 1860).

adventure), when, early in the thirteenth century, Reynard the Fox became the next popular hero; the Flemish story —of which the essence is a homely spirit of freedom—being told again in the "Roman du Renard," with sharp satirical reference to the great men by whom power was abused. Only the deeds of the heroes occupied the German singers in the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries. Eginhard tells that Charlemagne caused a collection of them to be made. But that is lost.

Spielleute.

The German "Fahrende" or "Spielleute," who carried song and tale and sport into the halls of princes and nobles, corresponded to our own gleemen and to the French jongleurs. One of them, towards the middle of the twelfth century, sang the story of "King Rother" from an old German legend which appeared afterwards in the northern Vilkina saga, or story of Dietrich of Bern, one of the pieces shaped in the north from German traditions about the middle of the thirteenth century. But it was a lay priest, Conrad, in the service of Duke Henry the Proud, who, about the year 1130, turned the "Chanson de Roland" first into Latin, and then into German verse, as the "Ruolandes liet," at the request of his lord's wife. About the year 1170, Reinaert was translated, through a French version, into German as "Isengrines Not."

German national and court poetry.

In Germany, as in France, there was in the twelfth century not only a vigorous development of national poetry, but an offshoot of court poetry that developed minstrels of love—"Minnesänger"—with a grace of music in artistic shaping of their verse that allies them closely to the troubadours. The national poetry provided noble and peasant alike with heroic tales belonging to six several cycles of romance. Sigfrid (Sivrit), the Sigurd of northern sagas, belongs to the Frankish cycle. Its home is on the Lower Rhine. King Gunther belongs to a Burgundian cycle; Dietrich, Theodoric, and old Hildebrand

belong to a cycle of tales of the Ostrogoth;* Attila, or Etzel, and his liegeman Rüdiger belong to a cycle of tales of the Huns; and from all these four sources characters and incidents flow into the great German national poem of the twelfth century, the "Nibelungen-Lied." A fifth cycle is the Lombard, to which belong King Rother, King Otuit, Wolf Dietrich, and his son Wolf Dietrich; these tales are at home on the Italian side of the Lago di Guarda; and a sixth cycle is the North Saxon, to which belongs the heroic tale of Gudrun, which was produced at the close of the twelfth century, and partly recast in the thirteenth.

The Nibelungen-Lied.

In the Nibelungen-Lied, the Sigurd of the northern Völsunga saga, who unites myths of the Edda with less ancient tales, appears as Sigfrid with old legends hovering as dim ghosts in the background, and touches of the later German chivalry on tales grown from the memories of fifth and sixth century heroes. Some twenty songs are said to have been shaped by more than a single hand into the great tale of the Nibelungen. The Nibelungen were creatures of the mist and darkness, associated with the Scandinavian Niflheim, the place of cold and darkness that lay, before creation, to the north of chaos, when to the south there were the flames of Muspelheim.† The treasures of red gold and precious stones in the earth held by the Nibelungen brought a curse to Sigfrid, who, by winning them, had become lord of the Nibelungen, and the curse followed the earthly treasure, which at last was thrown into the Rhine.

The song of the Nibelungen tells how Kriemhild was a Burgundian king's sister in the royal castle of Worms on the Rhine, who had a dream of the fatal swoop of two eagles on a falcon that she loved. The falcon came as Sigfrid, son of Sigmund, from Santen on the Lower Rhine. He sought her in marriage, was seen by her from her window and

* "E. W." I. 258–60. † "E. W." II. 96–99.

loved by her, whom for some time he did not see. He helped her brother, King Gunther, in his wars; and also helped King Gunther to win Brunhild, a fair and terrible Valkyri, who would yield only to the man able to overcome her in contests of strength. Sigfrid, when he put on a cape which he had won from the dwarf Alberich, when he won also the treasure of the Nibelungen, became invisible. He used the cape that he might give unseen aid to Gunther in the winning of Brunhild, whom he had himself in former time conquered and left. So Kriemhild and Brunhild were married, but Brunhild was jealous. After ten years of happiness, Sigfrid and Kriemhild were invited to high festival at Worms, where, in a quarrel between the women, Kriemhild spoke rash words, for which the murder of Sigfrid was resolved upon, and he was treacherously slain by the fierce Hagen, whom Kriemhild had regarded as a friend. She had told him of one place to which a lime leaf stuck when Sigfrid made himself in all other parts invulnerable by bathing in the blood of the dragon he had slain. Kriemhild would have had Hagen use his knowledge for the saving of Sigfrid from attack on the one vulnerable spot; he used it to make sure of Sigfrid's death. The bleeding of the wounds of Sigfrid when Hagen was by told Kriemhild who was the murderer. The second part of the poem tells how, years afterwards, when, in hope of vengeance, Kriemhild had married Etzel—Attila—King of the Huns, she caused the Burgundians to be invited to a feast, which was to be a feast of death. Then follows upon the grandest scale a terrible story, like that of the fight at Finnesburg, worked out at length with tragic fulness of detail. The Nibelungen treasure, guarded by Alberich in the land of the Nibelungs, had been Sigfrid's wedding gift to Kriemhild. Three years after the death of Sigfrid, her brother sent for it that she might have comfort in its use. When it had been brought into their land, the Burgundians became Nibelungen.

Kriemhild used the hoard in charity. Hagen, fearing that she would so win away the hearts of the Burgundians, seized the treasure, which was cast into the Rhine at a spot never to be made known. In the last fighting all were slain who could disclose the secret except Hagen, who was brought bound before Kriemhild. He defied her. Nothing, she said, was left to her but Sigfrid's sword. With that she stabbed the murderer of Sigfrid; and she was immediately herself slain by Hildebrand.

The chief of the Minne-sänger.

Ten years before the end of the twelfth century the chief of the German "Minnesänger," Walter von der Vogelweide, came from his home in the Tyrol to the court of Frederick I. at Vienna, twenty years old, as a poor noble of the lower order of nobility, to begin to earn his way in the world by turning the purest sense of nature into song. He sang of birds and flowers and of the young grace of love, till, as his years advanced, he lifted his song from the earthly love towards the heavenly.

Seed time of Italian Literature.

We must recall also the relations of the German Emperor with Italy, never unplagued by Germans since Alaric and his tribes ravaged her plains. In the time of Boëthius, Theodoric the Ostrogoth ruled over Italy and Sicily. In the sixth century Alboin and his Lombards crossed the Alps, and his successor, Antar, going south, struck with his spear a pillar in the sea at Reggio, and said, "This is the boundary of the Lombard kingdom." When Pepin and Charlemagne had destroyed that Lombard kingdom, leaving the Lombard duchy of Benevento to assume a crown, new trouble quickly followed, in the Saracen conquest of Sicily at the close of the ninth century. When, not very long after Charlemagne's death, the Lombard Duchy of Benevento, which had once included nearly all South Italy, was broken up, the Saracens were called in by the combatants, and made their

strength felt on the mainland. Against the Saracens the Greeks successfully asserted their own claims; but in the year 1000 it was doubtful whether Greek, German, or Saracen would finally succeed in getting mastery of the Italian peninsula. And then, in 1016, a band of adventurous Normans settled at Aversa, near Naples. About twenty years later the elder sons of the Norman Tancred de Hautville came and joined their countrymen. The Norman knights fought as adventurers in quarrels of the land, and being angered at denial of their proper share of spoil, after they had helped the Greeks to take Messina and Syracuse from the Saracens, they turned on the Greeks themselves, and beat them out of nearly all Apulia, which they then divided into twelve parts for twelve of their own counts. They made Malfi their capital, and chose William Iron-Arm, the eldest son of Tancred, for their chief. Pope Leo brought the Suabians against these Norman conquerors. They beat the Suabians and seized the Pope, who yielded them then his investment with all lands they might acquire; an investment which they religiously interpreted as Heaven's own encouragement to future conquests. Robert Guiscard, fourth son of Tancred, when it was his turn to rule, conquered his way as far south as Reggio, and became Duke of Apulia and Calabria. In 1059 he had that title ratified, when he acknowledged himself the Pope's vassal, and was made the standard-bearer of the Church. The standard-bearer then took Capua; besieged and took Salerno and Amalfi; held his own against all menace; and, in aid of the Pope Hildebrand, sacked Rome. The Norman Robert Guiscard, who thus played a master's part in Italy at the time of the Norman conquest of England, died in the same year as our William the Conqueror. His brother Roger, youngest son of Tancred de Hautville, who had set out in 1060 to take Sicily from the Saracens and had taken it, succeeded Robert by right of the strong, and he died, at the

age of seventy, Great Count of Calabria and Sicily. His son, another Roger, when he had reached man's estate, became, by failure of Guiscard's line, undisputed master of Apulia. This Roger having taken, after a few years, Capua and Naples, thought himself entitled to rank as a king. He was invested, therefore, by the Pope as "King by the Grace of God, of Sicily, Apulia, and Calabria, the helper and shield of Christians, son and heir of Roger, the great Count." Palermo was this Roger's capital. The new kingdom kept its boundaries for more than seven centuries, and it was the birthplace of that earlier Italian poetry which afterwards exercised so manifest an influence upon our literature. King Roger of Sicily died in 1154. His son and successor, William the Bad, had, in 1166, for son and successor, William the Good, who married a daughter of our King Henry the Second, and died in 1189, leaving no children. Here ended the legitimate male line of descent from Tancred de Hautville. But a new Tancred, an illegitimate grandson of King Roger, held firmly for five years the throne of Sicily, to which another claimant had been raised by the marriage of King Roger's legitimate daughter, Constance, with Henry, afterwards Henry VI., the heir presumptive of the Western Empire.

Meanwhile in Germany the power of the Suabian house of Hohenstaufen had been founded by the knight Frederick, whose loyalty to Henry IV. obtained for him the hand of that Emperor's daughter Agnes, with the duchy of Suabia for her dower. It was he who built near Stuttgard the castle, high on the Staufen, whence his house derived its name. He warred for twenty years against the rival house of Guelf, and left his two sons, Frederick and Conrad, to the care of their uncle the Emperor Henry V., at whose death, in 1125, they inherited his possessions as the next of kin. Lothaire of Saxony, an enemy to the Hohenstaufens, was the next emperor elected, and he was the only repre-

sentative of temporal headship in Christendom who was not, for generations before and after him, in conflict with the spiritual headship of the Pope. The elder of the Hohenstaufens, Duke Frederick of Suabia, the One-Eyed, possessed also Alsace, and was a great castle builder. It was said of him that he always trailed a fortress at the tail of his horse. At the death of Lothaire, his son-in-law, Henry the Proud, was the strongest prince in Germany. He was of that younger German line of the Guelfs whose elder branch remained in Italy, and afterwards ruled in Ferrara and Modena, while the descendants of the younger branch finally became Dukes of Brunswick, and heirs of the English crown. But Henry was now passed over, and Duke Conrad of Franconia, the younger of the Hohenstaufen brothers, was crowned by the Electors. The new emperor stripped his rival of both Saxony and Bavaria. The rival died in a couple of years afterwards, leaving a boy, known in his later life as Henry the Lion; but still the strife went on between the Suabian Hohenstaufens and the plundered Guelfs. At a battle fought at Weinsberg, in 1140, the cries were "Ho for Guelf!" and "Ho for Waiblingen!"—Waiblingen being a castle of the Suabians; and in the year 1200 these cries reappeared in Italy, when partisans of the Pope, who held by the house of Guelf, were known as Guelfs, while followers of the Suabian Emperors, hostile to Rome, were known by an Italian corruption of the word Waiblingen as Ghibellines.

In 1142 Conrad gave Saxony to young Henry the Lion, and made peace in Germany. Five years afterwards, taking with him his nephew and successor, Frederick, afterwards known as Barbarossa, Conrad, being persuaded to do so by St. Bernard, marched to the second Crusade. It was in 1152 that the son of Frederick the One-Eyed, Duke of Suabia, Frederick I., known commonly by his Italian name of Barbarossa, succeeded his uncle on the German throne.

He was a Hohenstaufen on his father's side, a Guelf on his mother's; but he was no friend to the Pope. Barbarossa, upon invitation of some oppressed Milanese, crossed the Alps, marched to Turin, took Tortona, was crowned at Pavia, and went forward to be crowned emperor at Rome. After his return Frederick married Beatrice, heiress of Burgundy. Overshadowing the King of France on his own ground, he held diets at Besançon; and his English contemporary, Henry II., who also was a part sovereign in France, was the one man in Europe who was Barbarossa's match in strength. After three years of absence, Barbarossa was again in Italy ravaging the free-hearted trading Lombardy, and forcing the Milanese to sue for peace. Even Genoa paid him a fine, and he was crowned King of Italy at Monza. Again, in 1160, the Italians of the north were struggling vainly to expel the foreigner; and in 1162 the walls of Milan were razed to the ground. Four times had Barbarossa come in arms across the Alps, when, in 1167, the Lombard League was formed, and the Milanese began the rebuilding of their walls. Frederick forced his way into Rome, after setting fire to the porch of St. Peter's; and to the burnt porch was ascribed a pestilence that followed. By reason of the pestilence, he whom Becket then called the German Sennacherib, his army being melted away, returned home as he could from the Italy that he had lost. For the next seven years he was quiet. English Henry II., after Becket's death, transferred his friendship to the struggling states of Italy. In 1176 Barbarossa, who had been deserted by the Guelf Henry the Lion, was defeated by the glorious triumph of the Lombards, who fought for their freedom at Lignano. Then there were six years of truce after a strife that had lasted three-and-twenty years. During the truce Henry the Lion was punished, and became a banished man, with Brunswick and Luneburg assured to him. After the truce the states of the Lombard League

made a peace at Constance by which they were left free republics, with a nominal allegiance to the Empire.

When, in 1187, Saladin took Jerusalem, Barbarossa, now seventy years old, whose might was great in Germany, claimed of the Saracens, as part of the old Roman empire, Judæa, Parthia, and Egypt, and he set out in 1189 upon the third Crusade. From that adventure he never returned. Plunging with impatient vigour into a stream, of which he had been warned that its tide would overpower him, by the might of the rushing water he was overwhelmed. They buried him at Antioch, and without him the Crusade ended in failure.

It was Barbarossa's son, Henry VI., crowned Emperor at Rome in 1191, who, by right of his wife Constance, King Roger's daughter, claimed against bastard Tancred the kingdom of Sicily. After his coronation he marched south, but failed before Naples. With the money gained by the enormous ransom of Richard I., he marched upon Sicily again in 1194, after the death of Tancred. The way was then easy to him; and he kept Christmas in Palermo with hanging, torturing, burning, and burying alive of the Norman prelates and barons. Tancred's young son William was mutilated, blinded, and sent to a dungeon in the Alps. The body of Tancred was pulled out of its grave. This Henry VI. was one of the courtly poets of his day, after the fashionable manner of the Provençal Troubadours. On the day stained by his Christmas cruelties in Palermo, the 26th of December, 1194, the Empress Constance became the mother of that Frederick II. at whose court, in Sicily, the history of Italian literature, presently afterwards raised to its first grandeur in free-hearted Lombardy, is said to have had its rise. Henry VI. died in the vigour of early manhood, in 1197, leaving his son Frederick, a child of three years old.

The literature of Germany may be said to have had its

origin in our Henry II.'s day, and in Suabia, when old Barbarossa was in the maturity of power. The mind of all Europe was then active. The men of the republics of the north of Italy, among whom way was being made for Dante, and for efforts of genius that had the strongest and most lasting influence on European literature, if they were not singing or writing, were kindled with that spirit of which only the best literature is made, fighting for liberty, and declaring in their hours of suffering that death for freedom was the next best thing to being free. Even against the grim might of Barbarossa they held fast to what they cherished. When France and England marked the passage of the nations' minds out of the cloisters into the free air, by exercise of the best wit on a sudden outpouring of heroic legends of King Arthur, Germany, too, was aroused; and, as with us, the old floating traditions of Arthurian Romance were knit together, so in Germany there were knit together, as we have seen in the Nibelungen-Lied, the songs and legends of the Netherlandish Sigfrid, who became possessor of the vast hoard of the distant Nibelungs; of his wife Kriemhild, the fair Princess of Worms; of the jealous wrath of the Valkyri Brunhild; of Hagen's murder of Sigfrid, and his laying of her dead husband's body at Kriemhild's door; the bleeding of the wounds when Hagen passed; and Kriemhild's nursing and executing of vengeance, doubly fierce after her Nibelungen treasure—the treasure of the Sons of Mist—sunk in the Rhine, had given its name to the Burgundian land. The oldest MS. of the Nibelungen-Lied is of the year 1210, and it was being shaped into its epic form at the same time as the King Arthur romances.

Even Spain, where the flood of Arab conquest had rolled over the native race, who fought so incessantly against the strong invader that, according to the phrase of a modern Spanish novelist, the forefathers of the world's

conquerors had not a quiet night's rest for eight centuries —even Spain sang, in the same season of new life, her own epic of action. The Cid Campeador was Spain's King Arthur; and the popular romantic "Poem of the Cid," three thousand lines long, almost belongs, like the King Arthur romances and the Nibelungen-Lied, to the years in which Henry II. reigned in England. It was composed at the end of the twelfth century, not later than the year 1200, its hero being no mythical person, but Rodrigo, or Ruy Diąz, who died only in 1099, after a life of successful battles with the Moors. This hero was called the Cid because five Moorish kings in one battle acknowledged him their Seid or Lord; and he was called Campeador, or Champion—el Cid Campeador, Lord Champion—as the great representative of Spain's determination to be free. There were ballads of the Cid as early as the year 1147. Had not the Spaniards also heroes of their own in Bernardo del Carpio, victor at Roncesvalles; in Fernan Gonzalez, who in the tenth century recovered Castile from the Moors; with their Ruy Diaz of the twelfth century? They had no leisure to look abroad for matter to be sung. Not until the rout of the Arabs at the battle of Tolosa, in 1212, could there be the beginning of a stream of literature in that Old Castile which was named from the many castles in which Christian knights assured to their cause small conquests of independent ground. Everywhere, then, we see the soul of a true literature in the spirit of freedom working out with profound earnestness a living sense of right. There had been true literature in the Church when its sense of that which is the highest right was pure and earnest, and when the Church sought, out of the depth of its own convictions, to spread far and wide the truth that makes men free.

The Poem of the Cid.

But the gross body of the monks in many orders was now ceasing to represent the spirit of the Church. There were true men in every order, and the corruption had not

infected all ranks in a like degree. It is in our day a common saying, that "a corporation has no conscience." In these days each monastery was a corporation of which by the tradition of the earliest Church, the well-being had meant the well-being of souls. For their monasteries, even good and temperate monks had felt it no shame to be greedy. To bring in rich converts, to add field to field, seemed to be the laying up of treasure for the cause of Heaven. But wealth provoked to luxury, and even the strictest discipline might tend to pharisaic formalism. The fat abbot dishonoured his calling, but the true cause of the Church in the world was not more helped by the lean brother who fasted himself empty of all human sympathies, and whipped himself into a dogged state of spiritual pride. Against either excess, Walter Map, who was of the clergy himself, strongly protested.

Degeneration of Monks.

He especially detested the Cistercian Benedictines, who made extravagant claims to holiness, by way of bodily penance, while they drew much wealth to their houses, and as Map explained to one of their abbots when he asked why they should be so much detested by him, could in no way practise or teach moderation. One day, after the king had slept in a Cistercian house, the abbot, in the morning, showed him all its costly glories, Walter Map being in attendance. When they came to the chapter-house, "Sire," said the abbot, "there is no place the devil hates so much as this. Here souls are reconciled; here our penances are performed, offences punished." "No wonder," said Map, "that the devil hates the place where so many of his friends are whipped." Gerald de Barri said* that Map's particular dislike to the Cistercians came from his living near them. He saw too much of them. He was at home at Newnham, where he held the adjacent living of Westbury-on-Severn. Newnham is about a dozen

Walter Map and the Cistercians.

* In the "Speculum Ecclesiæ."

miles from Monmouth, on the borders of the Forest of Dean; and in the Forest, on the spot where Count Milo of Hereford had been killed by a chance arrow when hunting, was a Cistercian abbey, making its greed felt by encroachment upon Map's clerical rights at Westbury. One day the abbot, in the forest, was said to be very ill; Map, therefore, going to him, as a clergyman, begged him, for the good of his soul, to put off the Cistercian habit. He should prepare for heaven by abandoning the badge of guile and rapacity. The monk was scandalised; but he got well, and had his revenge. Map, in his turn, fell sick, and the abbot came to give him spiritual consolation. He bade the archdeacon repent of all his lively jokes and clever tales, because for every idle word he would have an account to give, admonishing him also to resign the churches and prebends that he held in different bishoprics, seeing that he was only able to do duty in one, and to secure certain salvation by putting on the Cistercian habit. Whereupon Map summoned all his household into the room, and solemnly bade them claim him as a lunatic if ever, in the course of his illness, he should be so far gone as to ask to be made a Cistercian. Then he turned good-humouredly to the abbot and begged him not to come unbidden upon that errand again.

Gerald of Wales tells also of his friend Map, that when he was about to go on journeys for the king, as Justice in eyre, and had to be sworn that he would do justice to all, he used to except from his oath Jews and Cistercians, as men to whom equal justice was abomination. In his day two Cistercians, in different parts of England were apostates to the Jewish faith. "I wonder," said Map, "that if they really wished to part themselves from that abominable order, they did not turn Christians."

Map was not singular in censure of the greed and hypocrisy then common in religious orders. "It is no longer true," said St. Bernard, "that the priests are as bad as the

people, for the priests are worse than the people;" and the two or three that remain of the Latin satirical poems of Map against the degraded lives and habits of ecclesiastics—of his poems against the Cistercians none remain—are but a part of a shower of scorn poured upon the monks in the same form by the educated minds of the last years of the twelfth century, and many years thereafter. But let it not be forgotten that the struggle for reform has been in England always mainly between two sections of the Church itself, which has been, even in its darkest days, so far truly the Church of the people that its internal conflicts have represented but the movements and divisions of the national mind; and the churchmen themselves, who are of the people, have sooner or later travelled with the people on the right way of reform. In his own time Map seems to have kept more or less secret his relation to a new personage who suddenly appeared before the world and acquired wide popularity, Bishop Golias. As he had painted in his fiction the purity of a Galahad, and spiritualised the King Arthur romance, leaving his wit to do its wholesome work without drawing attention, after the manner of the Pharisees, to the righteousness of his intent, so we find him at court spending his genius on the creation of a fat mock-bishop, who is the familiar pattern of all that is gross and worldly among men professing to be spiritual guides. Audacious anonymous poems passed into circulation, which professed to have for their author one Bishop Golias, about whom nobody had heard before. Goliard was a name that about this time signified a clerical buffoon; and gula, the gullet, is taken to be the root of the new bishop's name. But it does not appear that there were goliards before Golias; and I think that Map, when about to pelt church-worldlings with satire, simply named this bishop, as a monster of the flesh, after the Philistine giant against whom the servant of God cast only a pebble from his

Map's Golias.

sling. Map's Bishop Golias became the father of a family. He was Pater Golias, and Magister Golias, about whom there sprang up Filii and Discipuli. Before the close of the thirteenth century ribald clergy were familiarly known as of the family of Golias; and the word Goliard had passed into the language. In the beginning of the century it meant a clerical buffoon; at the end of it any jongleur, though the word bore still a signification of contempt. Gerald de Barri, who was not in his friend's secret, tells of the impudence of the "parasite named Golias," who had in his time become "famosissimus" for gluttony and lechery. Thus, Gerald took the satirical type of an abomination, as many others doubtless did, and as Map might have wished they would, for a real person. The evil was so real that the caricature of it was not more than might be taken as a part of the hard fact. Of the poems of Map on which the Golias literature was founded the chief remains are the Apocalypse of Golias and the Confession of Golias. These have by constant tradition been ascribed to him; never to any other writer. The oldest MS. which names him is that of the Apocalypse of Golias, in the Bodleian,* written in the fourteenth century, and inscribed "Apocalipsis Magistri Galteri Mahap super vita et moribus personarum ecclesiasticarum."

The poem contains 440 lines in quatrains of lines rhyming in this fashion:—

> "Omnis a clericis fluit enormitas:
> Cum Deo debeant mentes sollicitas,
> Tractant negotia mercesque vetitas
> Et rerum turpium vices indebitas." †

And this is the argument of

* MS. 851, Bernard, 3041.

† To the twelfth century belongs the invention of what are called Leonine verses, after a monk called Leon, of St. Victor, at Marseilles, who invented them about the year 1135. The term is sometimes

The Apocalypse of Bishop Golias.

I went at noon on a hot summer's day to the shade of a grove, and there, as I lay under an oak, Pythagoras stood by me. Astrology shone on his forehead, Grammar in his teeth, Rhetoric on his tongue, Logic between his lips, Arithmetic upon his fingers, Music in his veins. Geometry was in his eyes, every art was in its place, Ethics before him, and Mechanic art behind. Unfolding all his body for a book, he offered me his palm, and bade me read the mysteries of his right hand. There I found written in dark letters, "I am thy guide, follow me." He glided away, and I followed into a strange land, where I saw a great throng of people who had their names engraven on their foreheads. Here Priscian beat his scholars' hands, there Aristotle beat the air; Tully softened the severe by force of words, Ptolemy gave himself up wholly to the stars. There were Boëthius and Euclid; there Pythagoras at the forge learnt speech from the sound of the hammers. There were Lucan and the magician, Virgil, making brazen flies. Ovid fed men with fables, and the head of Persius bred satires. Statius was there. Terence danced, and Hippocrates prepared to dose the country folks with wormwood.

While I observed these different men, there came an angel, brighter than a star, who said, "Look up, open the heavens and see what must happen." Then I was drawn in spirit through the sky, and placed at the gate of the heavens; but my first glance was struck back by the

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applied almost indiscriminately to Latin rhymes, but it strictly belongs only to hexameters or pentameters, in which there is a rhyme at the cæsura with the closing syllables. As when, in the thirteenth century, the hungry priest, a Goliard, invites himself to breakfast with his Bishop, saying—

"Non invitatus, venio prandere paratus;
Sic sum fatatus, nunquam prandere vocatus,"

and the Bishop answers with a play on words in the Te and the Me invito, and it is barely possible with a sense of the name Map in the word used for cottages, mapalia.

"Non ego curo vagos, qui rura, mapalia, pagos
Perlustrant, tales non vult mea mensa sodales.
Te non invito; tibi consimiles ego vito:
Me tamen invito potieris pane petito."

blinding glory, and the angel who was with me said: "Stay, you will see, as John saw the mysteries of the seven churches that were in Asia, in other form the mysteries of the seven churches that are in England."

After that came thunder as a trumpet's voice, and a glorious one held seven candlesticks and seven stars. The angel said, "The candlesticks are the seven churches, and the stars the prelates." Then he took a book with seven chapters, sealed with seven seals. "Observe intently this," the angel said. "For the book knows the lives of them who are set over the church. The more detestable part is to be found within; the laudable without."

A power opened the seal of the first chapter, and there came out four flying creatures full of eyes. One was a lion, one a calf, the third had the face of an eagle, the fourth that of a man. The lion is the Pope who devours, who pledges books for gold (libros for libras) and will disgrace Saint Mark for a mark, who steers for God and anchors upon Mammon ("in summis navigans, in nummis anchorat"). The calf's a Prelate who makes for the fattest pasture, and grows plump upon the goods of others. The eagle who flies high is the Archdeacon, who spies prey from afar, hovers over it, swoops and lives by what he can seize. He in human face is the Dean, full of silent cunning, who cheats with a show of justice, and lies to the pious with a simple face. These are the creatures who fly busily to and fro, covered with eyes, that spy and search for gain.

When I had read the title, I began to read the chapter written under it, in which I learnt the morals and life of the dignitaries who mislead the people.

> Woe to the people with the mitred chief
> Who does not feed, but feeds upon the sheep.
> He thinks not of the sad, the sick, the frail,
> But of the yield of milk and weight of wool;
> Thus he brings home the lost sheep on his back.
> The light fault of the poor he punishes
> By stripping them to satisfy his greed.
> Milked, fleeced, by their false shepherd led astray,
> The sheep fall among wolves and birds of prey.

When I had thus read the first chapter, clouds gathered over heaven, lightning flashed, and the air shook with thunder. Then the second seal was opened, and I read of the Archdeacon who, with beak and claws, tears what escapes the bishop. He sits at the synod full of eager eyes. Decrees of the doctors are beyond the law of laws. Whoso

breaks one of these breaks all, unless he stop the breach with a full purse. The Archdeacon sells church rights, and sells to the priests immunity of lust, bidding his dean see that if any priests be genitives they be made datives.

Then there was eclipse and thick clouds gathered, and the darkness was as of night when the third seal was opened. And the angel said, "Read what you find;" and there I found the shame of the man who hunts for lechery and fishes for foul gain; the dean who, with a man's face is not vir but virus,* is the dog of the Archdeacon, with his nose upon the scent of lucre. He hunts the prey into the nets fixed by his master. He avoids truth, is at home in falsehood; confident in doubtful things, uncertain of the sure; pious of speech and treacherous of thought.

A golden hand shone from the cloud and opened the fourth book, wherein I read of the rapine of Officials, cruel and bold, disgraced by fierce deeds, against which none venture to complain. These are the prelates' huntsmen, trappers and bold falconers, with arrows for some game, nets and snares for others, and for others birdlime.

The earth quaked in the whirlwind, and a clear voice cried from Heaven, "Epheta!" which is, Be opened. The fifth seal opened then, and when I saw the chapter I read first its title, of the Morals and the Deeds of the Priests. Wo to them that defile the fountain of truth, and belch their fumes of wine into the face of God! They hear such crimes of the penitents in Lent that they account their own sins blameless. They care more for one wanton than for the eleven thousand virgins.

A noble woman came through heaven, and with a white finger touched the sixth seal, and the chapter opened to me. It was written in minute close letters, thickly interlined, for it was filled with the frequent excesses of the clergy. Sloth, pride, lust, ambition. The parson eats the tithes,

* This whole passage illustrates very well Map's reckless luxuriance of Latin punning:—

"Hic vir decanus est; qui viri specie
Non vir sed virus est; virosa sanie,
In viros viribus furens insaniæ
Humanum mentiens humana facie.
Decanus canis est archidiaconi,
Cujus sunt canones latratus dissoni,
Canens de canone discors est canoni,
Datis et venditis est concors Symoni."

sleeps well, and leaves the labour to the vicar. He cuts his erring soul into many pieces for the many churches that he holds. The clergy owing to God careful minds, one trades by sea, one frequents fairs, one ploughs with ox and ass, and each passes the bounds of his order. This one scorns tonsure, another blushes at the name of clergy; thus among the laity the clergy withers.

At this an Ethiop crowd thronged from the dark bitumen, and seven times they cried, "Tu autem, Domine." At the noise my guide trembled, and I stood as lifeless, while the seventh seal was opened. Then I read of the Morals and the deeds of Abbots, who declare by their base shaving, vile habit, and watery eyes, that they scorn delights and carry contrite hearts; but whose throats when they dine are open sepulchres, whose stomachs are whirlpools, and their fingers rakes. At supper with his brethren, the Abbot extols the wine-cup lifted in both hands, crying with loud voice, "Oh, how glorious a lantern of the Lord is the cup of drunkenness in the brisk hand. Evoe! Bacchus! Be thou guide of our convent! Wash us with the fruit of the branch of David!" Then taking again the ale-cup, he cries, "This cup which I am about to drink after its kind can you drink from it?" They answer, "We can! Ha! hi! Be quick. But let the rule not be that each drinks half; that breeds dispute. No strife can be where each man drains the cup." So they decree that none shall leave the cup undrained, empty the full, and fill the empty, without rest to bellies or to hands. Each monk becomes demoniac. As pye with pye, parrot with parrot, the brothers chatter and feed, eat till their jaws swell, drink till there is a deluge in their stomachs. Hence comes transgression of rule, frauds, perjuries, slanders, starvation of mind:—

> "Die tripudians adorat dolia,
> Nocte cum bipede sepultus bestia,
> Tali discrimine, tali molestia
> Meretur vir Dei regna cœlestia."

When I had seen all these things, my guide divided my head into four parts with four fingers, and wrote in my brain with a stiff, dry, sharp pen what I had seen. After that I was taken up to the third heaven, and beheld an ineffable mystery, thousands brought among thousands to the Most High Judgment, and I learnt the profound counsels of God inscrutable to human minds. But when I had seen I hungered, and great chiefs of that assembly set before me poppy bread, and gave me to drink water of Lethe. And when I had eaten and drunk, I immediately forgot all, and shared knowledge no more with

the angels. I fell like the third Cato from heaven, and come not now to reveal the highest mystery. But what my friend inscribed for me within my head, that I am able to declare to you more faithfully.

Here then we have expressed the mind of the Golias poetry. Of the Bishop himself there is a revelation in "The Confession of Golias." Supposed to be confessing with the candour of despair, Golias says, that in wrath and bitterness of mind he confesses himself made of such light matter that he is like a leaf the wind plays with; that whereas a wise man should base his seat upon a rock, he is a fool to be compared to a flowing river that is nowhere to be stayed; he is as a ship without a mariner, as a lost bird borne through pathless air; chains and keys will not bind him, he looks for his own likeness and joins himself to the depraved. Descending the broad road in the way of youth, he entangles himself in vices, unmindful of virtue; more greedy of pleasure than of health, dead in his soul, his care is for his skin.

"The Confession of Golias."

Having confessed thus bitterly the miserable levity of mind which is one of the characters of that Golias whom, in the songs ascribed to him, Map and his followers created into a familiar character, and set up as a mark for scorn; secondly this bishop confesses to the lust by which he yet defiantly abides. Who, he asks, can be in the fire and not burn? who can be in the world and remain chaste? Thirdly, he remembers the tavern that he has never scorned, nor ever will scorn till he hears the angels sing his requiem. Then, in what has been taken, by those for whom words are sound not sense, as the first verse of a jovial song, Map images the heavens opening upon the drunkard priest who lies in a tavern, where, too weak himself to hold the wine-cup, he has it put to his lips, and so dies in his shame. "What I set before me is to die in a tavern; let there be wine put to my mouth when I am dying, that the choirs of

the angels when they come may say, 'The grace of God be on this bibber!'"* But from this point the strain lightens; Golias sings his scorn of certain poets who write fasting, avoid the wine-cup and the scene of strife. His own verses he makes with a full belly. It is wine that loosens his tongue with eloquence. It is when Bacchus sits in the citadel of his brain that Apollo enters and works miracles. This part of the poem might be taken as a drinking-song; but the writer, let it be remembered, is himself the temperate poet whom he makes the toping bishop scorn.

The levity of Golias appears in two or three changes of humour before the short confession ends. When he has vomited up his old life to the Bishop of Coventry, who confesses him, he tells his confessor that he is displeased with it, and would like to try new ways. Already he loves virtues, and is wrathful against vice; his mind is renewed, his spirit born again; he is as a babe feeding on milk, that his heart may be no more a vessel for vanity; and so he ends by asking for pardon, and promising to perform any imposed penance.

The greater part of the Golias poetry printed by Thomas Wright in the same volume with that of Walter Map, simply connects the popular name with the religious purpose for which it was first invented. Golias, in these imitations, seldom speaks in character; and he sometimes preaches devoutly to back-sliding priests. But we may yet perhaps recover more of the poems by which Map applied his genius to the creation of an episcopal Falstaff, who became a person as well known in England as the Archbishop of Canterbury himself. I do not doubt that the witty verses of Golias "against marrying a wife" are

Map's other Poems.

* "Meum est propositum in taberna mori:
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant cum venerint angelorum chori
'Deus sit propitius huic potatori.'"

rightly ascribed to Walter Map; and that he wrote the rhymed epitome of Wales, which sums up in four hundred short lines the land of his thrifty countrymen, content with barley and rye-bread—and cheese, of course; the seese and putter of Sir Hugh Evans, whereof Map also sings,

> "Butirum, lac, et caseus
> Oblongus et tetragonus."

His pre-eminence as a colloquial wit, the rough humour of his time, and the character of the court in which he was popular, left few men leisure to observe how little there was of idle speaking in Map's light use of his talent. He dealt with men as they were. Saying to no man, I am holjer than thou; gaily audacious, he shot at hypocrisy over the dinner-table, and could strike home at avarice with a light turn of wit, when the king sent for him to give shrewd counsel. He was not, in life, eternally didactic; and when he taught best, none might seem to be less a teacher. Yet no celled monk, keeping a trade-account of penances with heaven, was more mindful than this genial archdeacon of the Master to whose service he was formally devoted. If Walter Map had been a man to wear his soul upon his sleeve, the Cistercian abbot who came to his sick-bed perhaps would not have bidden him repent of having been a wit. For his aim was not more pure when he set the holy Graal among King Arthur's knights, and placed in the seat perilous, at their table, Sir Galahad for their true pattern, than when he gave a seat on the Bench of Bishops to Golias, of whose life it was the crowning hope that he might die drunk in a tavern.

CHAPTER VII.

NIGEL WIREKER—MORE CHRONICLERS—NECKHAM AND GERVASE OF TILBURY.

COURT chaplains and the clergy who mixed with the world were not the only satirists of the degeneracy of the monks. Within the monastery itself the English mind was at work, heartily in earnest, struggling to get at a religion free from hypocrisy, and at a learning without pedantry. The reckless traders in a sacred trust were deaf to ordinary exhortation; but the bustle of the world, and greater interest of educated men in secular affairs, had opened new channels for wit. It had made chroniclers of the priests; and now we find their meditations on events of their own time taking a vigorous form of satire. Their battle was with a false spirit of mockery, that could parry with a laugh every argument save only that which turned the laugh against itself. And let us remember here, that if the reckless Norman gaiety went far towards demoralisation of the monasteries, its blood alliance with the Saxon earnestness bred the new forms of lively vigour in attack on their misdoings. Map, at least half belonging to the Cymry, owed to Celtic blood some of his wit. But Wireker, whose liveliness is of the Saxon sort, seems to have been brightened only by attrition with the Normans, at home and in Paris.

Degeneration of the Monks.

Satire within the Monastery

Nigel Wireker was a liberal churchman, precentor in the Benedictine monastery at Canterbury, and a friend of

William de Longchamp, to whom he addressed a prose treatise on the Corruptions of the Church, and to whom also, before Longchamp was Bishop of Ely, if not to some other friend William, he dedicated his famous satirical poem of "Brunellus; or, the Mirror of Fools" ("Speculum Stultorum"). The minor writings of Nigel Wireker are attacks upon self-seeking hypocrisy among those who make religion their profession. His apologue of "Brunellus," in about 3,800 Latin elegiac lines, is named after its hero, an ass who had a monkish discontent with the length of his tail, and went the round of the monastic orders.

Nigel Wireker.

Wireker's "Brunellus."

The name of the ass, Brunellus—a diminutive of Brown—is taken from the scholastic logic of the day. It was first applied to a horse when a particular horse had to be discussed, in place of the general idea, horse. Half-a-dozen illustrations of this are quoted in an essay on Nigel Wireker, produced by Immanuel Weber, Bachelor of Philosophy, for public disputation in the University of Leipsic in the year 1679.* From one old disputant he extracts the sentence, "Without this horse (demonstrated Brunellus) riding is impossible; ergo, this horse is not required for riding." Another colour from which the logician took a name to represent any particular horse was Favellus. But when it came to be felt that Bucephalus was a finer word to stand for an individual horse, Brunellus and Favellus were turned over to the asses. Thus writes Johannes Major, a Scot of Haddington, in his "De Ascensu et Descensu," "Grant that there are two men, say Socrates and Plato, of which each has an ass; precisely, Socrates Brunellus, Plato Favellus," etc.

Taking, then, the name of the schoolmen for their own particular ass, Nigel Wireker represented to the public that

* "C. D. de Nigello Wirekero . . . sub præsidio Dn. M. Jacob Thomasii . . . publice disputabit . . . Immanuel Weber. Lipsiæ, 1679."

Brunellus found his tail too short, and went to consult the physician Galen on the subject. The author of the satire explains openly in his preface that "the ass is that monk who, not content with his own condition, wants to have his old tail pulled off, and try by all means to get a new and longer tail to grow in its place—that is to say by attaching to himself priories and abbeys." He calls his book, as he says in this introductory letter to his friend William, "The Mirror of Fools," that they who see themselves in it may learn to correct their faults. Galen, finding the case of Brunellus frivolous, advises him to be content, and tells him the story of two cows, Bicornis and Brunetta, who lay down to sleep one winter evening in a muddy place, and after a night of frost, woke in the morning to find their tails so hard bound in the earth that they could not pull them out. One of the cows got her tail off, and went home to the good victual in the stable, bidding her neighbour get rid of her tail too, and make haste to her breakfast. But the other, who was wiser, waited till the noonday sun unbound the earth and set her free to go home with her tail behind her. Those cows, says Nigel in his preface, are two kinds of monks; one eager only to fatten—a kind of monks who will tear away from themselves that which is essential, that which in in the day of fervent heat, the judgment day, shall sweep away the stinging flies of hell. But as Brunellus is resolved on having a new tail, Galen sends him off with a satirical prescription, of which he is to bring back the ingredients in glass bottles. The ass who goes on this errand is the monk who runs hither and thither in pursuit of vanities, and when got they are held, by tenure of flattery or otherwise, in glass bottles as costly as they are frail. He is cheated by a merchant; and on his return has his tail partly bitten off by four large mastiffs, set on him by the Cistercian Brother Fomundus, with a "Benedictus, ha, ha!" The Cistercian, being terrified by the wrath of Brunellus, dissembles, and

promises all things; but Brunellus drowns him in the river. That Fomundus is, we are told, the astuter brother who will take advantage of the simple, and who perishes sometimes in his own net. Brunellus then ponders, as he goes, the foolish thoughts that disturb men busy about mere vanities. Can he go back empty among those who know him; without his medicines, and even without a great part of his tail? Better not return at all than only to be ridiculed. There is immense power in him for patient labour; and he does not fear the rod as boys do, for he has learnt from a boy how to suffer many blows. He will go to the University of Paris, and there study. On his way he picks up a companion, Alnoldus, who tells him an apologue of unequal, leg for leg, vengeance between a cock and a priest's son. The ass, after he has spent seven years at the University of Paris, cannot even remember the name of the town where he has been, but he accounts his study perfect. The sketch of his university life is a picture from Wireker's memory, and includes special comment upon the lavish expenditure, and the excess of indolent and vicious luxury, among the English students, who were numerous enough to form one of the four schools into which the University was then technically divided. Brunellus remembers, however, one syllable of the town's name, and that is enough for him; he has been taught that the part may stand for the whole. Nothing remains for him, now that he has gone through the sciences, but to secure health to the soul by giving himself up to religion. But he tries successively without satisfaction Cistercians, White Friars, Templars, Brothers of Grandmont, Carthusians, regular Canons, Præmonstratenses (an order of Augustinians, named from Premontre, the house of their founder, Norbert Archbishop of Magdeburg), Secular Canons, and the Nuns, ending with a resolve to construct out of them all a new composite order of his own. Meeting Galen, he discusses at large with him the state of the Church

and of society, until he falls into the hands of his old master, and returns to the true duties of his life. The earnest satire of this work attacks misdoings of the laity as well as of the clergy, but is directed chiefly at the neglect by pastors of the simple word of God and care of souls, not sparing the pope himself. Nigel Wireker condemns prohibition of meat, and defends marriage of priests; his argument throughout being for that which is real and spiritual against all falsehood and empty formalism.*

There was a contemporary of Map's, an elder and a very honest man, who preceded him as the author of a book entitled "De Nugis Curialium," the John of Salisbury to whom I have already referred. He had little in common with Walter Map and his surroundings; but as a critic of life and study at the University of Paris we may be reminded of him by the "Brunellus" of Nigel Wireker. John of Salisbury, born about the year 1120, went as a youth to Paris, and attended Abelard's lectures on Mont St. Geneviève. After Abelard's departure, he studied under Alberic and Robert de Melun, an English pupil of Abelard's, who taught with repute at Paris, afterwards at Melun, and had Becket as well as John of Salisbury among his pupils. Melun came back at last to England, and was made bishop in 1163, dying in 1167. From Robert de Melun, John of Salisbury went to study grammar and the ancient writers, for three years, under William de Conches, and after and during more studies in more places under more scholars, earned his living by the teaching of young noblemen. Twelve years of study and teaching left him a penniless scholar in the Abbey of Montier la Celle, diocese of Troyes, where the Abbot Peter took him for chaplain, became his

John of Salisbury.

* Wireker's "Brunellus" has been several times printed. I describe it from a black letter edition printed at Cologne in 1499, in which woodcuts repeated with slight variation show the ass upon two legs with his tongue out, engaged in dialogue.

friend, and three years afterwards, in 1151, sent him to England with letters from himself and from St. Bernard, recommending him as secretary to Gerald de Barri's antagonist, Theobald Archbishop of Canterbury. As Theobald's secretary, John of Salisbury came to know Becket, then Chancellor of England, and he was then so much employed on missions that he ten times crossed the Alps. It was he who brought the bull from English Pope Adrian IV. authorising King Henry to conquer Ireland. When Becket became archbishop, John of Salisbury remained in office as his warm partisan, and he was one of the executors to Becket's will. He shared the archbishop's exile, again suffering poverty; accidentally escaped sharing his fate at the assassination, and held on by the next archbishop, Richard, who was distasteful to the court. In 1176 he was made Bishop of Chartres, where four years afterwards he died. He also wrote a work, in eight books, finished in 1156, *de Nugis Curialium*, entitled "Polycraticus, de Nugis Curialium et Vestigiis Philosophorum;" his purpose being to contrast the trifling of the worldly with the track of the philosopher that men should follow. The work opens with some three hundred lines or more of Latin elegiacs from the author to his book, in which Becket, the King's Chancellor, is distinguished as the author's patron. In the first book John treats of temptations and duties and of vanities, such as hunting, dice, music, mimes and minstrelsy, magic and soothsaying, prognostication by dreams and astrology not, as he shows in the second book, always to be despised. In the third book he treats of flatterers and parasites, and ends by preaching from the old philosophers, in the most abstract way, the duty of tyrannicide, inasmuch as the tyrant is a public enemy. This subject he pursues in the fourth book, arguing only that it is for the Church to say what tyrants shall be slain. The fourth book is a long scholastic

John of Salisbury's 'Polycraticus.'

dissertation on the state and duties of a king. In the fifth book he treats of the king in relation to the common weal, of the high officers of state, judges, &c.; in the sixth, of the duties, privileges, and corruptions of the knights; and in the two last books, which are long, he follows the footsteps of the ancient philosophers, discussing with them virtue and vice, true and false glory, and returning at last to his doctrine of tyrannicide under the direction of the Church. The work is dedicated to Becket, who was supposed not long afterwards to have himself suffered tyrannicide under direction of the State. John of Salisbury wrote also a satirical poem in six books, supporting scholastic philosophy against the courtiers, "Entheticus de dogmate Philosophorum," and has left behind him a collection of more than three hundred letters. His "Polycraticus, de Nugis Curialium et Vestigiis Philosophorum," was a popular book of the Middle Ages, and was one of the earliest books printed, the first impression of it being ascribed to the year 1475.*

The contrast is so complete between John of Salisbury's book, "De Nugis Curialium," and that of Walter Map, that if Map took part of his neighbour's title it was for the jest of putting it to a work flatly opposite in character. John of Salisbury drives a heavy waggon-load of speculations of ancient philosophy and reminiscences of ancient history. Walter Map rides a swift horse and bears a satchel full of the good stories of his day. In John of Salisbury we have long discourses powdered with references to Ulysses and Attila, to Lacedæmonian Chilon, and Pythagoras and Moses; a chapter on the difference between Augustus and Nero; a great deal about Titus, and, in a crudely learned mosaic, Plato, Hiero, Æneas, Venus, Tobias, Cyrus, and so forth. Map tells of the capture of Jerusalem, in his own

* The "De Nugis Curialium" and letters are printed in the 23rd volume of De la Bigne's "Maxima Bibliotheca Veterum Patrum."

day, by Saladin, while men about him are all heavy with the news. John of Salisbury comes no nearer to this than an account of the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, with a chapter on a woman who, at that siege, ate her child. Both Map and John of Salisbury detest the oppression of the poor that attends royal pleasure in the chase, and Henry II. was a mighty huntsman. John of Salisbury, in his "De Nugis Curialium," has a long chapter on this subject, setting out with the Thebans, Athenians, Lacedæmonians, Carthage, Meleager, Kings of Cappadocia; prosing on to Hercules, Geryon, Æmilianus and the Ligurians; a small anecdote of Hannibal and an elephant; Ulysses, the presumed founder of hawking; and brings all to a very lame moral conclusion from which it is not easy to see what he condemns. Walter Map, with a pun and a story, drives his thought home briefly thus :—

"Hugh, Prior of Selwood, now Bishop of Lincoln, found huntsmen thrust back from the door of the king's bedchamber, to whom he said in wonder, when he saw them insolently cursing and offended, 'Who are you?' They answered 'Forestarii' (foresters). He says to them, 'Forestarii foris stent' (showing by an untranslatable pun on their name, that 'foresters' must 'stand outside the door'). The king within, hearing this, laughed, and came out to them. To whom said the prior, 'That parable touches you, because when the poor whom these men torment have gone into Paradise, you will stand outside the door with the foresters.' But the king took this serious word for jest, and as Solomon did not withdraw from the high places, he did not abolish the foresters, but to this day, now after his death, they stand before Leviathan and drink of the flesh and blood of men; they build the high places, which except the Lord with a strong hand destroy them, they will not abolish. The master whom they see they dread and please, not fearing to offend the Master who is unseen."

Although a courtier, Map felt with the nation, and he did not go back to Hercules or Geryon, or Meleager or the Kings of Cappadocia, for occasion to speak out the true thought of an English mind upon the oppression of the

poor, by which, for the king's delight in the chase, the royal forests were extended and maintained. But except for the schools, and the things learnt in them, which he criticised most sensibly, the world of his own day did not concern John of Salisbury when he sat pen in hand. Thus, again, he has a chapter about actors and musicians, from which we may reasonably expect a gleam of light on literary history. But when he talks of actors and plays, it soon appears that he is retailing opinions of the fathers, and that his mind is upon Plautus and Terence.

Joseph of Exeter upon the Trojan War.

Joseph of Exeter, or Josephus Iscanus, dedicated to Archbishop Baldwin a Latin poem in six books, on the Trojan War, founded on Dares Phrygius, and finished when Henry II. was preparing for the crusade that Baldwin preached. He wrote also an "Antiocheis," of which there remains only a fragment celebrating British heroes. Warton, in his History of Poetry, calls this writer "a miracle of his age in classical composition," praises his pure diction, round periods, harmonious numbers, adding that his style is a mixture of Ovid, Statius, and Claudian, and that he wants only the Virgilian chastity. He wants also, and always will want, readers. Having Homer, we can spare Joseph of Exeter upon the Trojan War.

Maurice and Peter de Craon.

Some French songs remain of a Lincolnshire father and son in the days of Henry II., Maurice and Peter de Craon,* and one song of about the same date, bearing the Lincolnshire name of Renaud de Hoilande.

Simon Ashe.

Simon Ashe or du Fresne, a friend and supporter of Gerald de Barri, wrote a French metrical abridgment of the Consolations of Boëthius, as the Romance of Dame Fortune, besides some Latin epigrams and poems.

* "Chansons de Maurice et Pierre de Craon, poètes Anglo-Normands du XII. Siècle, par G. S. Trebutien" (Caen, 1843).

Radulfus Niger—Latin for Ralph Black—born at Bury in Suffolk, studied at Paris, was Archdeacon of Gloucester, was a violent partisan of Becket, and is said to have died about the year 1217. After the death of Henry II. Niger blackened him by attaching to a slight chronicle all that he could hear or say bad of the king's character. The chronicle of Radulfus Niger was from the beginning of the world to the year 1161. It was continued to the year 1178 by Ralph Abbot of Coggeshall,* who began by refuting the calumnies against Henry II. with which Niger had closed his record. But there is a later version of his chronicle by Niger which pays little attention to English affairs, but rather to those of Germany, Denmark, France, until it gives a short account of Henry II., and then tells briefly of the going of Richard I. into Palestine, his capture, and his return.

Radulph Niger.

Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, who was among the friends of Walter Map, and a friend of the king's in his dispute with Becket (by whom Foliot was called "a forerunner of Antichrist"), has not left to us the work on the Old and New Testament which Map said he was writing when he himself wrote his Introduction to the "De Nugis Curialium." There remains, however, a commentary of his on the Song of Songs, and a valuable collection of letters in MSS. in the British Museum,† the Bodleian,‡ and the library of Hereford Cathedral, where Foliot had been bishop. They were edited by Dr. Giles in 1845,§ and reprinted in 1854, with

Gilbert Foliot.

* Radulphi de Coggeshall Chronicon Anglicanum, with the Libellus de Expugnatione Terræ Sanctæ per Saladinum usually ascribed to him, was edited for the Rolls Series of Chronicles and Memorials by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson in 1875.

† MS. Reg. 8 A xxi.

‡ No. 249.

§ "Gilberti Foliot, ex Abbate Glocestriæ episcopi primum Here-

the letters of Thomas Becket, Herbert of Bosham's Life of Becket, and the letters of Alan of Tewkesbury, in vol. 190 of Migne's "Patrologia." Gilbert Foliot was of a noble family; he was brought up as a canon regular, and was a monk of Cluny before he became Abbot of Gloucester. He was consecrated Bishop of Hereford on the 6th of September, 1148, and translated to London in 1163. During the dispute between the king and Becket, Foliot was sent, on the king's part, to Rome in 1164. In 1169 Becket excommunicated him. He went to Rome and obtained withdrawal of the excommunication, but it was renewed in England and then confirmed in Rome, when Foliot was suspended from his bishopric, to which he was not restored till after Becket's death. Gilbert Foliot died on the 18th of February, 1187. Gilbert is to be distinguished from a Robert Foliot who wrote on the sacraments of the Old Testament, succeeded Robert de Melun in the see of Hereford in 1174, and died on the 9th of May, 1186.

Herbert of Bosham.

Herbert of Bosham, in Sussex, was Thomas Becket's secretary and his chief biographer. As a youth, tall, strong, and handsome, he seemed rather a soldier than a priest. He attached himself to Becket, is said by Leland to have been Becket's secretary, and was a familiar witness of the chief acts of his public life. Fourteen years after Becket's death Herbert produced his biography, in seven books, adding a "Melorum Liber" in three parts, in which he suggests parallels between the lives of Becket and of our Saviour. His complete works, including a Homily on the Birthday of Thomas the Martyr, have been edited by Dr. Giles.*

fordiensis deinde Londoniensis Epistolæ et variorum ad ipsum et alios. Nunc primum, e codicibus MSS. edidit J. A. Giles, LL.D." (2 vols. Oxford and London, 1845).

* "Herberti de Boseham S. Thomæ Cantuarii clerici a secretis Opera quæ extant Omnia" (2 vols. Oxford and London, 1845).

Thomas of Ely, who also compiled an account of the Miracles of St. Etheldreda, having written the History of his Monastery to the year 1107, Richard of Ely continued it to the year 1169. Richard was sent by his monastery on a mission to the Pope between the years 1149 and 1154; was made Prior of Ely in 1177; and was dead in 1195.

Thomas and Richard of Ely.

Jocelin of Brakelonde, a native of St. Edmondsbury, in which the Long Braklond and the Little Braklond were two ancient streets, produced a Chronicle of the Monastery of St. Edmund between the years 1173 and 1202. He begins with the year when the Flemings were taken prisoners without the town, at the battle of Fornham, in 1173. It was then that he took the habit of St. Edmund's, being specially committed to the charge of Samson de Totington, afterwards Abbot, then Master of the Novices. Samson became Abbot in 1182, after an interregnum of a year and nine months since the death of Abbot Hugh. Jocelin sketches rapidly the state of the monastery under Hugh, and gives his chief attention to the government of his friend Abbot Samson, whose chaplain he was, and with whom he says that he lived day and night for six years. In the years 1198 and 1200 he was the abbey's guestmaster, afterwards he was its almoner. His Chronicle tells as much of history as blended itself with the affairs of St. Edmund's Abbey in the reigns of Henry II. and Richard I., and it gives in easy and colloquial style a pleasant record of monastic life. Incorporated with it is an episode describing a duel between Henry of Essex and Robert de Montfort. This report is from the hand of another monk, who, going with the abbot to Reading, found Henry of Essex in the abbey cloister there, and received the story from his lips. From a MS. of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century, in the Harleian Collection, this Chronicle was edited by Mr. J. G. Rokewode,

Jocelin of Brakelonde.

and published in 1840 as one of the volumes of the Camden Society.*

Jocelin of Furness.

Jocelin, a monk of Furness Abbey in Lancashire, compiled, at the request and for the use of different monasteries, legendary lives of St. Patrick, St. Kentigern, St. Helen, and other Saints.

Study of Arabian Learning.

We must not lose sight of the Arabian influence. Roger of Hereford was a mathematician of note in the days of Henry II. A few of his astronomical works remain, and in the introduction to one of them, an astronomical table,† he apologises for using the Christian year and Roman months, "the years and months of the Arabs being difficult to our people who are not used to them." A generation earlier than this, an Englishman named Robert of Retines, which is sometimes interpreted Robert of Reading, had acquired Arabic in Asia and Spain, studied at Evora with Hermann the Dalmatian, and at request of Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Cluny, had, for the help of Christians in confounding the Moslem, joined Hermann in a translation of the Koran, which they finished in the year 1143. Again, an English Alfred, who became chaplain at Rome to Cardinal Ottoboni, and in Henry III.'s time was sent by the Pope as Legate to England, translated Arabian books into Latin, and dedicated to his contemporary, Roger of Hereford, his translation from the Arabic of Aristotle upon Vegetables and Plants.

Daniel Morley, of Norwich, after studying at Paris without satisfaction to himself, went to Toledo to learn of the Arabs, and came home, as he says in the Preface to his

* "Chronica Jocelini de Brakelonda de Rebus Gestis Samsonis abbati Monasterii Sancti Edmundi. Nunc primum typis mandata curante Johanne Gage Rokewode. Lond. Sumpt. Soc. Camd. 1840." Brakelonde's Chronicle is the subject of a graphic sketch in Thomas Carlyle's "Past and Present."

† In the Brit. Mus., MS. Arundel, No. 377.

treatise on the Natures of Inferiors and Superiors, or things of earth and heaven, "cum pretiosa multitudine librorum,"

Daniel Morley.

with a precious lot of books. He found too little regard for liberal science among the English; and rather than be the only Greek among the Romans, was travelling out of the country again. But he met on his road John Bishop of Norwich, who received him with great honour, heard him tell of the studies of Toledo, and encouraged him to stay and write his treatise "De Naturis Inferiorum et Superiorum," which is in two books, the first showing what the Arabians taught of creation, matter, and the world below; the second of the nature and movements of the heavenly bodies in the world above.

Contact with the Saracen mind was still being maintained by the Crusaders. Walter de Coutances, whom Gerald de Barri calls a Cornishman, and who perhaps was of Jersey—John of Salisbury calls him Walter de Insula, and Jersey belongs to the diocese of Coutances—was in 1173 Vice-Chancellor, and in 1183 Bishop of Lincoln, from which dignity he was promoted in less than a year to the Archbishopric of Rouen. In 1188 this Archbishop took the cross and meant to go to Palestine with Henry II. He did go with Cœur de Lion; came back to act for him in the regency, and held office during the captivity of Richard. He died in 1207, and left only a few letters, but he is said to have written a history of the Crusade.

The Crusaders. Walter de Coutances.

Richard the Canon, a monk of the Priory of Holy Trinity in London, about the year 1200 was the author of an interesting account of Cœur de Lion's expedition to the Holy Land, "Itinerarium Ricardi Anglorum regis in Terram Sanctam," which was published in Gale's Collection under the name of Geoffrey de Vinsauf.

Richard the Canon.

Geoffrey de Vinsauf, Galfridus de Vinosalvo, who is also called Galfridus Anglicus, educated in the Priory of St.

Frideswide, at Oxford, and in the Universities of France and Italy, dedicated to his patron at Rome, Pope Innocent III., his Latin critical didactic poem, there written and published, on the New Poetry, "De Nova Poetria." His New Poetry is the old revived; a recommendation of the ancient measures and the Horatian critical standard in place of the Leonine verse and Latin rhymes by which they had been superseded. There is ascribed to this writer a book on Preserving Wines ("De Vinis, Fructibus, &c., conservandis"), written by one Geoffrey, of which Pits saw the MS. in Caius College, Cambridge; and from this has been derived his name, De Vino Salvo. Very probably he no more wrote that than Richard the Canon's Itinerary of King Richard and others to Jerusalem, the lively Chronicle of an eyewitness (or, as it might be, Own Correspondent), who himself went with King Richard and saw the last flash of the crusading enthusiasm that Rome afterwards had no more power to sustain in Europe. There remained only, twenty years later, the disastrous crusade of St. Louis in Egypt. Already Europe had so far advanced in spiritual life (and the struggle against Church abuses was a sign of it), that they could say with Map, or with St. Bernard, "It is better to struggle against the sinful lusts of the heart than to conquer Jerusalem." The record of Richard the Canon that has been ascribed to Vinsauf, begins with the Crusade itself, in the year 1187, and is valuable for its trustworthy detail of the "Gesta Regis Ricardi" till his death in 1199.* Vinsauf is said to have written also a monody on

Geoffrey de Vinsauf.

* A translation of this Chronicle into English is in the volume of "Chronicles of the Crusades," in Bohn's Antiq. Library (London, 1848). The Chronicle itself was edited by Professor Stubbs for the Rolls Series of Chronicles and Memorials, "Itinerarium Peregrinorum et Gesta Regis Ricardi" (1864), with a second volume (1865) of Letters of the Prior and Convent of Christ Church, Canterbury, between 1187 and 1189, showing the state of the English Church under Richard I.

the death of Richard, besides treatises on Rhetoric and Ethics. In fact, if we omit the works ascribed to him on Crusading, Pickling and Preserving, there remains only a writer upon Ethics, Rhetoric, and Poetry.

Ralph de Glanville.

Ralph de Glanville, who was in 1180 appointed Chief Justiciary of England, was the author of the first treatise on English law. Born at Stratford in Suffolk, founder in 1171 of Bulkley Abbey, at which time he held Richmond Castle in fee of the king; in the battle of Alnwick, 1174, he captured the Scottish king William the Lion, and carried him to King Henry, then in Normandy. The Scottish king rode as a prisoner with his legs fettered under the body of a horse. In 1175 Glanville was made sheriff of Yorkshire, next year a judge of the King's Court; he went as a Justice in eyre on the northern circuit, and in 1180 was made Chief Justiciary, by right of his sound knowledge of law and his firm support of the king's prerogative against encroachments of the Church. In 1186 he assumed the Cross; in 1187 he went on a mission to France. He remained Justiciary at the accession of Richard I., but dissatisfied with the state of the home government in 1190, he resigned his offices, and went to Palestine with the Crusaders. There, in the same year, he fell in battle at the siege of Acre. He compiled and collected the laws of his country, and wrote a Latin treatise, of which his authorship has been disputed, on the Laws and Customs of the Kingdom of England—"De Legibus et Consuetudinibus Regni Angliæ." It is a regular treatise, in fourteen books, on the system and practice of English law under the king's courts in the days of Henry II. Upon Glanville's book was founded the treatise of Bracton.*

* Henry Bracton will come later. He became Lord Chief Justice in the time of Henry III., took the degree of Doctor of Laws at Oxford, and about the year 1244 was one of the king's Justices in eyre. Ten years later he was made Lord Chief Justice, and held the

William Petit or Little, monk of the Abbey of Austin Canons of Newbury in the North Riding of Yorkshire, was born at Bridlington in the year 1136, and educated in the monastery from which he took his name. As a diligent theologian and historian he was employed by the abbots of the neighbouring monasteries of Byland and Rievaulx, and began his career as a writer with a commentary on the Song of Solomon, written for, and dedicated to, Robert Abbot of Byland. It was at the desire of the convent of Rievaulx, conveyed to him by their Abbot Ernald, that William of Newbury wrote his History of English Affairs ("Historia Rerum Anglicarum"), of which the preface, as we have seen, very properly attacked the credibility of Geoffrey of Monmouth's historical romance, and of which the substance has secured him lasting credit for his own trustworthiness. Beginning at the Conquest, and ending with the year 1198, he condenses into a dozen pages all that occurred before his own time, so that his chronicle is almost throughout the journal of a contemporary, who, with some of the credulity then common to his age and calling, had a clear and manly sense of life. He is dispassionate in judgment, and it is noticeable that he draws his illustrations not from writers of all kinds but chiefly from the Bible. He died in 1208, at the age of seventy-two. Of his History there are several MSS.* It was first printed by Silvius at Antwerp, in 1567, afterwards at Heidelberg and Paris; by Hearne, in three volumes, in 1719; in two volumes, for the English Historical Society, in

William of Newbury.

office for ten years, during which he wrote his treatise "De Legibus et Consuetudinibus Regni Angliæ." This work, collated with all extant MSS., has been edited by Sir Travers Twiss in seven volumes of the Rolls Series of Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages.

* One in the Archbishop's library at Lambeth is of the early part of the thirteenth century, and said to be very accurate.

1856, by Mr. Hans Claude Hamilton; and lastly, in the Rolls Series of Chronicles and Memorials of the Middle Ages, by Mr. William Howlett, of the Middle Temple.

The manor and church of Howden in the East Riding of Yorkshire were conferred by William the Conqueror on William St. Carileph, Bishop of Durham, who kept the manor and transferred the church of Howden to the priory of Durham, for which body the now ruined church was built. The travels of Dr. Richard Pococke* describe Howden as he saw it in 1751: "I went to Howden, formerly called Hoveden, one of the canons of the Collegiate Church being known by the name of Hoveden. It is two miles from the Darwent, which falls into the Ouse at that distance above it. There is a very fine church which was collegiate, the east part of which, with the chapter-house, are in ruins, all exactly on the model of York Cathedral; the west part serves for divine service. The Bishop of Durham, to whom this place belonged, had a house near it. The steeple, built by Bishop Skirlaw, is 146 feet high, and a fine structure. It is said it was designed as a place for the inhabitants to take shelter in against inundations, but I could not find there had been any such inundation in the memory of man, or from tradition."

Roger of Hoveden.

Roger of Hoveden or Howden was, in 1174, as one of the clerks of King Henry II., a member of the royal household. In the autumn of that year he was in France with the king, who was pacifying provinces that had revolted at the instigation of his sons and his wife. He was next employed by the king with Robert de Vals, Warden of Carlisle, in endeavouring to draw the wild people of Galloway into a transference of their allegiance from the King of Scots to the King of England. In 1175, when King Henry kept his court at Reading, Roger of Hoveden was

* Published by the Camden Society in 1888.

employed in aid of the business of filling up vacancies in the headships of several religious houses. His fellow-worker in this business was Robert Hinglisham on the part of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Roger of Hoveden acting on the part of the king. Their duty was to use what skill they could in procuring the election of candidates agreeable to the archbishop and the king. The next note of Roger of Hoveden is thirteen years later, in 1189, the last year of Henry II. and the first of Richard, when he and a knight, Ernis de Nevill, acted for the Crown as justices in itinere for the forests of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Yorkshire. After this no more is heard of him, but there is much heard from him, if after this time, Henry II. being dead, he retired to Howden and there wrote his Chronicle.

Roger of Hoveden's Chronicle was based first upon a compilation made probably at Durham between the years 1148 and 1161, and known as the "Historia Saxonum vel Anglorum post obitum Bedæ." This chronicle was compiled from the histories of Simeon of Durham and Henry of Huntingdon. Roger of Hoveden added to this an account of the miracles of Edward the Confessor; an abstract of a charter of William the Conqueror, granting Heminburgh and Brackenholm to Durham; a copy of a charter by which Thomas I. Archbishop of York released Durham churches in his diocese from customary payments to the Archbishop; a list in French of warriors at the siege of Nice; and about eight other additions. The part of Hoveden's Chronicle which extends from 1148 to 1170 is not founded upon any written authority, except the Chronicle of Melrose. Its most trustworthy dates are those which coincide with dates in the Melrose Chronicle, which was written before Hoveden's, but after 1136, when the Abbey of Melrose was founded. The Melrose Chronicle was based upon Simeon of Durham until the year 1121, and was then continued until 1169 with contemporary record. Between

1163 and 1169 Roger of Hoveden draws largely from the lives of Becket in the record of his quarrel with the king, and is more careful than any previous chronicler to get a clear sequence of dates to the events recorded.

From 1169 to the spring of 1192 Roger of Hoveden's Chronicle embodies, with occasional divergence, and addition of documents, chiefly northern, that of Benedict of Peterborough; and from 1192 to 1201, at which date the chronicle ends, the addition of documents especially relating to the north of England becomes a marked feature of the work.* This is the part of the chronicle in which Roger of Hoveden is historian of his own time, and his work is of the highest value. The reputation of the chronicle was in its own time so good that Edward I. is said to have caused diligent search to be made for copies of it in the year 1291, in order that on its evidence he might adjust the disputes as to homage due to him from the Crown of Scotland.†

Among Histories of Abbeys that have been published in the Rolls Series of Chronicles and Memorials are the Chronicle of the Monastery of Abingdon from King Ina of Wessex to the days of Richard I.;‡ the Annals of Margan from 1066 to 1232; of Tewkesbury, 1066 to 1223; Annals of Burton, from 1004 to 1263, Winchester Annals from

* There are many MSS. of Roger of Hoveden; the oldest are two volumes of the same copy; one containing the chronicle to the year 1180, is among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum (14, C 2); the other volume, from 1181 to the end, is in the Bodleian (Laud, 582). They are at the close of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century.

† Archbishop Nicolson on the authority of Pits, quoted by Mr. Riley in the preface to his translation of Roger of Hoveden, which forms 2 vols. of Bohn's Antiquarian Library (London, 1853). The original text was first printed in Savile's Collection. Roger of Hoveden has been edited by Professor William Stubbs in four volumes of the Rolls Series of Chronicles and Memorials (1868–71).

‡ Edited by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, 1858.

519 to 1277; Waverley from year 1 to 1291; and Dunstable to 1297.*

Clement of Llanthony.

Clement, who was Prior of Llanthony in the year 1176, was remarkable for learning and piety. Llanthony Priory, one of the finest in South Wales, was in a solitary place among the mountains of Monmouthshire, about ten miles from Abergavenny. Prior Clement's work was in the old simple way of religion, for he wrote as "Series Collecta" a Harmony of the Four Gospels, and appended to it as the Collectarium a commentary selected from the Fathers. He wrote also commentaries on the Canonical Epistles, and worked at sacred allegory in a book on the Wings of the Cherubim. But still the tendency of his brethren, when they were not tempted by special genius into inventive work, was to write chronicles.

Benedict of Peterborough.

Benedict, a monk of Canterbury, chancellor to Becket's successor, Archbishop Richard; in 1175 Prior of St. Augustine's, Canterbury; in 1177 Abbot of Peterborough; in 1191 Vice-Chancellor of England; died in 1193, and is said to have left behind him a Latin history of his own times, from 1170 to 1192, carefully compiled, well supplied with copies of official documents, and especially attentive to affairs of Scotland and the North. But the ascribing of this History of Henry II. and Richard I. to Benedict of Peterborough is not justified by internal evidence or by record of his contemporaries. He wrote a Life of Becket,† but the History ascribed to him disposes of Becket in few words. He was elected Prior at Canterbury a few months after the burning of part of the church, but the history refers briefly to that event without clear knowledge of the facts. The history describes Richard's journey to the Holy Land with details that suggest personal knowledge, but the Abbot of Peterborough stayed at home, liberal in

* These are in three volumes, edited by Mr. H. R. Luard.

† "E. W." III. 63.

hospitality, in building works, and in other additions to the well-being of his abbey.*

Richard of Devizes.

Another recorder of this period was Richard of Devizes, a monk of Winchester, who there wrote a history of the first years of the reign of Richard I. from 1189 to 1192, which adds to the information given in the History erroneously ascribed to Benedict of Peterborough.

Ralph de Diceto.

Ralph de Diceto, after travelling in Europe, was Archdeacon of Middlesex about 1160. In 1181 he was elected Dean of St. Paul's. Under his name appear two histories, one short and brought down to 1147; the other longer, his "Ymagines Historiarum," of events between 1147 and 1201. These have been published in Twysden's collection of historians, with omission of the years preceding the accession of Pope Gregory the Great in 590. In Gale's collection there appears under the same name an abridgment of Geoffrey of Monmouth's History. "The historical works of Master Ralph de Diceto, Dean of London," were edited for the Rolls Series of Chronicles and Memorials by Professor Stubbs, and published in two volumes in 1876.

Alexander Neckham.

Alexander Neckham—whose name was punned upon in his day as Nequam—blended a little science and philosophy with the great mass of chronicle that his brethren were producing. He was born at St. Albans in September, 1157, on the same night as King Richard I., and was the king's foster-brother. His mother suckled the prince with her right breast, and Alexander with the left one. Educated at St. Albans, he was early entrusted with the care of the school at Dunstable, dependent on St. Alban's Abbey. In 1180, at the age of 23, he was at Paris as a distinguished professor. In 1187 he returned to

* This chronicle was edited by Professor Stubbs (now Bishop of Chester) for the Rolls Series, in two volumes published in 1867.

Dunstable, and a year afterwards became an Augustine Canon in the monastery of Cirencester, where in 1213 he was elected abbot. He died in 1217, leaving behind him grammatical treatises and Latin poems, including a treatise on Science in ten books of elegiac verse, the subjects of the books being Creation; the Elements; Water, and its contents; Fire; Air; the Earth's Surface; its Interior; Plants; Animals; and the Seven Arts. He also left a similar work in prose, besides theological works and commentaries on writings of Aristotle and others.*

Gervase of Canterbury.

Gervase, a monk of Canterbury, who saw the cathedral burnt on the 5th of September, 1174, wrote an account of the burning and rebuilding; also an account of the quarrels between Archbishop Baldwin and his monks; a History of the Archbishops of Canterbury, ending soon after the accession of Hubert; a Chronicle of the reigns of Stephen, Henry II., and Richard I., ending with Richard's death in 1199;† and a Mappa Mundi, showing the bishops' sees, and monasteries in each county of England, and a list of the archbishops of the whole world with their suffragans.

Gervase of Tilbury.

Gervase of Tilbury, his birthplace in Essex, who is called, upon no good grounds, a grandson of Henry II., studied in foreign schools, and, high in favour of Emperor Otho IV., became marshal of the kingdom of Arles. For this Emperor's amusement he wrote, in the reign of King John, his "Otia Imperialia," in which he speaks from memory of the time of the death of Prince

* Alexandri Neckam de Naturis Rerum Libri Duo, with his Poem De Laudibus Divinæ Sapientiæ, was edited for the Rolls Series of Chronicles and Memorials by Thomas Wright in 1863.

† These are all in the Collection of Sir Roger Twysden, whom I have called a Royalist, but should rather have called an honest friend of king and people. The Chronicles of the Reigns of Stephen, Henry II., and Richard I. was edited for the Rolls Series in two volumes (1879, 1880) by Professor Stubbs.

Henry, Henry II.'s son, in 1183. The book, in three parts, or decisions, is the most valuable and amusing medley of the legendary tales and superstitions of the Middle Ages.

His "Otia Imperialia."

In the "Otia Imperialia" of Gervase of Tilbury, written about the year 1211, there is much interesting illustration of the scientific knowledge of the educated laymen of that time, and of the history and geography of the Middle Ages. Of the traditions and popular superstitions of the beginning of the thirteenth century the book is a mine. It abounds in citations of ancient authors, and Gervase of Tilbury received, on this account, more than his due share of credit for learning, until it was lately pointed out by Herr Felix Liebrecht * that a very considerable number of his citations, and the greater part of his first book or "decision," had been taken from the "Historia Scholastica" of Petrus Comestor. He is careless, too, says Herr Liebrecht, in his use of second-hand quotations, and he never once mentions Comestor. Seeking reward of the Emperor, his patron, Gervase desired evidently to cheat his Majesty into a very high sense of his client's erudition. Nevertheless, he was remarkably well read for a layman of the beginning of the thirteenth century. But we care little now about his learning; the chief value of his book arising out of his credulous superstition, and the taste for mythology which made Ovid his favourite among the ancient poets. In the third decision, defined by Gervase as "containing marvels of each province—not all, but of each some"—he tells of the enchantments ascribed to Virgil at Naples, and gives

* "Des Gervasius von Tilbury Otia Imperialia. In Einer Auswahl neu herausgegeben und mit Anmerkungen begleitet von Felix Liebrecht" (Hanover, 1856). A book that gives, annotated in a scholarly way with copious illustrations out of European folk-lore, all that is most amusing in Gervase of Tilbury. Herr Liebrecht's book was dedicated to the late Sir G. C. Lewis.

accounts of werwolves, lamias, barnacle geese, and whatever else he had heard or read about that was most curious.

To Gervase of Tilbury has been ascribed a Dialogue on the Exchequer—Dialogus de Scaccario—of which the author is said, in the Red Book of the Exchequer written in the reign of Henry III., to have been the son of Nigel Bishop of Ely, Richard, successively Canon of London, Archdeacon of Ely, and Dean of Lincoln, High Treasurer by purchase in 1169, and Bishop of London in 1189, dying in 1198.*

A "Memoriale Fratris Walteri de Coventria" was found by Leland, and passed from his possession into that of Archbishop Parker, with whose MSS. it went to the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. It is a small folio, in double columns, written at the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century, and is a compilation with omission and abridgment from Florence of Worcester, Henry of Huntingdon, Benedict of Peterborough, and Roger of Hoveden; but the annals from 1201 to 1205 are copied almost without change from a chronicle of the monastery of Barnwell, near Cambridge, which could hardly have been written later than 1227, and gives the earliest account of the last years of John.† Walter of Coventry.

There is a weight of emphasis on every word, and an exactness of form in metrical speech that has commonly made the prophets versifiers, in this country rhymers. We shall hear how Archbishop The Here Prophecy.

* The work is in the "History and Antiquities of the Exchequer of the Kings of England . . . . together with a correct copy of the Ancient Dialogue concerning the Exchequer, generally ascribed to Gervasius Tilburiensis," by Thomas Madox (London 1711); and a translation of it has been published.

† "Walter of Coventry" was edited by Professor Stubbs in two volumes of the Rolls Series in 1872–73.

Aldred is represented as having troubled himself on his death-bed to express in the emphatic form of rhyme his prophecy of evil upon Baron Urse—a prophecy which, says historical tradition, was fulfilled. A strange bit of old English rhyming prophecy, preserved by Abbot Benedict, is said to have become active after the image of a hart was set up in 1189 by Ralph Fitzstephen over a house at Here, a royal vill that had been given to him by Henry II. There is no place in England named Here, and there is no place, I believe, with which it has yet been identified. But it may be that the name of the old Here survives in the present ancient village of Hever, formerly Heure,* on the bank of the River Eden in the Weald of Kent, where there is a Norman castle, built on the site of the old family mansion in the reign of Edward III., by William de Hevre (Heure), who then obtained a royal charter granting him right to embattle his mansion at Hever, and annexing right of free warren to his lands. It is the same Hever Castle in which Anne Boleyn was at home when Henry VIII. first saw her walking in its gardens. The castle was bought of the Hevre family by Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, grandfather of Anne. The prophecy itself connected with the hart set up at Here is an unsolved riddle, which is, I think, not insoluble. It is said by Abbot Benedict, who gives two versions, and the second as the "more correct," to have been this:—

> "Whan thu ses in Here hert yreret
> Then sulen Engles in three be ydelet:
> That an sal into Yrland al to late waie
> That other into Puille mid prude bileue
> The thride in hire athen hert alle wreke y-dreghe."

* Hasted's "History of Kent," vol. i., p. 395. William de Heure had a moiety of this place, and was sheriff of the county in the second year of Edward I. But the family had originally taken its name from a Heure (which looks like Norman for Here), near Northfleet.

But the last mysterious line Hoveden reports to have been—

"The thridde into Air hahen herd all wreke y drechegen."

The date of the setting up the hart was that of the death of Henry II. and accession of Richard I., and the probable sense of the lines is: "When thou seest a hart reared up in Here, then shall the English people be divided into three parts: one shall go all too late into Ireland."—There John, who was Lord, removed, at his brother Richard's accession to the English crown, the fighting John de Courcy from direction of affairs, and made him an enemy; while Richard's coming crusade, exciting the hopes of the Irish chiefs, caused them to patch up their own quarrels and agree on a combined rising, of which the most notable result was the destruction of the English army at Thurles. The results would have been serious to England if the insurgents had not again fallen out among themselves. Then the prophecy proceeds—"The other into Apulia, with profitable remaining."—On his way to the Holy Land, Richard remained at Messina, where, in a quarrel about his sister's dower, he extorted from Tancred, the last of the Norman kings of Sicily, forty thousand ounces of gold, and betrothed his nephew Arthur of Bretagne to Tancred's daughter. Then of the third division the prophecy adds—"The third in their highest [?] oaths, all drawn to vengeance." That is to say, by their oath as Crusaders to avenge the desecration of the Holy Place by the infidel. The last line, as given by Hoveden, is a corruption. This is my own guess at the unsolved riddle of the last part of the Here Prophecy, and if not in every word right, it seems to give the true general sense.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAYAMON.

THE extent to which, by fusion of races, the formation of English had advanced in the reign of Henry II. is indicated by the reply of "Magister" to "Discipulus," in the work named towards the close of the last chapter, the "Dialogue on the Exchequer"* to the question whether clandestine death should be imputed for the murder of an Englishman as of a Norman. "At the outset it was not, as you have heard; but already by English and Norman cohabiting and taking wives from each other the nations are so thoroughly mixed that at this day it can hardly be discerned—I speak of the children—which is of English, which of Norman race; except only those ascribed to the soil, who are called villains, to whom their lords do not give liberty to depart from their condition."

Fusion of Norman into Saxon.

The change made by this time in the English language was one of development, not of disorganisation. There was loss of inflexion, and there was gradual enrichment of the vocabulary. John Selden compared our language to a garment full of patches various in colour and material. But the comparison misleads, for it implies rot and imperfect restoration. The true comparison would be to a house that, with the increasing wealth of its owner, becomes more and more suited to the uses and enjoyments of his life.

Transition English retains the essential characters of First-

* Lib. I. cap. x. Quid Murdrum et quare sic dictum.

English because the great bulk of the population of the country remained unchanged after the arrival of the Normans. The Normans did not come, as the First-English themselves had come, in successive tides of colonisation. They conquered the land, but did not people it. By the Conquest —apart from the king himself, most of the great lords of his court, the ecclesiastics whom he set in places of chief trust in the Church, and the barons and men-at-arms whom he established as landed proprietors about the country—there were but a few common priests and soldiers added to the nation. The policy of the conquerors was to promote intermarriage between Norman and Saxon; there was no attempt to suppress or alter anything consistent with the Norman notions of good law, and with the policy of self-preservation necessary while the conquerors were few and they were not yet firmly rooted in the land. They had no particular regard for Norman-French, and would, to a man probably, have spoken English from the day after the Conquest if they could have done so at a wish, and without putting themselves to school. William the Conqueror did try to learn the language of the country; but he was not apt at lessons, and gave up the labour. The Norman-French in our language gave us much of what is technically called Latin of the third period, as distinguished from the Latin of the first period, derived from the Roman occupation of Britain, and that of the second period, derived from the influence of Roman Christianity upon the Anglo-Saxons. But this new Latin element was received into our language only by slow degrees, and at very different rates in different parts of the land. For more than fifty years after the Conquest the native language, as represented by the Saxon Chronicle, was altogether unaffected. For so many years the old language could at any rate, by a patriotic effort of will, be pretty accurately spoken. After that time the new life made the new growth too strong to be concealed.

In the chief towns, and wherever the king and his nobles held court, the Normans who, as an essential part of the policy of conquest and not only for the division of spoil, had been set in places of chief trust, naturally spoke in their own language to each other. It was also the reasonable courtesy of inferiors to address them, if they were able to do so, in the language they best understood; and for their own sakes pleaders would take care to put their causes into the form most clearly intelligible. Thus French found its way into law courts, and came to be generally taught in schools. As far as they could, the Norman barons, bishops, and abbots would, one man perfectly, another man imperfectly, acquire the language of the great mass of the people, and attempt to make themselves intelligible to those who had not learnt French; while on the other side there would be generally produced by the native some variety of the "French of Stratford-atte-Bow," racy enough of English soil.

Local influences upon language. At court.

In the towns frequented by the court the result of such intercourse, after four or five generations of Normans and English dwelling together, and having their chief commerce with the English-speaking people at their doors, would be an English language with comparatively much Latin or French admixture.

In the trading towns, of which many soon became strong and prosperous, and of which the inhabitants were chiefly and patriotically English, the language would be on the whole less modified by French, although the intercourse and extension of trade would compel a frequent use of that language, and introduce a class of technical terms distinct from those of chivalry and the chase peculiar to courtly circles.

In the trading towns.

And lastly, in the little towns and hamlets of the rural districts there was usually a Norman baron, with an English wife or mother, set as the

In rural districts.

influential centre of a Saxon people. The people would pick up and keep any convenient French terms dropped among them by the castle folk, but would on the whole oblige their lords and ladies, if they dwelt much on the estate, to learn the language of the land. Still, whether the lord of the soil were resident or not, the direct intercourse with him would not be very great; while as for the population of the villains or serfs, their intercourse remained almost exclusively among each other. Thus, in these rural districts the old language would stay in the old form for a much longer time than in large towns; for it is to be remembered that there was far less intercourse then than there now is between town and country, and that there was no wide circulation of books to diffuse knowledge of some common standard of right speech.

Differences in contemporary forms of English.

In the same year, then, the language spoken in the capital, in a trading town, and in the rural districts of England, would differ so much, that we might, if not on our guard, be led to ascribe the rustic English to one period, the courtly to another.

Transition English not a literary language.

While in Transition English (known commonly as Early English) change was being thus made at different rates of progress, there had long ceased to exist a cultivated literary class among the English that might have studiously maintained the old purity of inflexion. As at this day the German peasantry confuse the genders, and clip the inflexions of their language, so doubtless First-English was confused and clipped by the main body of the people, even in the best days of its literature. But when Norman influence ruled over literature, and the best native writers used either Latin or Norman-French, complexities of gender and inflexion must needs go the way of nature rather faster than they usually do, but as they all sooner or later must go in the language of a vigorous and active people.

Nevertheless, if its voice was out of fashion for a few years, there had been no pause in the working of the Anglo-Saxon mind; and among all the signs of intellectual advancement that mark the busy period of Henry II.'s reign, not the least is the recognition of an English song in its own native tongue. The early gleemen had been represented, no doubt, by an unbroken line of story-tellers and amusers who were welcome at the firesides of the people, chanted songs of adventure and miracles of saints by the wayside and at village ales, and wherever there was holiday resort of men. But the literature of the people was, for more than a hundred years after the Conquest, left to perish on their lips. They who were rich enough to pay for written transcripts cared only for works addressed in Latin to the educated world, or to the court in French. Till the end of the twelfth century there was no demand among the rich, in castle or cloister, for written copies of the legends, tales, and songs that passed from lip to lip among the people. But when the fusion becomes more complete, when French and Latin literature of the twelfth century has become more and more national, the stream of native literature that had for a time been flowing underground rises again to the surface and flows on and broadens, and becomes the main stream into which all others flow. It was Layamon, priest of a rural district, in whose work we have at the beginning of the thirteenth century the first MS. record, after the Conquest, of a poem in the language of the people; and of this work also the inspiration is to be traced back to that mock history of Geoffrey of Monmouth which rose suddenly as a bright spring of romance in the midst of a wilderness of record, and wherever it went quickened the blossoming of fancy from the ready soil.

Rise of the modern English literature.

Layamon, the son of Leovenath—called in the later text of his poem Laweman the son of Leuca—was a priest

who read the services of the Church at Ernley, on the banks of the Severn, near Redstone. The place is now called Areley, or Areley Kings, and is about three and a half miles from Bewdley, in Worcestershire. Layamon. The later of the two texts of his poem, doubtless in error, makes him say that "he dwelt at Ernley, with the good knight, upon Severn."* Of his life no more is known. Of his book, he says that he compiled it from three sources—namely, a book in English, by Saint Bede; another in Latin, by Saint Albin and Austin; and a book in French, by a clerk named Wace, who presented it to Eleanor, Henry II.'s Queen. To obtain these three books he says that he travelled "wide over land." If the English book be the translation of Bede's History ascribed to Alfred, he has taken from it only the story of Pope Gregory and the Anglo-Saxon captives at Rome; and he differs from it in many places even when he is not copying from Wace. Of what is meant by the Latin book of Albinus and Austin there can be only remote conjecture. Sir Frederic Madden, the first editor of Layamon, whose Introduction to his "Brut" I am now following,† thinks that Layamon may have supposed, by confusion, the Albinus of Canterbury, who gave Bede information, to be the author of the original Latin of Bede's History, and that he further confused St. Augustin with the authorship. But that is hardly possible. The "errors of equal magnitude" to which Sir Frederic refers are errors in early history, that a man might well make without being therefore judged

* The "good knight" in the second text was the son of a misreading by the copyist of "chireche" into "cniþte."

† "Layamon's Brut, or Chronicle of Britain: a Poetical Semi-Saxon Paraphrase of the Brut of Wace. Now first published from the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum. Accompanied by a Literal Translation, Notes, and a Grammatical Glossary." By Sir Frederic Madden, K.H., Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum. 3 vols. Published by the Society of Antiquaries of London, 1847.

unable to read the most obvious fact in the books he has been taking particular pains to obtain. The reference, I think, must be to some other work of which there is no MS. extant. But the third authority, Wace's "Brut," was the work chiefly used by Layamon, and of this the English poem is, in fact, an amplified translation. It is doubled in length. Wace's "Brut" contains 15,300, Layamon's 32,250 lines. The addition consists partly of speeches put with dramatic effect into the mouths of persons of the story, partly of a very considerable extension of the Arthurian romance, names of persons and places being supplied, and the interpolations of new matter being sometimes to the extent of a hundred lines and more. Among the many legendary additions, for example, is that of King Arthur's being taken after death to Avalon. In his dying speech to Constantine he says, according to Layamon—

"I will fare to Avalun, to the fairest of all maidens, to Argante the Queen, an elf most fair, and she shall make my wounds all sound; make me all whole with healing draughts. And afterwards I will come again to my kingdom and dwell with the Britons with mickle joy. Even with the words there approached from the sea a little short boat floating with the waves; and two women therein wondrously formed; and they took Arthur anon, and bare him quickly, and laid him softly down, and forth they gan depart. Then was it accomplished that Merlin whilom said, that mickle care should come of Arthur's departure. The Britons believe yet that he is alive, and dwelleth in Avalun with the fairest of all elves, and the Britons ever yet expect when Arthur shall return."

This I give also in Layamon's own language, that the reader may observe for himself how far this form of "Semi-Saxon"—or rather, Transition English—is like modern English:—

"And ich wulle varan to Avalun:
To vairest alre maidene.
To Argante þere quene:
Alven swiðe sceone.

And heo scal mine wunden
Makien alle isunde,
Al hal me makien
Mid haleweige drenchen,
And seoðe ich cumen wulle
To mine kineriche
And wunien mid Brutten
Mid muchelere wunne.
Æfne þan worden
þer com of se wenden
þat was an sceort bat liðen
Sceoven mid uðen,
And twa wimmem þer inne
Wunderliche idihte,
And heo nomen Arthur anan
And aneouste hine uereden.
And softe hine adun leiden.
And forth gunnen hine liðen.
þa wes hit iwurðen
þat Merlin seide whilen
þat weore unimete care
Of Arðures forð-fare.
Bruttes ileueð yete
þat he bon on liue
And wunnien in Avalun
Mid fairest alre aluen ;
And lokieð euere Bruttes yete
When Arður cumen liðe."

Layamon has completely kept, after the introductory line or two, himself and his own time out of the story that is really a poem in his hands. It is not easy, therefore, to assign to his work an exact date. In telling of Leir and of Caer-Leir, or Leicester, that he is said to have founded, Layamon says that "of yore it was a most noble burgh, and afterwards there fell towards it very much sorrow, so that it was all destroyed through slaughters of the people." This may be supposed to refer to its destruction by the forces of Henry II. in 1173. Again, in telling of King Ebrauc, after

whom the burgh he founded was called Eborac, he says, "afterwards came foreign men and named it Eoverwic, and the northern men, not long since, through an ill practice, called it Yeork." In another passage, within not many lines of the end, he thus ascribes to King Ina the establishment of Peter's pence: "Inne was the first man that began Peter's penny. When Inne, the king, was dead, and his laws done away, then ceased the tribute here five-and-sixty years, until that Athelstan arrived into this land, and had dwelt here full fifteen years. The king kissed his feet and greeted him fair, and eft the same tribute granted that Inne, the king, did ere; and so it hath stood ever since in this land—the Lord knoweth how long the law shall last!" In 1205 King John and his nobles resisted the Pope's mandate for its collection. In the beginning of his work, too, Sir Frederic Madden, who calls attention to these points, adds that Layamon says Wace presented his book to Eleanor, who *was* Henry's queen, inferring from this that either Henry, or both he and Eleanor, must then have been dead. But, it is argued, Henry died in 1189 and Eleanor in 1204. The date of the composition of Layamon's "Brut" is, therefore, on this as well as the other grounds, placed, by common consent, a few years after the year 1200. I do not doubt the accuracy of the conclusion thus arrived at; but no argument is to be founded on the expression "Eleanor, who was Henry's queen," unless it be admitted that Layamon wrote this poem after his own death, for his very first lines tell that "There was a priest in the land who was named Layamon."

Layamon, priest and teacher—like Wace he was *clerc lisant*—in a rural district, was among those who spoke the language of the country with the least mixture of Norman-French. In the earlier of the two MSS. of Layamon,* written in the thirteenth century, Sir Frederic Madden found

* In Brit. Mus. Cotton MSS. Caligula A ix.

that the English of the poet contained fewer than fifty words derived from the Normans, and some even of those which he found may have come direct from Latin. Such words of French or Latin are:

"admirail, appostolie, astronomie, barun, bunnen (bounds), canele (sweet cane), cheisil (linen), coriun (pipe), duc, eastresse (territories), falsie (to fail), flum (river), ginne (stratagem), haleweie (balsam), hune (mast top), ire (angry), latinier, machunes (machines), mahun (idol), male (coffer, mail), mantel, montaine, nap (cup), paradis, pouere, processioun, scurmen (to skirmish), senaht (senate), servise, sire, sot (fool), timpe (tambour)."

And several of these words had been used more than half a century before in the Saxon Chronicle. The second MS. of Layamon,* written about a generation later, drops about twenty of the French words in the early text, and introduces rather more than forty others, of which a few had long been in familiar use. Among these words are:—

"abbey, chapeil, nonnerie, anued (annoyed), atyr (attire), conseil, chevetaine (chieftain), contre, cri, delaie, eyr (heir), failede, fol, folie, gile, grace, granti, guise, honure, hostage, manere, paid, parc, passi (to pass), prisune, route, tresur, tumbe, gisarme (battle-axe), harsun (saddlebow), pensiles (standards), seine (ensign), pais (peace), paisi (to reconcile) truage (tribute)."

In the two texts, containing together more than 56,800 lines, there are thus but ninety words of French origin to be found.

Battles are described in the old way. In Layamon's "Brut," as in Cædmon or "Beowulf," there are few similes, and those which occur are simply derived from natural objects, as the lion, the boar, Layamon's Verse.

* Cotton MSS. Otho C xiii. Both texts are printed by Sir Frederic Madden. Damaged and supposed to be lost by the fire in 1731, its fragments were collected in 1827 by the Rev. J. Forshall, then keeper of the MSS. In this later MS., of the 26,960 lines of the poem, 2,370 are wholly lost, and 1,000 injured.

the crane, hail, &c. There is the same use of a descriptive synonym for man or warrior. There is the old depth and earnestness that rather gains than loses dignity by the simplicity of its expression, often in colloquial form. There is the old alliterative manner, too, with greater freedom in the use, sometimes the two letters of alliteration are in the second half line instead of the first, sometimes there are two in each half line, sometimes only two in the whole line.* There are traces of assonance, with here and there a little slide into full rhyme, that had by imitation both of Latin and of French verse already found its way into songs of the people, the accent being placed with equal justice on the alliterative and upon the rhyming syllable. The rhyming couplets are described by Mr. Guest as founded on the models of accentuated Anglo-Saxon rhythms of four, five, six, or seven accents, those of six and five accents being used most frequently, but with changes made at will by the poet from the shortest to the longest.

The substance of this first long English poem after the Conquest is too rich in detail for complete analysis; but the remarkable influence of Geoffrey of Monmouth's history, now apparent, may well be represented in a sketch of the form given by Layamon to that part of it from which the Arthurian romance was disconnected for especial amplification by the poets. The mythical part of British History was long familiar to poets, who assumed like knowledge in their readers.

Layamon's "Brut."

Thus it begins:—

"There was a priest in the land Who was named Layamon, He was son of Leovenath,—May the Lord be gracious to him!—He dwelt at Ernley, At a noble church Upon Severn's bank, Good it seemed to him, Near Radstone, Where he read book. It came to him in mind, And in his chief thought, That he would of England Tell the noble

* Examples of all will be found in Schipper's "Alt Englische Metrik," pp. 149—153.

deeds. What the men were named, And whence they came Who English land First had, After the flood That came from the Lord That destroyed all here That is found alive Except Noah and Sem Japhet and Cam And their four wives That were with them in the ark. Layamon began the journey Wide over this land And procured the noble books Which he took for pattern. He took the English book That Saint Bede made, Another he took, in Latin, That Saint Albin made And the fair Austin Who brought baptism in hither; The third book he took, Laid there in the midst, That a French clerk made, Who was named Wace Who well could write And he gave it to the noble Eleanor that was Henry's Queen, The high king's. Layamon laid down those books And turned the leaves, He beheld them lovingly, May the Lord be merciful to him! Pen he took with fingers And wrote a book-skin And the true word Set together And the three Books Compressed into one. Now prayeth Layamon Each good man, For the Almighty's love, That reads this book, And learns this rune (counsel) That he these soothfast words Say together For his father's soul That brought him forth, And for his mother's soul That bore him to be a man, And for his own soul That it be the better. Amen. Now saith with lofty song He that was a priest in the land All as the books speak, That he took for pattern. The Greeks had Troy With mischief conquered," &c.

Eneas escaped with his son Ascanius and his retinue in twenty ships to Italy, landed where Rome now stands, and was courteously received by the wise old King Latin. He was to marry also the king's daughter, Lavinia, and be his heir. Turnus, who loved her, fought for her and fell. Eneas took Lavine to wife, and had the country, and after four years died, and after his death the queen had a son for her comfort, Silvius Eneas, of whom his brother, Ascanius, son of Eneas, by Creusa, daughter of Priam, took charge. In his day the Fiend carried away, from Alba Longa that he built, the idol that Eneas brought from Troy. Ascanius had a son named Silvius, who secretly loved Lavine's niece; and when the lady was with child, Ascanius called all who knew songs of magic art, the Devil was among them, to tell what that was. And they found by their sorrowful spells that it was a son, who should slay both his father and his mother, and be through their death driven from the land. And his mother died through him in his birth, but the child lived, and was named Brutus, throve, and loved virtue. When fifteen years old, he went to the wood with his father. They found a herd of harts. The father drove them to his son; Brutus set on his arrow, he thought to shoot the tall deer, and hit his own father through the breast. Woe was Brutus

therefore! Woe was him alive when his father was dead! When his kindred heard that he had slain his father, they banished him from the land, and he went sorrowful to Greece, where he found his kindred of the Troy folk, but they were all slaves. The men were become numerous; the women had thriven; the cattle were abundant. Brutus had been but a little while in the land when he became dear to all; for he was a man most good to please the people; bountiful, which is great honour; beloved by all who looked on him. They gave him gifts and greeted him courteously; they said to him secretly that if he were bold and durst do it, he would lead them out of slavery to freedom, and he should be their duke. "We have," said they, "seven thousand good knights, besides the women, who know nothing of weapons, children, and hinds to mind the cattle." In Greece was a young man of thirty years old, named Assaracus, his father a Greek, his mother a Trojan concubine. Assaracus had a brother born in wedlock, who took from him the castles that his father gave him; so there was much fighting, and Assaracus, who was a good knight, joined the Trojans who were of his mother's kindred. By his advice Brutus was made Duke, war was prepared, and a letter was sent by Brutus to Pandrasus, the Greek king, telling him that he had seven thousand men in castles, and in the mountains many thousands, who would rather live on roots like swine of the forest than endure more slavery, and that they prayed him in friendship to set them free. The king raised a great army, but Brutus, disposing his men in a forest pass, smote the king's army, so that many fell by sword and spear; many were drowned in the river Achalon. Then the king's brother, Antigonus, marched against Brutus, was defeated and taken prisoner. The king besieged the castle of Sparatin, in which were six hundred Trojan knights; and, as the king thought, his captive brother, but he was safe in the woods. The king could not take the castle, and when famine approached, the knights in it sent for help to Brutus. There was a well-born man, named Anacletus, taken with Antigonus. Brutus rushed on him, threatening him grimly with naked sword, "unless thou dost my bidding; but if thou do it ye may help yourselves." Anacletus consented to go to his own men as an escaped prisoner, say that Antigonus was escaped also, and lying in the wood for rescue, and so bring the knights of the Greeks into an ambush. This he did, for he was the betrayer of his people. And then Brutus, dividing his army, crept by stealth on the king's camp; and when he was at the door of the king's tent, he leapt from his horse and blew a loud blast on his horn. The Trojans heard that and advanced; they awakened the Greeks with their terrible slaughter. Heads flew on the field. The fated fell;

many hand, many foot, the hap was worse, and Brutus with his knights captured the king. All whole and sound loudly he called, "I have the king of this folk! Fell down his people. Let none escape alive to the woods, and I will lead this king with myself." So Brutus took all and delivered Sparatin. On the morrow they buried the slain and divided the spoil.

Then it was proclaimed that the Trojans should come to the hustings, and their lord spake, and thus said to them, "Listen, my knights; listen, my dear men; tell me the counsel that seems to you good. I have this king and his brother prisoners, have slain his people, and parted his goods among my friends. If ye that are my brave men advise it, I will smite off his head; and if ye so advise me, I will free him, if he give us treasure for his life." Then the knights answered with differing opinions, and while they debated Membricius spoke and counselled that they demand of the king freedom, his daughter, Ignogen, for wife to Lord Brutus, gold, steeds, provision, and all the ships that were in his land, so that the Trojans might depart over the seas to a country pleasant to them, where they would make Brutus king. When he had spoken [and his whole husting speech is given in the poem], there was great talking, great din, much clamour of people, and they all cried thus, "Sooth saith Membricius." So was agreed, and so was done, and the good knights went right to the sea; great was the joy that Brutus had with him! Brutus took Ignogen and led her into the ship. They righted their ropes, they reared their masts, they wound up sails, the wind stood at their will; sixteen times twenty ships went from the haven, and four great ships that were full laden with the best weapons that Brutus had.

First they landed at the island of Leogice [Leucas?], that had been ravaged by outlaws, and bereft of inhabitants. There the men killed as much wild deer as they would, and found a ruined castle with a temple made of marble stone, lofty and spacious, "the Worse had it to wield." Therein was an image of woman's form, fair and very noble, called by her heathen name Diana, the Devil loved her. She worked wonder-craft with the Fiend's help. She was queen of all the woods that were on earth. Brutus took his twelve wisest men and a priest, bare a gold vessel of wine mixed with the milk of a hind shot by his own hand, lighted a fire on the altar, and went nine times around it. He entreated the beloved lady, often kissed the altar, poured milk on the fire, with mild words, "Lady Diana! loved Diana! high Diana, help in need. Teach me, counsel me by thy wise craft, whither to lead my people to a winsome land, where they may dwell. And if I may get the land and my people spread over it, I will make a spacious

dwelling in thy name, and honour thee with high worship." Thus spake Brutus, and he took the hide of the hind, spread it before the altar, kneeled, lay down on it and slept. Then it seemed to him in a dream that his lady, Diana, beheld him lovingly, and courteously laid her hand upon his head, and said, "Beyond France thou shalt find in the West a winsome land that is surrounded by the sea. Thereon thou shalt prosper. There is fowl, there is fish; there dwell fair deer. There is wood, there is water, there is much wilderness. The land is most winsome. Springs there are fair. Eotens most strong dwell in the land. Albion is the land's name, but men there are none. Thereto shalt thou go, and a new Troy there make; there shall arise of thy kin royal progeny, and over all lands shall their fame be high." Brutus when he awoke promised the lady in that land a temple and an image of red gold.

So [with divers lesser adventures] they sailed on, and, escaping at the pillars of Hercules the siren snares of the mermaids, saw Spain, and, there landing, found a four-fold host of their own kindred, who had been led thither by Atenor after the fall of Troy. After Atenor was dead, Corineus, strong as a giant, was their duke, and he it was who gave Brutus the kiss of welcome. When Brutus told whither he was bound, Corineus said, "And I will go with thee, with my good folk, and have part with thee; and hold thee for chief and obey thee for lord."

So they came by Armorica, and anchored in the Loire for seven nights and a day, and sent over the land and viewed the people. Goffar King of Poitou was displeased, and, to inquire why these people came, sent his alderman, Numbert, who met Corineus, with five hundred knights, and horn and hounds, hunting the deer in the king's park. Numbert in wrath shot an arrow against Corineus, but Corineus, leaping on him like a lion, seized the bow from which the arrow had been shot, and smote him with it, so that his head-bone broke to bits, and his blood and brains dashed out. Numbert's companions fled with the tidings to King Goffar, who raised an army. Then there was a battle lasting for a day, and Corineus slew two hundred with his sword before it broke. After the sword broke, he wrenched a war-axe from a man's hand, and with that hewed among the flying Poitou folk. The king's strong man Suard he chopped in two, right by the ribs. The folk that fled from Corineus came to Brutus, and they slew all that they came nigh.

Goffar fled out of his kingdom to the Emperor and twelve companions, who were kings, of France. While Brutus was harrying Armorica, they gathered forces, and presently they besieged Brutus in

a strong castle that he had built. In a sally made by Brutus, a strong knight, and relation of his, named Turnus, was so furious in fight that, when he was killed, from him the castle was named Tours, and the whole land Touraine.

The French were beaten, Brutus blew his horn, assembled his forces, and they held counsel together, and resolved to march to the sea. So they went to their ships with treasure of Goffar and of the Frenchmen dead in fight, and voyaged till they came to land at Dartmouth, by Totnes. Then had Brutus the gift Diana promised him, and his men made mirth and were thankful. They found in the land twenty giants, whose names I never have heard tell in song or speech, except the name of one who was their chief lord, hight Geomagog, who was the most powerful. God's enemy: the Worse loved him. The arrows of the Trojans at first drove these fiends into the caverns. But one day, when Brutus and all his folk were blithe, there came twenty tall giants descending from the hills, mighty and strong; great trees were their clubs, and in a little time they slew five hundred. Then the Trojan men turned on them with arrows, and slew all but Geomagog, who was taken alive, and brought before Brutus, to wrestle with Corineus.

"Brutus sat as judge upon a down, the folk came together upon a sea-cliff. Forth came Corineus, and advanced himself, and the giant also, that all beheld it. There was many a man, there was many a woman, there was mickle folk at the wrestling. They yoked their arms and made themselves ready; breast against breast—bones they cracked. They thrust out their shanks, the heroes were strong; they rammed their heads together, the people beheld. Oft they fell down, as they would lie; oft they leaped up, as they would fly. Loathly glances they flashed with their eyes. Their gnashing of teeth was all as the wild boar's rage. Awhile they were black and loathly swollen; awhile they were red and highly enraged. Either of them willed to conquer the other with wiles, with stratagems, and with wondrous strength. Geomagog bethought what he might do, and thrust Corineus from off his breast, eft drew him back and broke him by the back four of his ribs, evilly he marred him; but he no whit minded that. It wanted little that Corineus was not overcome. Nevertheless he bethought him what he might do; he took Geomagog to heart and stretched out his arms and hugged him so that his back broke, grasped him by the girdle, and grimly heaved him up. The rock was most high where on the cliff they fought. Corineus felled him, and hurled him with strength down the rock, so that his bones clave asunder, so the fiend broke all to pieces ere he came to the ground, and thus went the mighty wretch to

hell. Now and evermore is the cliff known to each people as Geomagog's leap."

Then the Trojans spread over the land, tilled it, built towns. It had been named Albion; they called it as the land of Brutus, Britain; and the Trojan men after their lord called themselves Britons. Brutus gave Corineus, his dear warrior, one part of the land. The lord hight Corineus and the land Corinie. Afterwards, through the people who were in the land, they called it Cornwall, through their foolish custom. [It was a Cornwall that included Devonshire.] Their own Trojan speech they called British, but Englishmen changed its name after Gurmund came into this land.

Gurmund drove out the Britons, and his folk were named Saxons from one end of Alemaine, that was named Angles, and of Angles come Englishmen, and they called it England. The English overcame the Britons. Brutus had Britain, and Corineus Cornwall. The people increased and throve, and the fair land was dear to Brutus.

Then thinking of Troy, he journeyed over all this land to view the country, and found a winsome spot upon a water, and reared there a rich burgh, with bowers, and halls, and high stone walls, and named it Troy the New. Afterwards the people called it Trinovant. And many winters afterwards there arose a King of Brutus' kin named Lud, who loved this burgh much, dwelt in it many winters, and caused loudly to be proclaimed that it should be called Kaer-Lud, after his own name. Afterwards came other dominion and new customs, so that men called it Lundin all over the country. Then came Englishmen who called it Lundene; thereafter the French, who conquered it with fight and called it, with their country manners, Lundres.

Brutus reigned 24 years, and he and Ignogen had three sons. Locrin, the eldest and wisest, who had the south land, of people called after him Locres [Lloegr]; and Camber was the second, who had all westward of Severn, Cambria, "that is the wild land that the Welshmen love." Afterwards it was called Wales on account of the Queen Galues, and for the Duke Guaiun men called them Welshmen. The third brother was Albanac, whom King Humber afterwards destroyed; he had the north land now called Scotland, but in his day Albanie.

Then follows the story of the coming of Humber, king of the Huns and of Sabrina, daughter of Locrine. Queen Guendolen, who drowned Sabrina and her mother, *Æstrild*, in the Severn, that now bears by her command Sabrina's name, reigned fifteen years and nine days after Locrine's death. But she afterwards retired to her own Cornwall, giving to Madan, her son, his father's kingdom. Madan had two sons,

Malin and Membrez, both of them wicked; at his death he gave his kingdom in their hands. Then there was strife between them. Membrez slew his brother, and reigned twenty years as a monster of wickedness; but at last, parted from his followers in the hunt, was set upon and torn to pieces by wolves. His son and successor, Ebrauc, was the noblest of kings. He conquered France and more than France. "This was the first king that went out a robbing, who passed over sea out of this land. Very long after this time was all his people immeasurably rich from his plunder. He it was who built Kaer Ebrauc; afterwards it was called Eborac; then came foreign men and named it Eoverwic; and the northern men, not long since, through an ill-usage, named it Yeorc." He reigned sixty years, and had twenty sons, each by a different mother, and thirty fair daughters, after the fairest of whom, Galues, Wales was named. Silvius, king of Lombardy, sent for all Ebrauc's daughters, to be married to his knights of Trojan kin, who could not endure the women of the Lombard country. Some of their brothers went with them and passed as conquerors into Alemaine, but the eldest son remained by his father Ebrauc, and his name was Brutus Vert-Escu. He reigned twelve years after his father's death, and had a son named Leil, who reigned after his father five and twenty years, and built Kaer Leil (Carlisle). "In all the north land is there no burgh so fair." Leil died when his kingdom was disturbed by strife among his noble barons. His son, Ruhhudibras, who reigned thirty-nine winters, established peace. He 'made a noble burgh, and called it Winchester; such work seemed to him most pleasant, and afterwards he made Canterbury. An eagle spoke from a castle wall the warning of his death.

His son, Bladud, who followed, was a busy man, strong and huge, rich and mighty. He knew the evil craft, so that he spake with the Worse, and all that ever he would the Worse told him. He wrought baths with a kind of stone as great as a beam, which he laid in a well spring. This stone makes the water hot and heals folk. He built (at Bath) near the bath a temple of Minerva, wherein was a fire, never extinguished. He boasted that he would fly like a bird, made wings, and went to London with much folk, put on his wings, and went very high, got very near the Welkin. Then the wind turned against him, his flight was weak, his cords broke, and he fell, so that he was dashed to pieces on the roof of the temple of Apollo, the mighty Fiend who was worshipped in London.

Bladud had a son who was named Leir; who ruled sixty winters; he built Kaer Leir, which we in our country speech call Leirchestre (Leicester). Yore it was a most noble burgh, and afterwards there fell

towards it very much sorrow, so that it was all destroyed through slaughter of the people. The king had three daughters, but he had no son. The eldest daughter, hight Gornoille, the second Ragan, the third Cordoille. She was the youngest, of beauty fairest; she was to her father dear as his own life. [Here follows the legend of King Lear that Shakespeare has idealised. Its end here is with Lear's triumph by help of his daughter's husband from over the sea-stream, Aganippus King of France.] The old king also lived three years after giving the land to Cordoille, and after death was buried by her at Leicester, in the temple of Janus. But after Lear's death, and her husband's death, which happened five years later, Cordoille was attacked by her sister's sons, Morgan and Cunedagius, who slew her armies, captured her, put her in prison, a torture-house, and angered their aunt till "she took a long knife and deprived herself of life."

Then her two nephews divided the land; but two years afterwards Morgan wasted the country of his cousin, who chased him and smote off his head. Then for thirty-three years Cunedagius was sole lord. In his days Remus and Romulus made Rome. In the days of his son Riwald it rained blood three days and three nights; then came black flies that destroyed men by flying into their eyes, mouths, and noses, and that ate the corn and grass. Thereafter was such a mortality that few remained alive. King Riwald's son, Gurgustius, reigned half a year; Sisillius came next, who was soon dead. Then came Lago, who lived eight weeks. Next came King Marke, who was king thirty weeks.

Then came Gorbodiago, he was a good king five years. He had two sons, both wicked, the elder hight Fereus, the younger Poreus. [Here follows the legend which is the subject of our first English tragedy, Gorboduc, or Ferrex and Porrex.]

The end of that story was civil war and great destruction of men, so that few here remained alive. Four chiefs divided the land; in Scotland was King Stater, in Logres King Piner, Cloten had Cornwall, Rudauc had North Wales. Cloten had most right, the others most strength. But of Cloten came a son, the fairest this kingdom ever had, and his name was Donwallo Molinus, or Dunwale; he reconquered the land, and was the first after Brutus who put on the golden crown. He reigned well forty years, and left two sons, Belin and Brennes. Belin gave to Brennes the land by the sea north of Humber, and the brothers were friends five years, till evil counsellors, traitorous Malgod the chief, sowed strife between them. Brennes, too, being in Norway, was wedded against his will to Delgan, the king's daughter there, who had for her true lover Godlac King of Denmark. When Brennes was about to take her to England, she sent to Godlac that he might rescue

her. Godlac, therefore, met with a fleet of forty ships the seven hundred returning ships of Brennes, fought them, dispersed them, and took Delgan out of the Queen's ship, that she might go with him to Denmark. But a fierce storm arose, and cast Godlac and Delgan on the English coast, in Belin's land, where they were taken prisoners. Brennes, returning with four hundred ships, sent with threats for his queen and the King Godlac; but Belin denied them, overcame his brother in battle, and caused him to fly as an exile in a single ship. Then Godlac and Delgan were set free, on leaving hostages for payment of ransom and tribute.

After this Belin was sole king, and he made three streets, one called Fosse, from Totnes to Caithness, one from Southampton to St. David's, and a third that divided this land in the midst; and he ordained death for any who should on these streets break the king's peace. Brennes went with twelve companions where he became rich, and was much beloved. He married the daughter of the lord of Burgundy, and of the Britain that is beyond the sea-strand, and succeeded to his lordship. Then he came to invade the kingdom of his brother; but their mother, the old Queen Tonuenne, walked to him barefoot in a tattered kirtle, embraced him, kissed him, and with tears persuaded him to lay down his red shield, and his long spear, and his strong sword, trust his mother, and love his brother. So the brothers kissed, and trumpets blew, and peace was among the people. But the brothers joined arms to go into France, where there were four kings, and they won the land in fight. After this they agreed to go to Rome and avenge the death of Remus, whom Romulus slew many years before there. They conquered their way to within four days' march of Rome, when the Romans sent traitors compassing their death under promises of submission in the name of their God Dagon. The brothers would go through Lombardy to conquer Germany, and the Alemanish emperor prepared a host, to which the Romans sent ten thousand knights in aid. Then Rome was taken; and Brennes dwelt in it as emperor, and governed Rome for fifteen years. After he died, the Romans took their land again.

Belin came home, and made good laws, and went to Wales and built a noble burgh upon the River Usk, and named it Kaer-Usk. And afterwards it was called Caer-Leon, because after Belin's death the Romans, desiring revenge on the Britons who had conquered them, sent four legions, each of 6,666 men, who harried the people and won Caer-Usk, and held it till there came more of their countrymen. Wherefore the place was called Kaer-Legiun, the City of Legions, and afterwards people called it Kaer Liun.

When Belin had built Kaer-Usk, he went to London, and built the strongest tower in the town, and made a gate thereunder. The men called it Belin's-gate (Billingsgate), and now and evermore the name standeth there. In Belin's days there was so much meat that it was without measure, and so much drink that through it thousands perished. He was so much loved that when he died they put him in a tomb of gold and gems out of his hoard, and raised him high on the top of his tower, so that men might behold it wide over the land.

After Belin came his son, Gurguint Bertruc, a good man, who fought and slew the Danish king, and forced the Danes to pay their tribute. As he came home by Orkney he found thirty ships containing men and arms, and sent a messenger to bid the seafarers say whence they were and what they sought. Their chief was Pantolaus, driven with his folk from Spain. He sought a land for his people, and offered homage and service in Girguint's kingdom. The king took the homage, but refused to admit the unknown men into his land. But he gave them steersmen, lent them four hundred of his knights, and sent them into Ireland, where no man ever was since Noah's flood had gone over it. There Pantolaus ruled over his people, who had wandered seven years on the sea; their clothes were much damaged, and evilly they were clad; naked they were, and nothing cared who saw their limbs.

After Gurguint, who died in Caer-Leon, reigned his son Guencelin, who had a good and learned wife, Marcie, and she made, and caused to be written, a book of laws called after her, Marcian. Many hundred winters after, came Alfred the king, England's Darling, and wrote the law in English as it was before in British, and changed its name in his day, and called it Mærcene law; but it was not Alfred, it was Queen Marcia who made it.

This wise woman had a little son, named Sillius, for whom she was Regent till he could be bold on horseback. Sillius had two sons, Rummarus and Damus. Damus had an illegitimate son, Morpidus, who always slew on the spot the person with whom he was angry, were it right or were it wrong. He slew the Duke of Moraine (Moray), who ravaged his coast and built a castle in Northumberland, and in the same battle slew with his own hand seven hundred. In his time there came a wonderful beast out of the sea from Ireland-ward that slew often a hundred in a day, and went back at night into the sea, its den. Morpidus went to fight with it; and when he gave the beast its death blow, its last rush and snap bit him in two.

This king had five sons, Gorbonian, Argal, Elidur, Jugenes, and Peredur. Gorbonian ruled first, he was prudent and moderate; then

Argal, the wickedest man that ever had the kingdom. He being banished, Elidur ruled, a keen good knight. Argal returned to the land in disguise, met his brother hunting in a valley, made himself known with brotherly greeting, and was lovingly and secretly taken to a castle named Clud. Thither King Elidur, feigning himself sick to death, called a council to advise about his burial, and sent in to his chiefs when they were met, bidding them not talk so loudly, because his head ached. Then he sent for them to his chamber one by one, and as each entered, the king leaped upon him with a battle-axe, and surrounded him with knights, and forced him to swear fealty to the king's brother, Argal. So he did with all, and made his brother king again; and ever afterwards was Argal noblest of all kings. When Argal died, Elidur returned to his succession; but his younger brothers, Jugenes and Peredur, rose against him, took him, shut him in a tower, and parted the land between themselves. Jugenes ruled south, Peredur north of the Humber. In seven years Jugenes died, and Peredur had all, but was so wicked that the devil seized him. Then Elidur was released by his people, and was made a third time king.

Next follow more kings of divers characters, until we come to Lud, the son of Heli, in whose day Trinovant was named Kaer-Lud, afterwards altered into London. They buried him by a gate that was called Port-Lud, afterwards by the bold Englishmen who came, Ludesgate (Ludgate). Lud left two little children, Androgeus and Tennancius, who were lovingly cared for by his brother Cassibelaunus, who became king, and gave to the children when they grew up two earldoms. Androgeus had Kent, Tennancius Cornwall.

Then came the enraged enemy, Julius Cæsar, with an innumerable host from Rome. He had won with his own hand five-and-fifty kingdoms. Here follow,—the speech of Cæsar on the opposite coast; his letter to Cassibelaunus; the British king's reply; Cæsar's speech of wrath thereat; the invasion; the muster of the British; the battle in which Cæsar, keen beyond measure, killed a hundred, fought as a wild boar, and laboured "till he was all lathered in sweat." Nennius, the brother of the British king, smote Cæsar on the helm so that the sword bit. Cæsar smote Nennius so that his helm gave way and his head bled. Cæsar raised his brand again, and Nennius lifted his shield. The sword bit into the shield. "Julius wrested it, and the sword stuck fast. Julius held the sword and Nennius the shield. Long they tugged thus, but Cæsar could not draw the sword out." Androgeus advanced then to the help of Nennius, and Cæsar, relinquishing his sword, fled empty handed. Afterwards Nennius drew out the sword. Defeated Cæsar went back with his host to Flanders. Nennius died of his head

wound, and was buried with Cæsar's sword by his side, a sword very broad and long, and engraven with letters saying that it was called CROCEA MORS.

"So the sword hight
For it had much might."

At his second coming Cæsar was again beaten by the British. But afterwards Evelin, a relative of Androgeus, slew in wrath at a mock combat Herigal, one of the king's kin [this part of the story first appears in Layamon], and fled to Androgeus, in Kent, for protection from the king's wrath. Because Androgeus did not deliver this man up, Cassibelaune took London from him, banished him from court, and slew many of his knights. For which reason Androgeus, who had in Kent twenty strong castles, wrote a letter offering his help to Cæsar. As he gave hostages of his faith, Cæsar came, and he was well received by Androgeus at Dover. So, by help of Androgeus, Cassibelaune was defeated, and had lain three days in distress on a hill when he sent to appease Androgeus. Then Androgeus, going to Cæsar, begged favour for Cassibelaune, promising tribute on his behalf. But Cæsar averted his head wrathfully, on which Androgeus spoke in a bolder tone, and Cæsar replied, "Androgeus, my dear man, all thy will I will do." Cassibelaune, therefore, came down the hill, and was nobly received, and became Cæsar's man, promising three thousand pounds of tribute.

Cæsar went, taking Androgeus with him to Rome, where Androgeus ruled all that he would. Cassibelaune dying in York, Tennancius was king. He reigned twenty-two years, and had a son named Kinbelin, who had gone with his uncle Androgeus to Rome, had been made a knight by Augustus Cæsar, and had defended the Rome folk against foreign nations. He was sent for to succeed his father. In his time our Lord was born. In his day also was a marvellous man in this country named Teilesin (Taliesin). He prophesied of the Saviour. Kinbelin [Shakespeare's Cymbeline] left two sons, Wither (Guiderius) and Arviragus. Wither succeeded his father, and refused tribute to Rome. Therefore Claudius, the emperor, landed with an army at Porchester, and destroyed it. King Wither joined battle, and a Roman knight, named Hamun, who could speak British well, treacherously put on the armour of a British knight, and fought by King Wither's side, yet slaying Britons. When the king, hot with battle, went aside from the fight, and let his cuirass drop from his back, treacherous Hamun pierced him with a spear, and fled to his own folk. But Arviragus, who saw this, made haste and put on his brother's armour, mounted his brother's horse, and, as if he were King Wither, led the Briton's

forward, so that they slew nine thousand Roman knights, and Claudius and his folk fled. They left behind five thousand who were captured in a wood, and Hamun who was torn to pieces with horses; and where that was done, for Hamun's death the king named the place Hamton (Hampton); now and evermore the name standeth there. Claudius went over sea safely, but with a change of wind came back, took Porchester again, and besieged Arviragus in Winchester, where peace was made. Arviragus there agreed to marry the emperor's daughter, Genuis, and pay tribute to Rome. At the wedding there was much rejoicing; and, upon Severn, a fair burgh, raised to celebrate the day, was given by Arviragus to Claudius, with the land thereabout, and called in his honour Kair-Clou. But Claudius loved a fair maid who had been taken by his knights at Porchester, and she was with him at Kair-Clou, and they had there a son, who was baptised Gloi. When the boy grew, Claudius gave him the burgh, and for his son's love named it Gloichestre (Gloucester). [This legend also we have first from Layamon.] After this Claudius went to Rome with the child's mother, for other queen he had not. After the death of Claudius, Arviragus refused tribute, and Vespasian came and besieged Exeter. There was a great battle, but Queen Genuis persuaded her lord to hold by his compact to her father, and on the second day of the battle she rode between the hosts as peace-maker.

The son of Arviragus was Maurius. In his reign Rodric from Scythia first came with the Picts into Scotland. [This tradition also is of Layamon's addition to the store.] When Maurius defeated the Picts and slew Rodric, he set up a wonderful stone pillar, and caused thereon to be engraven in strange characters how he slew Rodric, and with horses drew him in pieces, and how he overcame the Picts with his fight. Up he set the stone; yet it there standeth, so it will do as long as the world stands. A name the king shaped to it, and called the stone West-mering, and he took a great part of the land there, and called it West-meringland (Westmoreland); for the name of the stone the land is so called. Fifteen hundred Picts that remained alive were made the king's thrall, and had land, before that time uninhabited, given to them in Caithness. The British refused their petition for wives, so the Picts sent for wives to Gille Coar, King of Ireland, and had Irish women, for which reason their folk began to use the Irish speech.

After this was good King Coil, who was succeeded by a dear son Luces (Lucius), the best that ever had ruled in Britain. Through him the land received Christendom. [Then follows the story of the letter of Lucius to Pope Eleutherius.] Luces left no heir. Then Severus

came from Rome, and they who resisted him fled to the Picts, who received them, and were led by a noble knight, Fulgenes, who took one end of Scotland in his hand, the end was dear to him, it hight Dœiræ. He leapt into Britain with baleful onset, goods he took, men he slew, he did sorrow enow. Then Severus caused a strong deep dike to be made from sea to sea beside Scotland, and thereupon he made a broad wall, and set knights to guard it day and night. Fulgenes then went into Scythia and brought back a ship-army of Picts, who came by the sea-strand into the land and besieged York. There Britons joined him, Severus attacked him, and in a fierce fight Severus was slain, Fulgenes being wounded so that in three days he died.

Severus left two sons, Basian of a British, Geyan of a Roman mother. Between these there was contest for rule; Basian slew Geyan and the Romish folk fled. A subtle knight of low birth, named Canais, went to the Emperor Cyrian at Rome, got ships, and returned to harry Britain, where, by help of the Picts, he killed Basian, and got the land. Then came Allec and Livius Gallus from Rome and slew Canais, and Allec took much of the land. The Britons who refused submission took for their king Asclepidiot Duke of Cornwall, slew Allec, and besieged Livius in London till he was suffered to go forth, swearing never to return. But he and his men met on their way Columban King of Scots, with men of Galloway and Moray, who said they had no part in the compact, and did not spare them. They smote off the head of Livius Gallus, and cast it in a brook that stood by; and all the dead they brought into the brook; and the Britons, because Gallus was slain, thereby named the brook Galli, and in the English books it is named Walbrook.

The story then passes, with curious perversion of history, into British romance, through the persecution of Christians under Diocletian; the legend of Helen, wife of Constantine and daughter of King Coel, who slew and succeeded Asclepidiot; the birth and life of Constantine; his war with Maxentius; Helen's finding of the Cross; the struggle between the Strong Duke Octaves, of Welshland, and Helen's uncle, Trahern; the deeds of Maximian and of the wicked King Gratian. It tells of the coming to Northumberland of Melga and Wanis, with a great army of Gothland outlaws, of men of Denmark and Norway, Irish and Scot; of the departure of the Romans weary of their losses and sorrows in the land; of the despair of the Britons; who once were good knights, but now were helpless and weak; of the ravages of Melga and Wanis; of the fetching of Constantine, the brother of King Aldroein of Brittany, by the Archbishop Guencelin, and of the great battle in which Melga and Wanis were slain, most of

the heathens were destroyed, and the fugitives were hunted over hill and dale, and torn to pieces with loud laughter by the women of the country. To Constantine they gave a British wife. His child, Constantius, was made a monk in Winchester. His second child was named Aurelius Ambrosius. His last-born was Uther, who was the father of King Arthur.

Constantine was stabbed in an orchard by a treacherous Pict, when Ambrosius could not yet ride on a horse, and Uther was at his mother's breast. The people came, therefore, to a husting at London, and would have chosen Ambrosius, but the crafty Vortiger, who was lord of half Welshland, and had forty knights, counselled that they should wait a fortnight. He then went to the child monk Constantius, in Winchester, offering to take him from the monastery, and in due time transfer to him the kingdom if he would make him his steward. The boy gladly assented, for he hated his monk's clothes. Vortiger put a knight's cape on the boy, and put a young swain in the monk's habit, and talked to the swain as if he were the monk, while Constance rode away. But when the prince was safely escaped, Vortiger and his people departed, leaving the empty clothes. The abbot rode after them in wrath, but when he was overtaken, Vortiger swore to the abbot that he would hang him if he did not unhood the boy. Then was Constantius unhooded, and gave to the abbot twenty ploughlands.

From this point the romantic story of Vortigern proceeds, as it was begun, with much detail of Layamon's addition. When this has been told to the end, we come to Merlin, and are soon deep in the romantic stories of King Arthur, which occupy more than a third part of the whole poem. After they are told, little is left to dwell upon but the story of Gurmund, son of the African King Anster, the tale of the mission of Augustine, the romance of the reign of King Cadwallan and loss of his son Cadwalleder, with whom, like Geoffrey of Monmouth's History, the poem ends.

Such was the substance of the poem in which the English mind, escaping from confinement within the bounds of French and Latin, recovered, with a long breath certainly, the use of its own English speech.

By what motive was the country priest impelled to produce these six-and-fifty thousand lines of English verse? He had not, like Wace, the commission of a queen. No liberal Count of Flanders cared for him. No

The spirit of Layamon.

king or courtier, having Wace's "Brut" within his reach in what was then accounted the vernacular of literature, would ask a country priest to turn it into English verse. The introduction to the second manuscript of Layamon's poem says that he dwelt at Ernley, now Areley Kings, with "the good knight." If that phrase be interpolated, not by error but by accurate tradition of a lord of the manor who was remembered after death not by his name, but by his character, as the "Good Knight," we know so much the more of Layamon's home in his parish. But no good knight bade him produce an English "Brut." If his labour had been inspired by any patron, he must have named the patron in the poem. And Layamon has not done that, but, on the contrary, he has explicitly asserted that the task was one of his own choosing. The thought occurred to him and took strong possession of him—"it came to him in mind and in his chief thought—that he would tell the noble deeds of the English."

He was a priest remote from courtly towns, and living near to what were then the Welsh Marches. His parish of Areley Kings, west of the Severn, between Bewdley and Stourport, is now a hamlet with rather fewer than six hundred inhabitants. As it is a rectory worth at the present time about four hundred guineas a year, we may reasonably assume it to have been of old a country living that gave simple competence to any quiet student priest. Such a priest undoubtedly was Layamon. That is shown by the complete forgetfulness of self which, after the usual opening lines, causes his personality to vanish from so long a poem, and by the kindly temper of those first lines. It may be remembered, for example, how they end with addition to the usual request of payment from the reader or the hearer by a prayer for the writer's soul, of a tender thought also "for his father's soul that brought him forth, and for his mother's soul that bore him to be a man."

Layamon was a modest, pious English priest, who loved his country, and enjoyed traditions of its ancient time. Having the true fine natural spirit of a poet and a scholar, he was among the many in almost every part of Europe who had their imagination kindled by Geoffrey of Monmouth's patriotic fictions. He had discoursed much and pleasantly with his neighbours, for his mind was stored with the oral tradition only to be gathered in familiar social talk; and when he translated Wace's "Brut" he added not only fresh legends of his own gathering, but new touches to the old. This he did partly by use of the stories he himself had heard, partly by setting Wace's pictures in the light of his own fancy. His account, for example,* of the wrestling on the Cornish Down between Corineus and the giant Geomagog, shows how Layamon could on occasion translate Wace's verse into more life-like poetry.

Again, Layamon's "Brut" shows that his piety was that of a refined man, unobtrusive. He misses glaring opportunities for preaching, where he has too right an instinct of art to stale the freshness of a legend; as in his delivery of the odd record of Ebrauc's surpassing excellence as the first man who enriched England by plundering his neighbours. He drops reflections here and there; if the poem be read it gives the impression that its writer was a pious priest; and yet in all its six-and-fifty thousand lines there are nowhere to be found ten, if anywhere five, consecutive lines of interpolated preaching.

From his work, then, we have a right to infer that this earliest poet in our modern tongue was a devout, gentle, and affectionate parish priest, who loved his home and his country, and was friend as well as spiritual counsellor to the small flock of rustic parishioners, whose boys he taught and whose good will satisfied all but his intellectual wants.

Then "it came to him in mind and in his chief thought

* See page 217.

that he would tell the noble deeds of the English;" so he made a pilgrimage out of his parish for the books in foreign tongues whose native story it had "come into his mind" to write in native verse. And when he had them, is there a student who does not feel the simple and charming touch of nature in his record, "Layamon laid before him these books, and turned over the leaves, lovingly he beheld them, may the Lord be merciful to him"?

Can we doubt in what spirit the good country priest and poet bent day by day over his long labour, and can we doubt who were his public? In all those thousands of lines chiefly written with a French original beside him are to be found only three or four dozen words of French origin. And yet in translation from the French others were tempted irresistibly to the adoption of French words and phrases, and Layamon, too, was a French scholar. But father Leovenath, and the old mother who bore Layamon to be a man, perhaps were not French scholars, and they, if they lived with him, as it is likely that they did, were the critical chiefs of his public. The rest of the world about his parsonage knew nothing but English. And although Layamon cannot have been without his human desire to be remembered generously by his countrymen, as he who first put the traditions of their ancient glory into English song—and his work was, perhaps, planned to yield fresh matter for chant at rustic festivals by the minstrels and story-tellers who still brought literature to the common ear—the best success he saw was among his simple Areley people. He saw it in the smile from the sick-bed of some poor hut to which, when he had brought the knowledge of a fairer home than Avalon, whither the meanest hind might go with the angels after death, he could bring solace also in unbending from his sacred office. He cannot lock from sight what it is pleasure to him to communicate, and greater pleasure to his humble friends to hear. Gentle voiced, therefore, he

sits sometimes by the straw pallet, with the scroll that contains the labour of his leisure on his knee, charming away care and pain by telling through the sweet music into which he has turned the daily and familiar Areley speech, of Merlin and King Arthur, or the tale of Gorboduc, or of the stricken majesty of Lear.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ORMULUM AND THE ANCREN RIWLE.

BROTHER ORMIN was another writer at the beginning of the thirteenth century from whom we have a considerable work in much English verse. His purpose was religious and didactic. It was to bring home pleasantly and very simply to the understanding of the poor the truths of Scripture in those portions of the New Testament which were read in the daily offices of the church. The intention of his work corresponded to that of the Scripture Paraphrase of Cædmon, although it differed much in plan and execution. His work is called from his own name the Ormulum.

Ormin.

> "Þis boc iss nemmned Orrmulum
> Forrþi þatt Orm itt wrohhte."

But though the author there, for a purpose, calls himself Orm, he says elsewhere that he was named Ormin. There remains only a portion of the work, and it is in a single MS. which forms a folio volume in the Junian collection, now preserved in the Bodleian.* The

The Ormulum.

* "The Ormulum. Now first Edited from the Original MS. in the Bodleian, with Notes and a Glossary, by Robert Meadows White, D.D., late Fellow of St. Mary Magdalene College, and formerly Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford." 2 vols. (Oxford, 1852). A second edition of it was published in 1878, edited by R. Holt, M.A. (Clarendon Press, Oxford).

metre of this work is regular in accent, but without alliteration and without intentional rhyme.

The author tells of himself in the dedication that he was a canon regular of the order of St. Augustine, and that he composed the Homilies in English at the request of Brother Walter, also an Augustinian canon, for the spiritual improvement of his countrymen. His plan is, first, to give a metrical paraphrase of the Gospel of the day, and then to expound it in metre doctrinally and practically, with frequent borrowing from the writings of St. Augustine and Ælfric, and some borrowing from Bede.

Of the homilies provided for nearly the whole of the yearly service, nothing remains beyond the thirty-second, and in what remains there is no sentence that points to the time when the work was written.

The metre is in alternate verses of eight and seven syllables, imitative of a Latin rhythm, or in lines of fifteen syllables with a metrical point at the end of the eighth. Ormin has taken some pains to preserve his rhythm; and over the lines of the MS. marks as of different acute accents, single, double, or triple, are set. These marks may have served as guides to a right elocution, but for the right pronunciation of his vowels Brother Ormin took a precaution all his own. He doubled the consonant after a short vowel, and there only. Where the consonant was single, even a Norman or town-bred priest reading the simple English homily to the simple country congregation was thereby taught that the preceding vowel was a long vowel, and he was accordingly warned not to mispronounce it.

Although Brother Ormin's version of the Scripture service of the day with homily upon it is good in rhythm but not poetical, yet it has one pleasant distinctive character. It is remarkable for its well-studied simplicity of expression. Without sacrifice of the dignity of the subject, each Scripture story is told in the easy language

that might be addressed to an untaught peasant, and the little homily upon it is produced according to the same design. A part of this design appears in the care taken to secure a right pronunciation of the words. There was still some confusion of tongues in the land during the amalgamation of all that was serviceable in the Norman with the English, and if the simplicity of the home speaking were marred by the false pronunciation of any far-fetched town priest or half-foreigner who might officiate as reader, the whole intention of the work would be so far defeated. Doubtless this was the reason of that ingenious use of consonants as a guide to correct pronunciation. Having achieved this contrivance, Brother Ormin did his best to secure it from being made a misleading pathway to confusion by the blunders of transcribers, by thus laying his most special injunction on the copyist: "And whoso shall will to write this book again another time, I bid him that he write it rightly, so as this book teacheth him, entirely as it is upon this first pattern, with all such rhymes as here are set, with just as many words, and that he look well that he write a letter twice where it upon this book is written in that wise. Let him look well that he write so, for he may not otherwise write the word in English, that let him know well for sooth. And if anyone wants to know why I have done this deed, why I have turned into English the Gospel's holy teaching; I have done it in order that all young Christian folks may depend upon that only, that they with their whole might follow aright the Gospel's holy teaching in thought, in word, in deed."

Of which passage the first lines run thus in his own verse:—

"And whase wilenn shall thiss boc
Efft oþerr siþe writenn
Himm bidde icc þatt het write rihht
Swa summ þiss boc him tæcheþþ,
All þwerrt ut affterr þatt itt iss

Uppo þiss firrste bisne,
Wiþþ all swillc rime alls her iss sett
Wiþþ all se fele wordess;
And tatt he loke wel þatt he
An bocstaff write twiyyess
Eyywhær þær itt uppo þiss boc
Iss writenn o þatt wise."

It will have been observed in this specimen that Ormin's rhythm differs less from that of our own day than the rhythm of Layamon, and that the doubling of consonants after short vowels enables the reader, even now, rightly to determine the pronunciation of the words.

From a not less pious but more monkish and Romish priest we have a prose work written for a few women in Transition English. The "Ancren Riwle," of which five MSS. are extant,* and which was first edited for the Camden Society by the Rev. James Morton† in 1853, is a work that was first written in the English of its time, afterwards translated into Latin. It was written for a society of anchoresses, who were afterwards incorporated with the Cistercian order, but who, when this Rule was composed for them, do not seem to have been living under any spiritual superior. And why should they? The whole society consisted of only three pious ladies of good family with their domestics or lay sisters, who had withdrawn from the world to give themselves up to religious exercises and devout meditations. Their rule and their independence of all formal orders is well defined by the

The Ancren Riwle.

* One in Corpus Christi Coll. Camb.; three in the Brit. Mus., Nero A xiv., Titus D xviii., Cleopatre C vi.

† "The Ancren Riwle: a Treatise on the Rules and Duties of Monastic Life." Edited and Translated from a Semi-Saxon MS. of the 13th century. By James Morton, B.D., Vicar of Holbeach, Prebendary of Lincoln, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Earl Grey (Camden Society, 1853). Mr. Morton's introduction to this book is the chief source of information on the subject of it.

writer when he says to them, "If any ignorant person ask you of what order ye are, say that ye are of the order of St. James. If such answer seem strange and singular to him, ask him, What is Order, and where he can find, in Scripture, Religion more plainly described than in the canonical epistle of St. James? He saith what Religion is and right Order, 'Pure religion and undefiled, is to visit and assist widows and orphans, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world.' Thus doth St. James describe Religion and Order." The house occupied by these three anchoresses was at Tarente, called also Tarrant-Kaines, Kaineston, or Kingston, near Crayford Bridge, in Dorsetshire, where it became a nunnery that was suppressed and demolished soon after Henry VIII.'s quarrel with the Pope. The original founder of the house was Ralph de Kahaines, a son of one of William the Conqueror's Norman followers. Ralph built near his mansion at Tarente, according to Dugdale's "Monasticon," "a little monastery for nuns, which his son William increased; and, among other gifts, gave all the tithe of the bread made in his house, wherever he might be in his demesne, except the king's bread, and all the tithe of salt pork and of cattle killed in his house every year." Richard Poor, successively Bishop of Chichester, Salisbury, and Durham, who was born at Tarente, and died there in 1237, rebuilt or enlarged the house and augmented its revenues.

The "Rule" written for the few anchoresses of this house has been ascribed to a Simon of Ghent, who was born in London of a Flemish father. He was Archdeacon of Oxford in 1284, was Bishop of Salisbury in 1297, assisted at the coronation of Edward II. in 1307, and died in 1315. There are ascribed to him also numerous statutes for the government of the church of Salisbury. The authority for naming him as the author is an anonymous prefatory note to the Latin copy of the work at Magdalen

College, Oxford, which adds that it was addressed by him to his own sisters at Tarente. But the English is not such as a bishop would have written at the close of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century. It is Transition English, differing little from that of Layamon, whose "Brut" was written not later than the year 1205. A more probable author of the "Anchoresses' Rule," in the opinion of Mr. Morton, its editor, is the Bishop Poor who refounded the little nunnery, whose earnest character corresponds to the lessons of morality and piety contained in the work, who died in 1237, and who was buried at Tarente, or rather whose heart was buried there, having been taken for that purpose from his body, which was buried at Salisbury, in the cathedral where he was bishop.

The book of the "Anchoresses' Rule" is in eight parts. 1. Of Devotional Services. 2. Of the Government of the External Senses in Keeping the Heart; 3. Moral Lessons and Examples: Reasons for Embracing a Monastic Life; 4. Of Temptations and the means of avoiding and resisting them; 5. Of Confession; 6. Of Penance and Amendment; 7. Of Love or Charity; 8. Of Domestic and Social Duties. The instruction is practical, and is conveyed in simple language, incidentally illustrating in various ways the customs of society and tenets of religion in its time.

The sense and spirit of the "Ancren Riwle" was that it should give counsel as to all things that concerned the anchoresses, as, their dress, their diet, their management of themselves, and of their servants. They were not to beat themselves with leaded whips, nor too much at a time, nor to draw blood from themselves with holly twigs. They were directed also as to their dealings with the confessor. They were to say, "Sir, I played or spoke thus in church; went to the play in the churchyard,"—still, it will here be seen, there is reference to

Spirit of the Ancren Riwle.

the miracle plays, of which we shall have hereafter to speak fully, as a familiar amusement—"I looked on at this, or at the wrestling, or other foolish sports; spoke thus, or played, in the presence of secular men, or of religious men, in a house of anchorites, and at a different window than I ought."

At the close of the book the anchoresses are counselled to read in it every day, as they have leisure, less or more, and "As often as ye read anything in this book, greet the Lady" (for the house was dedicated to the Virgin and All Saints), "greet the Lady with an Ave Mary for him who made this rule, and for him who wrote it and took pains about it. Moderate enough I am, who ask so little."

CHAPTER X.

EARLY SONGS AND BALLADS. THE BARDS IN WALES.

THE spirit of liberty gave life to the people, and their songs had never ceased out of the land. No scholar had yet thought of recording them. Of the oldest popular songs, only here and there a chance mention, or the accidental fixing in some other record of a line or verse remains. But such evidences are as the small holes in the ice through which we see that the deep river still flows on. To the literature of a great nation there belongs very much more than an army of writers. The oak that rises from the surface of the ground would wither in a day if there were not continued down from the great stem its double in an oak below the greensward, of which nobody can paint, or cares to paint, the form. The root of a great literature is the people out of which it springs, and by whose sap it is strengthened. As is the root, so is the fruit. Let the mind of a people be free, generous; through all its prejudices, that are but changing accidents and errors of a day, strong in desire of right; let there be in it also a living sense of God, and there is not a clod but shall yield life and strength to the grand upward growth of such a literature as the English people now can show.

Songs of the people.

Thomas, the monk of Ely, who produced a history of the Church of Ely,* tells in its fifteenth chapter how Canute the King, "going by boat to keep at Ely the

* "E. W." III. 185, 186.

feast of the Purification of the Virgin, looked up at the church that rose from a rock near the Ouse, and ordered the rowers to row slowly towards the land that he might hear the songs of the monks. Then calling his companions about him he bade them sing with him, and, expressing with his own mouth the gladness of his heart, composed this little song in English:—

Songs of the people after the Conquest. Canute's song.

> "Merie sungen the munaches binnan Ely
> Tha Cnut ching reuther by:
> 'Rotheth cnites noer the land
> And here ye thes Munaches sæng.'"
>
> ("Pleasantly sang the monks in Ely,
> When Canute the King rowed by:
> 'Row, knights, near the land,
> And hear ye the song of the monks.'")

with other words which follow, still publicly "sung and remembered in proverbs." The song may have been really made on Canute's staying the course of his boat to hear the distant chant; but the substantial fact is that we have here, in modified First-English, one of the songs of the people floating down from the time before the Norman Conquest to the days of Henry II. Before the invention of printing—and after it—before the people could read books, traditional song and story never failed out of the land. William of Malmesbury, writing in the reign of Henry I., but still more than a century after the event described, tells of the marriage of Canute's daughter, Gunhilda, to Henry Emperor of the Germans, adding, "the splendour of the nuptial pageant was very striking, and still in our times is frequently sung in the highways."* The scóp, then, still scattered verse about the country; and if the gleeman's song

Songs on the Marriage of Gunhilda.

* "De Gestis Pontificum," lib. iii. In Savile, p. 271.

was not desired within the castles of the Norman barons, it lived only the more surely for the people as the literature of the wayside. These songs of Canute, telling no good story and celebrating no event of interest to Norman ears, were not matter for the jongleurs and minstrels, French in name and origin, who became numerous in the days of Richard Cœur de Lion.

To Aldred, the last Saxon Archbishop of York, William of Malmesbury ascribes some lines of metrical prophecy, spoken on his deathbed to a Baron Urse, who had built a castle too close to Worcester Church. Aldred. Only the two first lines are given in English:—"Hatest thou (hightest thou, is your name) Urse, Have thou God's curse."

St. Godric, born at Walpole, in Norfolk, who was for sixty years a hermit at Finchal, near Durham, and who died in the reign of Henry II., A.D. 1170, used, it is said,* to chant a hymn dictated and sung to him by the Virgin, as a solace in pain and temptation. Rhymes of St. Godric. It means—"St. Mary, Virgin Mother of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, take, shield, help thy Godric; take, bring him quickly with thee into God's kingdom! St. Mary, Christ's bower, maiden's purity, mother's flower, wash out my sin, reign in my mind, bring me to dwell with the only God!" And it runs in a form that, when compared with the preceding scrap of song ascribed to Canute, shows how rapidly the English people passed, in popular song, from their own alliterative measure through a half-formed, unrhymed ballad metre, to the rhymed couplet and stanza:—

* Capgrave, in Nova Legenda Angliæ, says it was "rithmice in Anglico compositum;" Ritson in "Bibliographia Poetica: a Catalogue of English Poets of the Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Centuries, with a short account of their Works" (London, 1802), quotes the hymn from its MSS. in Bib. Reg. 5 F vii., Bib. Harl. 322.

" Sainte Marie, [ ] virgine
Moder Jhesu Cristes Nazarene
Onfo, schild, help thin Godric
Onfang, bring hegilich with the in Godes riche.

" Sainte Marie, Christes bur,
Maidens clenhad, moderes flur,
Dilie min sinne, rix in min mod,
Bring me to winne with the selfd God.'

Eager to know the eternal future of a sister who had died a recluse at Durham, Godric obtained from her this rhymed answer, with an angelic chorus of " Kyrie Eleison : "—

" Crist and Sainte Marie swa on scamel me iledde
That ic on this erde ne silde with mine bare fote itredde."

i.e., " Christ and St. Mary thus supported me led. That I on this earth should not with my bare foot tread." One other rhyming verse was the product of this saint's sixty years of seclusion. It means: " St. Nicholas, God's lover! build us a fair, beautiful house. By thy birth, by thy bier, St. Nicholas bring us well there."

" Sainte Nicholaes, Godes druth
Tymbre us faire scone hus.
At thi burth, at thi bare,
Sainte Nicholas, bring us wel thare."

Such popular rhymes are of kin to the form of the Here Prophecy in 1189, to which we have already paid attention. Enough has been said to show how soon the tune of Saxon music caught the gayer measure of the people who came to the conquest of England with the spear of their poet knight, Slicing Sword, Taillefer,* the first to

* The old Earls of Angoulême are said to have borne the name of Taillefer, because William, the second earl, clove with his sword at one blow an armed captain down to the stomach.

strike, and a song of Roland and Roncesvalles mingling with the din of the decisive battle.

In the first years of tumult following the Conquest the unwritten songs of the people were almost the only literature of the English. The misinterpreted shouts of the Saxons led to a massacre in London, even while William was being crowned in Westminster. The Cymry never ceased to hold their own and watch every opportunity of recovering what once had been theirs in the west, and the spirit of Northumbria remained yet unsubdued. After a success on the Humber, the Normans suffered a disaster at Durham by the rising of the country. Danes came to help the old friends among whom were so many of their kinsmen; but their help was cruel, and the chief of their expedition was bribed to betray his cause. Then William, marching from the Humber to the Tyne, massacred the people, old or young, woman or child, burnt their homes, destroyed their corn and meat. William of Malmesbury tells how, still in his day, ground that had been fertile lay here for more than sixty miles bare and uncultivated. Many noble Saxons fled and took service abroad. Some joined troops of the common people, who took shelter in the fastnesses of the woods, and, as bands of patriotic outlaws, lived on their oppressors. So were laid the foundations of the popular delight in stories of the merry men of the greenwood. Corn and meat during the Norman massacre had been brought in from villages, stored in houses, and consumed by fire. But Sherwood Forest, in those days, stretched from Nottingham to Whitby, and therein was food for a good marksman, with fuel in plenty; while it was for the poor and outcast who were strong of limb a castle finer than any of the eleven thousand that the Normans are said in the Saxon Chronicle to have already built by Stephen's time. When, a century later—in Henry II.'s reign—Sherwood Forest, still a strong

The people in the forests.

hold of the oppressed, owned Robin Hood for its king, he soon became throughout England a more popular sovereign than even Edward the Confessor, all whose shortcomings were lost in the fact that he was a native king, with the foil of a Dane before him and a Norman after him. Plunder upon the plunderers was no crime, but a virtue, in the eyes of a much-troubled people.

But before Robin Hood was Herward, son of the Lady Godiva, famous in English legend, and of her husband Leofric, the great Earl of Mercia, who died in 1057. Herward returned from foreign wars, a soldier of fortune, to find that his home had been seized and his mother insulted by a Norman. He took to the fens, received his sword and belt, as a knight, from the Saxon Brand, Abbot of Peterborough; carried off the Peterborough plate when a Norman superseded Abbot Brand; seized the fighting Abbot Turold, and only let him off for a ransom of thirty thousand marks; thrashed the king's general Ivo Taillebois; and would have baffled King William himself, who marched against him in person, if the treacherous monks of Ely in the fens had not guided the enemy to Herward's stronghold. A noble Saxon lady, Alswitha, who loved him for his heroism, persuaded the bold warrior to peace and ease. He made peace, says later romance, only to find that it was no peace. His house was surrounded, and he died in arms, fighting with his Norman assassins.

Herward in the fens.

The collection of heroic stories forming the life of Herward sets out with his birth and parentage, his exile for being too wild and masterful a youth, his killing a great bear, and tells his adventures as a famous soldier in Ireland and Flanders before his fighting in the fens. It tells how, taking with him his swift mare called the Swallow, he went from his fen fastness as a spy to the king's court, disguised as a potter, crying, "Pots! pots! good pots and pitchers!

Earthenware dishes, all of the very best!"* so that he was brought by the cook, who would buy dishes, into the kitchen, and then, for his grand presence and stature, taken up as a curiosity among the soldiers and courtiers. But in the kitchen, after dinner, when the cooks and scullions sought to make him drunk and set him dancing blindfold among his pots, he nearly killed one of them with a box on the ear; then he defended himself against the rest, who advanced on him with spit and skewers; then, being given into custody, he seized on a sword, and did much execution before he escaped on his swift Swallow. The story tells also how he again cheated the king in disguise of a fisherman, and so forth. Something of this had been told in English by Deacon Leofric, whose humour it was to collect and tell in his own tongue all the tales he could find, ancient and modern, of the deeds of giants and great warriors; and there was report also of the existence of a book full of Herward's adventures, told in the native tongue, when the author of the Latin record, that remains to us, collected facts from men who had been Herward's companions in arms and arranged them into a biographical sketch "Of the Deeds of Herward the Saxon."†

Springs of a clear natural music well up out of the depths, and trickle among the growing roots of a true national literature. Here, for example, gay with fresh musical

* "Ollæ! ollæ! bonæ ollæ et urnæ. Omnia hæc fictilia vasa peroptima!"

† The manuscript, "De Gestis Herwardi Saxonis," is among the muniments of Peterborough Cathedral. It was first printed in the "Chroniques Anglo-Normandes" in 1839, from a transcript made for Dean Gale, which is in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. It was collated with the original, and appended by Thomas Wright to his edition of the Metrical Chronicle of Gaimar, published by the Caxton Society in 1850.

mimicry, is the oldest English song now extant.* Each final *e* in it is sounded as a syllable :—

"Cuckoo Song.

"Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu !
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wude nu,
Sing cuccu !
"Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu ;
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,
Murie sing cuccu !

"Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu,
Ne swik thu naver nu ;
Sing, cuccu, nu, sing, cuccu,
Sing, cuccu, sing, cuccu, nu !"

To the reign of Henry II. belongs the life of our popular English ballad hero Robin Hood, who was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, about the year 1160. He was of noble birth, and his true name was Robert Fitzooth, said to have been corrupted into Robin Hood. Some German critics treat him as a nature myth, and find in the name Robin a form of Woden. For us let him be Robert. He may have had, in the latter part of his life at least, some right to his reputed dignity of Earl of Huntingdon. Forfeiture of his inheritance, either by reason of the wildness of his youth or of injustice done, sent him to the old refuge of patriotic outlaws in the years following the Conquest—to the woods, where, in days of cruel and oppressive forest-law, men ate the king's game for their daily meat. His chief companions were Little John, whose surname is said to have been Nailor ; William Scadlock, Scathalock, or Scarlet ; George à Green, the pinder (or pound-keeper) ;

Robin Hood.

* Given by Ritson in his "Ancient English Songs," from Harleian MS. No. 978.

Much, a miller's son; Friar Tuck; and Robin's sweetheart, the Maid Marian. He gathered a company of a hundred stout archers; and ballad tradition always held that if he saw any stout fellow whom he desired for comrade he fought him, took a cudgelling from him, and enlisted him, after he had thus made proof of his strength. His forest-domain was usually at Barnsdale, in Yorkshire, or in Sherwood Forest; some say also at Plompton Park, in Cumberland. He stole only from the rich, and fed the poor with plunder of the abbots; thus taking his own way of expressing popular resentment against the rapine of the flying calves and eagles figured in Walter Map's "Apocalypse of Golias." Said Robin Hood, according to the ballads of the people—

> "These byshoppes and thyse archebyshoppes
> Ye shall them bete and bynde,"

and he loathed especially the Abbot of St. Mary's, York. English tradition has also painted Robin Hood as in the rough way of a rough time a religious outlaw. Friar Tuck was added to his company, that he might not neglect the duties of religion; and there is a story told by Scottish Fordun in the fourteenth century—current, therefore, not long after Robin Hood's death, if not in his lifetime, and a part of the very earliest Robin Hood literature—that, being surprised by the sheriff and his company in the thicket where he and his men were at mass, the greater number of Robin's men immediately fled, but he himself, with a very few, devoutly awaited the completion of the service; after which, by divine aid, they thrashed and spoiled the whole troop of king's officers.*

Again, the oldest of the Robin Hood ballads marks

* I take the supposed facts of the life of Robin Hood from Ritson's introduction to his "Robin Hood Ballads." 2 vols. (London, 1832).

strongly this religious element in the character of the English popular outlaw:—

"A good maner than had Robyn
In londe where that he were,
Every daye or he woulde dyne
Thre masses wolde he here.

* * * *

"Robyn loved our dere Lady
For doute of dedely synne;
Wolde he never do company harme
That ony woman was ynne."

The knights themselves had not a better spirit of chivalry than this, through which the poetry of the people expressed what their priests had become active in teaching them, of homage to the Virgin, their especial saint, type of God's love which mediæval dogmas turned so much to wrath that love required a separate embodiment.

The heart of the people, since the days when Herward in the fens defied William the Conqueror, had always been with the men who dared to maintain a life of perfect freedom in the woods. At first these bold freeholders had been Saxons who disdained submission to the Norman, and the traditional good-will passed easily to outlaws who defied a grinding forest-law. Again we may refer to Walter Map, who, courtier and priest as he was, drew the life of his genius from fellow-feeling with the people, and remember how the Prior of Selwood spoke of the king's foresters.*

The first ballads.

During the thirteenth, and more especially the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, ballad literature came into strong life in Western Europe. It was no part of the inspiration of Provence; from the Provençal, or Norman-French even, or from the Italian literature, no ballads have come down to us. But Spain had her ballad-romances, of which, though it has been asserted

* "E. W." III. 182.

confidently that they were rhymed in exact accord to measures of the Arabs before Mahomet, Mr. Ticknor, the clear-minded American historian of Spanish literature, says justly that "their freedom, their energy, their Christian tone, and chivalrous loyalty announce an originality and independence of character" quite inconsistent with that theory. It was not so much by the forms borrowed, as by the soul of freedom kindled in long conflict with the Moors, that to the Spaniards there came in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the mind which yields a true national literature. Among the Scandinavians and the English, ballads became and long continued to be a familiar social entertainment of the people, and among them, as in Spain, time was kept by a dance movement to the ballad measure. From that fact their name, indeed, is derived. It is not derived, as is commonly said, from the Italian *ballare*, to dance, whence ball and ballet. The technical name for this sort of composition was supplied by mediæval Latinists, who knew little or nothing of Italian. But the term ballad is derived from the middle-Latin word whence the Italians took their name for dancing, "ballare,—huc et illuc inclinare, vacillare"* (to incline to this side and that). And how exactly fit the name was, an account of the traditional manner in which to this day ballads are sung in the Faröe Islands will serve to show:—†

"Their greatest amusement is dancing. Old and young take part in it: their sedentary work and the damp weather make it in some degree necessary. From Christmas till Shrovetide is the proper dancing season, but beside this they dance also on holidays and all occasions of festivity. They use no instrumental music, but dance to songs. It is now the one and now the other who leads the song, and all who can

* Wedgwood's "Etymological Dictionary," under the word Ball.

† Translated, without any etymological purpose, from Lyngbye's preface to his edition of the "Færoiske Quæder," by Dr. R. C. A. Prior, in the introduction to his "Ancient Danish Ballads, translated rom the Originals." 3 vols. (London, 1860).

sing join in it, at least in the refrain. The dance consists in this, that the men and women mutually hold each other's hands, and make three steps forward or to the side, keeping time, and then balance a little, or remain standing still a moment. If there is anyone who does not observe this, he disturbs the whole dance. The object of the song is not only, like dance-music, to regulate the steps, but at the same time to awaken certain feelings by its meaning. One may see by the dancers' behaviour that they are not indifferent to the matter of the song, but with their countenances and gestures take pains to express the various meaning of it. This gives the dance, notwithstanding its uniformity, so much interest that both young and old remain the whole evening in place with scarcely any cessation. These songs in the Faröe dialect are so numerous that the same is seldom sung a second time the same winter. Most of them are pretty long, yet are never written down, but retained in the memory."

The rhymed stories thus sung were produced partly by and partly for the people. For the people, perhaps, rather than by them, the greater number of the ballads that abridged the *fabliaux* or metrical romances of the day were written. These form a considerable part of the Danish ballads, which are said to have come down to us chiefly in MSS. that show the handwriting of educated ladies, and in which, by the attention they represent brave husbands as giving to the prudent advice of their wives, there is said to be frequent indication of a female hand in authorship.* Out of Denmark, too, it may have been often so. The people of England doubtless have owed, in the first days of ballad-writing, many a strain of natural music, as in later time they have owed "Auld Robin Gray," and many another good ballad, to a woman's large and refined sympathies. The woman's heart is quick to resent injustice and warm into a sacred fellow-feeling with the poor. With lively feminine wit, and a tongue in practised harmony with the familiar and simple speech of children, an educated English lady would know how to come nearer, and would care more than an educated

* Prior's "Ancient Danish Ballads."

man to come near, to the heart of the unlettered people as a ballad-writer. The only men who would succeed often in producing a good ballad must have been those who were themselves of the commonalty, spoke with them, thought with them, and gave the poetry of truth and earnestness to rapid narrative by exercise of their own simple gift of song.

However that may be, it is the right spirit of liberty that gives life to the mind. Hardly less remarkable than the predominance of intellectual power in the north-east of England during Anglo-Saxon times is the vigour of mind in the west during the first two centuries of Norman rule. Geoffrey of Monmouth (who at the fit time first turned the current of historic record into a new channel of romance), Gerald de Barri, Walter Map—the three men of their time who were of highest mark in English literature—all, as I have remarked before, wrote themselves Welshmen; Orderic was from Shrewsbury, and Layamon lived on the Welsh side of the Severn. But nowhere in England during all this time was the spirit of independence stronger than amongst the Welsh. The Lord Marchers, appointed to restrain, if not subdue them, intermarried with them, and fought sometimes with, sometimes against, them. Henry I. himself took for his wife Nesta, the daughter of Rhys of Tudor; and one of the two sons of that Welshwoman was Robert Earl of Gloucester, whom we have recognised as the chief patron of letters in the reign of Stephen. M. Thierry, in his "History of the Norman Conquest," declared his opinion that the Cymry of the Middle Ages were the most intellectual people of their time in Europe. Undoubtedly they reached during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the most vigorous expression of their intellect; and this they did while, and because, they were cherishing an indomitable sense of independence, waging no unsuccessful war against servitude to the Norman, when they had empty pockets and not an ally to back them. They were drawn as friends to the

Golden age of Welsh literature.

court of Henry II., where the king numbered among his familiar companions not only Walter Map, but also the brilliant Prince of Powys who wrote the poem of "The Hirlas Horn." But after the patriot-king Llewelyn had perished in his struggle with Edward I. (in 1282), and the Welsh had accepted Edward's infant son, born at Carnarvon, as their prince, there was an end of the vigour of Welsh intellect as a great feature in the story of the English mind. The power of an active patriotism was no longer great over the characters of all men bred within its influence; and when the old patriotism, become passive, had shrunk into a small national vanity, it served only to withhold the Welshman from that life and thought in the wide open world, and from that free mixture of blood with other races, by which alone there is to be maintained the enduring progress of a people.

Native poetry of Wales.

In the years of their best intellectual achievement we may be sure that the brave patriots of Wales did not express all the native mind in French and Latin. There was abundant literature also in the native language of the Cymry.

Meilyr.

The earliest Welsh poet of the later time was Meilyr, who, among other pieces wrote, at the age of almost eighty, an elegy on the death, in 1137, of his second patron Gruffyd ab Kynann. Meilyr sang also in the vein of the first bards of his own approaching death. "I have received," he says, "heaps of gold and velvet from frail princes for loving them. But after the gifted muse I feel another impulse; faltering is my tongue, urging me to silence. I, Meilyr the poet, am a pilgrim to Peter." *

* The translation is that of Mr. Thomas Stephens, from whose "Literature of the Kymry" (Llandovery, 1849, second edition, edited by the Rev. D. Silvan Evans, with a life of the author by B. T. Williams, Q.C., London, 1876) I derive the information given in the next few paragraphs.

Gwalchmai, the son of Meilyr, has left fourteen pieces, of which some prove his love of nature, but of which the most famous is his ode on the battle of Tal y Moelvre, perhaps the defeat of the fleet entrusted in 1157 by Henry II. to Madoc ap Meredydd. It is from this ode that Gray translated his Triumphs of Owen— Gwalchmai.

> "Owen's praise demands my song,
> Owen swift and Owen strong;
> Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
> Gwyneth's shield and Britain's gem,"

giving its own force to the bold image of Gwalchmai which Gray left out of his first version:—

> "Checked by the torrent-tide of blood,
> Backward Menai rolls his flood."

In Wales, as we have seen to be the case in Provence and elsewhere, rhyming had become in the latter half of the twelfth century an entertainment of their wit by princes and courtiers. Owain Kyveiliog, a fighting prince of Powys, who says of himself in one of his lines that "Owain's court has ever been fed on prey," and whose father was in favour at Henry the Second's court, wrote "The Hirlas Horn," the longest of the Welsh poems of the twelfth century. He was the Welsh prince who would not receive or visit Archbishop Baldwin when in 1188 he went through Wales preaching the Crusade, with Gerald de Barri by his side; for which contumacy the archbishop excommunicated him. A few years later this prince of Powys (he died in 1197) was on friendly terms with Henry the Second, who enjoyed the noble Welshman's wit. Owain, Prince of Powys.

In his poem of "The Hirlas Horn" (a drinking-horn—long, blue, and silver-rimmed), Owain, Prince of Powys, imagines warriors assembled in his hall at night after a battle in the morning, and as he sits at "The Hirlas Horn."

the head of the board, to each of his chiefs he dedicates a cup and a little song, beginning with the words, "Fill, cup-bearer," in celebration of his praise. There is a fine touch where he bids the cup-bearer fill to the chieftains Tudyr and Moreiddig, and, when he has ended the chant of their glory, turns to greet them, sees their places vacant, and breaks into mourning as he recollects how they had fallen in the fight.

Another noble poet of the Welsh fought in the battle of which Gwalchmai sang: he was Howel ab Owain, son of Owain Gwynedd, King of North Wales. His life also was one of feud and strife, and he fell in battle with his brother over right of possession to the kingdom. Prince Howel wrote delicate and gay love-poetry. If he sang as a patriot that he hated "England, a flat inactive land," and that he loved Gwynedd, with its sea-coast and its mountains, its wide wilds and its sports of the chase, still the praise of fair women ran through all the strain. He loved his own land, its white sea-mews and beautiful women. "I love," he says, "the marches of Merioneth, where my head was pillowed on a snow-white arm;" and he ends the song of "Howel's Patriotism" with a celebration by name of the most beautiful women in Wales, "from the gates of Chester to Portskewelt." Howel's love is of the average quality of that of the troubadours, such as they might, however gentle their natures and however delicate their song, share with a turbulent Welsh prince or with the Emperor Henry VI., the hero of the Christmas massacres at Palermo, or with a thrush at pairing-time.

Prince Howel.

Of the poetry of Kynddelw there remain fifty pieces, among which are expressions of the contempt of monks that was at the same time becoming a feature of the literature of Saxon-Norman England. "I will not," says Kynddelw, "receive the sacrament from wicked monks, with their gowns on their knees: I will commune with God Himself."

Kynddelw.

Llywarch ab Llywèlyn has left fewer pieces than Kynddelw, but they are less intricate in structure, and said to be more poetical. In one of them there is thought to be a reference to the sailing away "on the bosom of the vast ocean, in trouble great and immeasurable," of Prince Madoc, the son of Owain Gwynedd. In another poem, addressed to the hot iron of the Ordeal, he seems himself to have been made accountable for Madoc's disappearance. He says :— Llywarch ab Llywelyn.

"*To the Hot Iron.*

"Consecrated truth, glowing hot! My song delights in thy blessedness. Reflect when thou judgest the number of my kindred. Hot wounding creature, who created thee? I will ask advice through Peter of Christ, who was appointed to bear the cross; and of the fair interceders, Thomas and Philip and Paul and Andrew, lest my hand be misplaced and I be slain by the bright sword, and my kinsmen pay the retribution fee for murder. Good iron! clear me from the charge of having slain Madoc, and show that he who slew the fair prince shall have no part of heaven nor its nine kingdoms; but that I shall obtain the society of God and escape His wrath."

Eineon ap Gwgan, Davydd Benvras, Elidir Sais, Gwynvardd Brycheniog, and Phylip the Poet are the names of other Welsh bards who lived in the days of Llewelyn the Great, at the beginning of the thirteenth century. To the same and to a later age belong most of the mythological poems of the "Awdl Vraith" and the "Avallenau," or mystical song of the Apple Orchard, Welsh Arthurian romances, and the other popular tales or Mabinogion. Other Welsh bards.

The poems called mythological are, in addition to the twenty-five that form the Mabinogi of Taliesin, twenty-eight in number. Their language is formed, and differs little, from that of the present day. One contains a reference to Gerald de Barri's dispute with the king about the See of St. David's, one refers to The Mythological Poems.

"the Blessed Arthur;" others refer to matter in the tale of Taliesin and the poems of Gwalchmai; one is in the same mixture of Welsh and monkish Latin that is found in the late verses ascribed falsely to Taliesin.

The Avallenau.

The Avallenau, or Poem of the Apple-trees, ascribed to the ancient Merlin, tells how he received from Gwenddolan the Free-giver, ere age had overtaken him, seven score and seven sweet apple-trees, "a maid with beauteous ringlets watching over them, Cloywedd by name, with teeth of pearly whiteness." Under the apple-trees and to them Merlin was supposed to prophesy, beginning each prophetic stanza with address to the tree in some such lines as these: "Delicious apple-tree that will not wither; four hundred years it will be in peace, growing apart and widely out-spreading. Its root is oftener surrounded by the wolf which violates, than by the youth who can enjoy, its fruit. And I will prophesy that a youth shall come from the flowers of Cadvan who, when he grows up, will be known as Gruffydd of the line of Iago—There will be no tyranny when he comes." The poem is considered by Mr. Stephens to be founded on a tradition of seven score chiefs who were changed to sprites in the Wood of Celyddon, to have been written in the latter part of the reign of Owain Gwynedd, and to contain distinct historical allusion to affairs of the years 1165—1170. It includes also a notion of the return of Cadwallader, which was one of the inventions of Geoffrey of Monmouth, set afloat by the wide popularity of his fictitious history. Apple-trees were chosen by the poet because, after Geoffrey's history appeared, Fairy-land was known among the bards as Ynys yr Avallon, the Island of the Apple-trees, which English romancists, not knowing the meaning of Avallon, or not being so much impressed as the Welsh by the beauty of a blossoming apple-orchard, called "the woody isle of Avalon."

Of the documents known as the Welsh Triads, which

string facts or moralities in successive groups of three of a kind, the collections now existing are not more ancient than the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. They are Triads of history, bardism, theology, ethics, and jurisprudence. The form of triad was older; and earlier triads of jurisprudence appeared in the tenth century among the laws of Hoel Dda. The Triads.

The old Welsh poets had, like the First-English, their customary flowers of speech. Thus in the Iolo MSS.* is a paper of bardic criticism, setting forth as Triads—

"The three embellishing names of poetic genius: light of the understanding, amusement of reason, and preceptor of knowledge.

"The three embellishing names of reason: candle of the soul, might of wisdom, and transparency of knowledge.

* * * * * *

"The three embellishing names of the sea: field of Gwenhidwy, court of Neivion, and fountain of Venus (and glutton of the world).

"The three embellishing names of the waves: sheep of Gwenhidwy, dragons of the salt deep, and blossoms of the ocean.

"The three embellishing names of the wind: hero of the world, architect of bad weather, and assaulter of the hills."

The Mabinogion, or fairy tales of the Welsh, belong chiefly to the same, and partly to a later, period of intellectual activity. Mabinogion is the plural of the Welsh word *mabinogi*, which means, instruction for the young—the word being derived from *mab*, a child, and the same root running through many words with a like sense, Queen Mab herself included. Professor Rhys in his edition of the text says "there is no warrant for extending the use of the term [Mabinogi] to any but the four branches of the Mabinogi, namely, Pwll, Prince of Dyved; Branwen, daughter of Llyr; Manawydan, son of Llyr; and Math, son of Mathonwy. For, strictly speaking, the word *mabinog* is a technical term belonging to the bardic system; and it The Mabinogion.

* "E. W." I. 239.

means a literary apprentice. In other words, a mabinog was a young man who had not yet acquired the art of making verse, but one who received instruction from a qualified bard. The natural inference is that Mabinogion meant the collection of things which formed the Mabinog's literary training, his stock-in-trade, so to say, for he was publicly allowed to relate the tales forming the 'four branches of the Mabinogion' at a fixed price established by law or custom. If he aspired to a place in the hierarchy of letters he must acquire the poetic art."* The great collection of these tales is at Jesus College, Oxford, in a MS. volume of the fourteenth century, known as the Red Book of Hergest,† of which the tales have been published, both in the original Cymric and in a delightful English translation, as the Mabinogion, by Lady Charlotte Guest (now Schreiber), who takes the word Mabinogion as simply meaning stories for the young.‡

The Mabinogion thus represented contains Welsh versions of three of the French Arthurian romances by Chrestien de Troyes, namely, "The Lady of the Fountain," and among the notes to it the text of the "Chevalier au Lion," with which that story corresponds; "Peredur, the son of Evrawc," corresponding to the "Percival le Gallois" of Chrestien; and "Geraint, the son of Erbin," which is his "Erec and Enide." Besides these in the Mabinogion are two British tales ascribed to the time of King Arthur, "Kilhwch and Olwen" and the "Dream of

* The Text of the Mabinogion and other Welsh Tales from the Red Book of Hergest edited by John Rhys, M.A., Professor of Celtic in the University of Oxford, and J. Gwenogryn Evans (Oxford, issued to subscribers only by J. G. Evans, 7, Clarendon Villas, 1887).

† "E. W." I. 238.

‡ "The Mabinogion, from the Llyfr Coch of Hergest and other Ancient Welsh MSS., with an English Translation and Notes," by Lady Charlotte Guest. 3 vols. (1838—1849).

Rhonabwy." The rest are tales in which King Arthur does not appear, or is named only as by interpolation—namely, "Pwyll, Prince of Dyved;" "Branwen, the Daughter of Llyr;" "Manawyddan, the Son of Llyr;" "Math, the Son of Mathonwy;" these four being the sections which Professor Rhys regards as the foundation of the Mabinogion, the rest, being later additions, are, besides the Arthur romances already named, the "Dream of Emperor Maximus;" "Lludd and Llevelys;" and the romance of "Taliesin." Of these the romance of Taliesin, which is not older than the thirteenth century, is most interesting to the student of our literature. I pass over, as bygone error, the confusion caused by reference of such romance as this to the sixth century, and by the fanciful Druidical and other speculations that have been based by some Welsh scholars upon the writing of men who were almost as far as Geoffrey of Monmouth himself, Welsh patriot as he was, from even incidental mention of the Druids. It is only as one of the tales of the thirteenth century (into which, as into other tales, traditions current in its time were introduced) that we read here the substance of—

The History of Taliesin.

Tegid Voel and Caridwen his wife lived in the midst of the Lake Tegid. They had a son, Morvran ab Tegid; also the fairest daughter in the world, named Creirwy; and another son, the ugliest in the world, whose name was Avagddu. As he was so ugly, Caridwen, his mother, thought that he could not prosper without exalted knowledge. So she resolved, according to the arts of the books of the Fferyllt (alchemists, or metal-workers), to boil a cauldron of Inspiration and Science, of which the boiling must not cease for a year and a day, until three blessed drops were obtained of the grace of Inspiration. And she put Gwion Bach, the son of Gwreang of Llanfair in Powys, to stir the cauldron; and a blind man, named Morda, to keep up the fire beneath it; and she gathered in planetary hours, according to the books of the astronomers, every day of all charm-bearing herbs. And one day towards the end of the year, as Caridwen was culling plants and making

incantations, it chanced that the three charmed drops flew out of the cauldron and fell on the finger of Gwion Bach. By reason of their great heat he sucked his finger, and immediately he foresaw what was to come, and knew that his chief care must be to guard against the wiles of Caridwen, for vast was her skill. He fled, therefore, towards his own land; and the cauldron, because all that was left in it was poisonous, burst in two, and its liquor ran into a stream where the horses of Gwyddno Garanhir were drinking, so they were poisoned, and the confluence of the stream was called thenceforth the Poison of the Horses of Gywddno.

When Caridwen came in, and saw the year's work lost, she took up a billet of wood and knocked out one of the eyes of the blind Morda, who said, "Wrongfully hast thou disfigured me. The loss was not because of me." "True," said Caridwen, "it was Gwion Bach who robbed me." And she went forth after him, running. And he saw her and changed himself into a hare and fled. But she changed herself into a greyhound and turned him. And he ran towards a river and became a fish. But she, in form of an otter, chased him until he was fain to become a bird. Then she, as a hawk, followed him, and gave him no rest in the sky. Just as he was in fear of death, he saw a heap of winnowed wheat on the floor of a barn, and dropped among the wheat and turned himself into one of the grains. Then she transformed herself into a high-crested black hen, and scratched among the wheat with her feet, and found him out and swallowed him.

And so she bore him nine months, and when she was delivered of him had not the heart to kill him because of his beauty. So she wrapped him in a leathern bag, and cast him into the sea on the twenty-ninth day of April. And at that time the weir of Gwyddno was on the strand between Dyvi and Aberystwith, near to his castle, and the value of a hundred pounds was taken in that weir every May eve. And Gwyddno had an only son, named Elphin, the neediest and most luckless of youths. His father pitied his ill-luck, and had granted him the drawing of the weir that year, to give him something wherewith to begin the world. Next day when he went to look, there was nothing in the weir. But as he turned back, he saw the leathern bag upon one of its poles. Said one of his companions, "You were never unlucky till now, when your luck has turned the fish away from a weir that has been worth a hundred pounds every May eve till to-night when there is nothing but a skin in it." "Perhaps," said Elphin, "the bag may have that in it which is worth a hundred pounds." He who opened it saw the shining forehead of the boy, and said to Elphin, "Behold, a shining forehead!" "Taliesin let him be called, then," said Elphin,

and lifted the boy gently to his horse, and made it amble softly, and went sorrowfully homeward.

But the boy as he rode behind sang him a song of consolation [given as a poem in the romance], saying that although he was little he was highly gifted. And this was the first poem Taliesin ever sang. Then Elphin asked him whether he was man or spirit, and he sang a second song [given as a poem in the romance], telling what he had been, how he had fled from Caridwen, and so how he came to be entangled in the weir. Then came Elphin to the house of Gwyddno, his father, who asked whether his haul was good. He said he had got a bard. Then said Gwyddno, "Alas! what will he profit thee?" And Taliesin himself replied, "He will profit him more than the weir ever profited thee." Asked Gwyddno, "Art thou able to speak, and yet so little?" Taliesin answered, "I am better able to speak than you to question." "What canst thou say?" asked Gwyddno. Then Taliesin sang [the next poem in the romance] his trust in God.

Elphin having been thrown into prison by Maelgwn Gwynedd, Taliesin undertook his rescue, and, in reply to the question of Elphin's wife, told her in a poem that refers to the history of King Arthur [also given in the romance] that he would do it by his power as a bard. At Maelgwn's court he cast a spell upon the bards there, so that when they appeared before their king, instead of singing his praises, they could only pout out their lips and make mouths at him, playing "Blerwm, blerwm" on their lips with their fingers as they had seen Taliesin do. Maelgwn, supposing them to be drunk, "ordered one of his squires to give a blow to the chief of them, named Heinin Vardd; and the squire took a broom and struck him on the head, so that he fell back on his seat." This brought them all to, and the chief bard then explained that they were not drunk, but affected by a spirit sitting in a corner of the hall in the form of a child.

So the king ordered the squire to fetch the child, and Taliesin, being brought forward and asked what he was and whence he came, replied with the next poem introduced into the romance, which tells how he was the chief bard of Elphin, a bard whose accustomed country was the land of the Cherubim, who was called by Merlin, John the Diviner, who carried the banner before Alexander, was in Caer Bedin tetragrammaton, and so forth, and who should be on the face of the earth until the Judgment Day. The king and his nobles wondered, for they had never before heard the like from a boy so young as he.

But as he was the bard of Elphin, the king bade Heinin, his chief bard, strive with him; and he and all the others of the four-and-

twenty bards, when they came forward, could do no other than play "Blerwm" on their lips. Then Maelgwn asked the boy Taliesin what was his errand? He replied in song that he came to deliver Elphin, who was in Caer Deganwy under thirteen locks, and to demand the chair of Deganwy. When the contest with the bards seemed to be fruitless, Taliesin prophesied the coming of a wonderful golden worm from the sea-marsh of Rhianedd, who should take vengeance on Maelgwn. His threat having no effect, Taliesin went out and uttered a charm to the wind [given as one of the poems of the story], bidding it blow open the prison of Elphin. And while he thus sang near the door, there arose a mighty storm of wind, so that the king and all his nobles thought the castle would fall on their heads. Then Maelgwn ordered them to fetch Elphin from his dungeon and place him before Taliesin. And when he was brought, Taliesin sang a Mead song that caused the chains upon Elphin's feet to open. Then he sang of the excellence of the bards, and poured down riddles upon Heinin and his companions: "Why is a stone hard? Why is a thorn sharp-pointed? What is as hard as steel? What is as salt as brine? What is as sweet as honey? Who rides on the gale? Why is the nose ridged? Why is a wheel round? Why is the tongue's speech different from every other gift? If you and your bards are able, O Heinin, let them give an answer to me, Taliesin." They were not able, and therefore Taliesin in his next song reproved and defied them. Then follows an attack from Taliesin on the immoral songs and habits, the senseless stories, and the tasteless delivery of deeds of heroes by the strolling minstrels—a piece which is found to have been written by Jonas Athraw, that is, Doctor Jonas, a monk of St. David's. But the whole putting together of the romance is from the hand of a certain Thomas ap Einion. It ends with a horse-race, in which, by Taliesin's help, Elphin defeats the twenty-four horses of Maelgwn, and wins the cup, in the shape of a large cauldron full of gold, which Taliesin's skill enables him to find buried underneath the racecourse.

A story like this belongs, not to the beginning, but to the end of the Welsh literary epoch. The death of Llewelyn deprived the Welsh poets of their patron, and after him there was almost a silence. This has been accounted for by supposing that the bards were all hanged by order of Edward I.—ruin seize him, ruthless king!—or, according to another theory, that many

Close of the Welsh literary period.

Welsh MSS. sent to the Tower for use of the imprisoned Cambrian princes were destroyed there by one Scolan. But there was no destruction of the bards by Edward I.; the oldest authority for that fable will not bear five minutes' scrutiny. Even his prohibition soon became a dead letter. As for the other story about the destructive Master Scolan, it has grown out of confused apprehension of a tradition of St. Columba (Ys Colan), who in his zeal for Christianity was said to have destroyed some heathen books.

CHAPTER XI.

ENGLISH METRICAL ROMANCE.

English metrical romances.

OUR way is now through the great field of English metrical romance, that had its fragrant blossom-time in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

Dano-Saxon romance.

M. Francisque Michel believed* that the curiosity of the Norman trouvères after the Conquest sought as material for romance all the traditions of the conquered people. Besides the Arthurian cycle, and the cycle of the romances of Charlemagne, which the livelier patriotic interest in our own hero, King Arthur, kept out of England, there was, he said, a Dano-Saxon cycle of romances re-composed in French, whereof only a few portions remain. There is the romance of Havelok, and there is the romance of Horn and Rimenhild, of which latter story the French version is preserved in three MSS., so imperfect that by collation of all three a complete text is not obtained. There are, however, two English translations which supply all that is wanting. The singer of Horn is a Thomas, of whom Sir Walter Scott said there was "some room to conjecture that it may have been" his Thomas of Erceldoune, Thomas the Rhymer, to

King Horn.

* "Horn et Rimenhild. Recueil de ce qui reste des Poèmes relatifs à leurs Aventures, composées en Anglois et en Écossois dans les 13^me^, 14^me^, 15^me^, et 16^me^ siècles, publié d'après les MSS. de Londres, de Cambridge, d'Oxford et d'Edinburgh, par Francisque Michel." Published for the Bannatyne Club (Paris, 1854).

whom he ascribed the Auchinleck copy of the English romance of Sir Tristrem.

King Horn.

The story of the romance is that after King Murray, Horn's father, had been killed by the "Saracen" Vikings from Denmark, and all his countrymen who would not renounce Christianity were killed, Horn himself was put out to sea in a small boat, and landed in Westernesse, where King Aylmer took him for page, and he became enamoured of King Aylmer's only daughter Rimenhild. Dubbed knight, he achieved brave adventures, and brought Aylmer the head of a great Saracen Viking. Banished for his love, he bade Rimenhild wait for him seven years, but marry another suitor if she heard evil of him within that time. Within the time, suit was pressed on her by King Modi; she therefore sent for Horn, who came home from his life of adventure, married her, and then departed with a troop of Irish soldiers to recover his native land Suddene from the infidel. He not only did this, but found his mother, who had all this while been hiding herself in a cave; but he returned to learn that a false friend, Fykenild, had seized his wife. Then he went as a harper into Fykenild's castle, killed him, and recovered Rimenhild.

The Anglo-Danish legend of Havelok* was rhymed by a Norman into French not many years after the first Crusade, and afterwards retaken for the English by a native poet.

The lay of Havelok the Dane.

The earliest shape in which we have the story is that of a French romance, which was abridged by

* The text of the old French romance was transcribed by Sir F. Madden from a MS. of the reign of Edward II., marked E. D. N. No. 14, in the Heralds' College, and published, together with the English version found in the Bodleian, as "The Ancient English Romance of Havelok the Dane, accompanied by the French Text; with an Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary by Frederic Madden, Esq., Sub-keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum. Printed for the Roxburghe Club" (London, 1828). King Horn was re-edited for the Early English Text Society by Mr. J. Rawson Lumby in 1876, with fragments of Floris and Blanchefleur and of the Assumption of our Lady from MSS. in the Cambridge University Library and in the British Museum.

Geoffroi Gaimar, the Anglo-Norman trouvère, who composed his Chronicle of Anglo-Saxon Kings between the years 1142 and 1145. To the first half, therefore, of the twelfth century belongs "Le Lai de Aveloc," upon an English tradition that must have been extant in Anglo-Saxon times, for Gaimar speaks of it as an ancient story. The lay is also the legend of the origin of our English town of Grimsby. Grimsby was in the twelfth century a trading-place, to which, according to the Orkneyinga Saga, great numbers resorted from the Orcades, Scotland, and the Western Isles. From old time to this day the boundary-stone between Grimsby and Wellow has been called Havelok Stone, and Grimsby contains also an old Havelok Street. The burgesses of Grimsby were, by long tradition, free of toll at the Danish port of Elsinore. The ancient seal of Grimsby—at least as old as the time of Edward I.—also testifies to the credit of the legend, by representing the Grim of the story, in the middle, as a gigantic warrior, with small figures sheltered under him, one on each side, of a prince and princess, who are labelled "Habloc," "Goldeburgh." I give the substance of the legend from an English version, written towards the close of the thirteenth century, of which the unique copy was discovered by Sir F. Madden among the Laudian collection in the Bodleian Library,* where it was included among metrical legends which gave to the MS. book its misleading title of "Vitæ Sanctorum." In the romance, as sung in Norman-French, the name of Goldeburgh has its "Gold" translated into "Argent," and appears as Argentilla. I adopt, of course, the re-translation of the word into its right native form, and follow our own English thirteenth-century version in the following sketch of the lay of

* MS. No. 108. Havelok was re-edited for the Early English Text Society, with the sanction of Sir Frederic Madden, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat in 1868.

Havelok the Dane.

This, says the English bard, is a lay learnt from the Bretons, and he loses no time in claiming part of his own dues for telling it:

At the beginning of our tale
Fill me a cup of full good ale.
The rhyme is made of Havelok,
A stalworthy man in a flock.
He was the stalworthest man at need
That may riden on any steed.
He loved God with all his might,
And holy kirk, and sooth and right.

This is the tune to which our own thirteenth-century minstrel sets the story which, with no variation from the manner of the narrative, is here faithfully copied, on a reduced scale, into modern prose:—

Athelwold King of England had no heir to his body but an infant daughter. Feeling his death draw near, he was much troubled because of her helplessness. He sent then for all his earls and barons between Rokeby and Dover, and they came before the king at Winchester. When they were seated round about him, he told them that death was near to him, and bade them choose among themselves; wherefore they chose Earl Godrich of Cornwall, who swore to protect the princess and her England till she should be twelve years old, and then to give her for a husband the best man in all the land. After this the King Athelwold betook himself to prayers, penance, and alms, gave away all before he died, and died lamented. The bells were rung and masses sung, the king was buried, and the earl had power in the kingdom. He received from all an oath of fidelity until the deceased king's daughter should attain her twentieth year; he sent justices to travel through the kingdom, appointed sheriffs and beadles, set swordsmen to keep the wild woods free from robbers, and had all things in his hand.

The king's daughter began thrive
And wex the fairest woman alive.

Her name was Goldeburgh. Earl Godrich sighed to think that she should ever be his mistress, and said to himself,

I have a son, a full fair knave,
He shall Engeland all have.

He then being so resolved, and not caring about his oath, before he ate meat fetched Goldeburgh from Winchester, where she was royally housed, to the sea-shore at Dover, and there shut her up in the castle, poorly fed and thinly clothed.

Now in that time it befell that there was a rich strong king of Denmark, and his name was Birkabeyn. He was a brave knight, with many knights for followers, and he was father of a son and of two daughters, whom he dearly loved. He being near death, when he was shriven, gave to his own friend Godard, the truest that he knew, care of his little children, till the son could wear helm on his head, and wield a spear as king. On altar, bells, and mass-book Godard swore to protect Denmark and the children till the boy became a knight. But when Birkabeyn was laid in his grave, Godard speedily took Havelok, the king's heir, and his two sisters, Swanborow and Helfeld, and shut them up where, ere they were yet three winters old, they pined for cold and hunger. And after he had taken all, he thought of further treachery upon the children. He went to the tower in which they were shivering. Havelok, who was a bold child, came to him and sat on his knee. Godard said to them, "Why do you weep and howl?" "Because we are sore hungry," said the boy. "We have no meat, and there are no knights to fetch us drink. Woe is us that we were born! Wellaway! is there no corn, and cannot bread be made? We hunger so that we are nearly dead." Godard paid no heed, but lifted up the little maids together, green and bleak with hunger, as if he would dance them in sport, and in that manner he cut their throats. Havelok saw it, and he saw the knife at his own heart. He kneeled before the Judas, and gave Denmark for his life, offered to fly, and promised to deny his parentage. Godard withdrew the knife, but he thought, If my own children thrive ill, Havelok will succeed me. I must cast him into the sea, and tie an anchor round his neck so that he shall not float.

So he sent for a fisherman that he knew, who would do all his will, and said to him, "Grim, thou knowest thou art my thrall. Do my will, thou shalt have gold and land to-morrow; I will set thee free. Take this child, throw him into the sea to-night, and upon my head be the sin." Grim took the child, and bound him fast with a strong line. When Grim had bound him fast, he wound him in an old cloth, stuffed a coat into his mouth, and carried him off on his back in a large black bag.

Being come home, the fisherman told Leve his wife what luck awaited them; who, when she heard it, started up, and threw the boy down with such a bounce that his crown cracked against a great stone as it

lay, and Havelok well might cry, "Well away! that ever I was a king's child!" So the little one lay until midnight, when Grim bade his dame, Leve, blow the fire, and bring a light, for he must see to put his clothes on. As she went out to do so, she was aware of a great light where the child lay, and, as it were, a sunbeam shining from his mouth. It was a light as of ten candles. "Start up, Grim, and look! Say what this means!" They unbound the child, and found a royal mark on his right shoulder. "Godwot," quoth Grim, "this heir of Denmark shall be a strong king that shall have in his hand all Denmark and England. He shall hang Godard, or bury him alive." Grim, therefore, fell at the boy's feet, promising to serve and nourish him. From him only would he earn the gift of freedom, which he only could bestow. Then was Havelok a merry child; he sat up and craved bread, saying, "I am nigh dead, what for hunger, what for the bands upon my hands, and the coat thrust into my mouth." Leve fetched him bread and cheese, butter and milk, pasties and flawns. Havelok ate up a whole loaf; then Grim made him a fair bed, undressed him, and put him to sleep.

In the morning Grim the fisherman went to Godard and said: "I have drowned the boy, having first tied an anchor round his neck, that he should not float. Give me now my reward." But he was sent away with hard words and fierce threats. Grim sold all his corn, his sheep with wool, his kine with horns, horse and swine, geese and hens; he tried well the strength of his boat, put in a good mast, strong cables, stout oars and sail, and when there wanted not a nail more, he put into the boat young Havelok, together with his own wife, her three sons and her two daughters, and escaped on the high sea. When they were a mile from land, there rose a wind from the north, called *bise*, that drove them to England.

Grim landed in the Humber, in Lindeseye, right at the north end, and there he made a little earthen hut for himself and his household and his boat; and, because he was harboured there, for that reason men will until Doomsday give that place the name of Grimsby.

Grim was a clever fisherman, who earned his living well with net and hook. He made stout panniers, in which he and his sons carried their fish for sale through town and country round about; and they never came home without bread or dough in their shirts or coats, beans and corn in their bags. When Grim caught the great lamprey he carried it to Lincoln, and brought home wastels, simnels, his bags full of meal and corn, neat's flesh, sheep and swine's flesh; and hemp for the making of more lines. Thus for twelve winters they strove and strove; but it grieved the young Havelok that Grim and his sons should work

to get his meat while he lay idle at home. He thought to himself, "I am no longer a baby. I can eat more than Grim gets me; I can eat, by Heaven, more than Grim and all his five children. I must work for my living—it is not a shame to work. I will go forth to-morrow."

On the morrow, when it was day, Havelok set forth with a pannier; and for his load he carried more fish than the other four. He bare it well, and sold it well, and brought home all the silver, for he would not keep a farthing of it back. So he went forth every day.

Now, there befell so great a scarcity of corn and bread that Grim could not devise how he was to feed all in his household. He was afraid on behalf of Havelok, for he was strong and ate more than could be drawn out of the sea. Therefore he said, "Havelok, dear son, I ween that we must die, for we are hungering and have no meat. It will be better for you to go hence; you know the way to the good borough of Lincoln; thither you had better go, for there lives many a good man of whom you may earn a living. But woe is me! you are so naked. I must cut you a dress out of my sail, lest you take cold." He took the shears off the nail, and made of the sail a coat, which Havelok put on. He had neither hose, nor shoes, nor any other kind of garment; and barefoot he walked to Lincoln, where he had no friend to go to. For two days he went up and down fasting, because nobody would give him food for work.

On the third day he heard a call of "Porters! porters! come hither, all!" Like a spark from a coal Havelok leapt forth; he shoved down nine or ten men, and pressed forward to the cook, from whom he took the earl's meat that had been bought at the bridge, and, leaving the porters strewn upon the ground, he carried the meat to the castle; there he got a farthing wastel-loaf.

Next day he looked out for the cook upon the bridge, and saw him with many fishes by his side, which he had bought for the Earl of Cornwall. When he cried "Porters! porters! hither! quick!" Havelok knocked down and made a heap of sixteen stout lads who stood in his way, and took up on his head a full cart-load of fish. Then he spared neither toes nor heels till he came to the castle, where men took his burthen from his head. The cook stood and looked at him, thought him a stalwart man, and said: "Will you serve with me? I shall be glad to feed you, for the meat is well spent that you eat." "Dear sir," said Havelok, "I ask no other hire. Give me enough to eat, and I will fetch you fire and water; I can break sticks, kindle and blow the fire; I can cleave billets, skin eels, wash dishes." Quoth the cook, "I want no more. Go sit thou yonder, and eat bread and broth at will."

Havelok ate and worked. He carried mighty burthens gaily; he was always blithe of speech; the little children in the meadows took him for their playfellow; high and low, knights and children, talked of his strength, and of his fair form, and of his gentleness. But he was almost naked. He had nothing to wear but a coat that was not worth a fir-stick. The cook, sorry for that, bought him span new clothes, with hose and shoes; and when he was clothed, hosed, and shod, he was the fairest under God. At the Lincoln games he was taller by the shoulders than the stoutest who came thither.

In these days Earl Godrich had all England in his power, and he brought into the town of Lincoln many earls and barons, champions, bondsmen, the young and old, the strong and weak. One day the strong men in that assemblage played at putting of the stone. Havelok, commanded to try his strength, lifted the heavy stone twelve feet and more over the heads of all the champions. The talk of his strength and of his meekness travelled through all England. Godrich's knights praised it in the castle hall, and Godrich, when he heard how perfect the youth was, thought to himself: "Through this boy I shall have England. I swore upon the mass to my King Athelwold that I would wed his girl to the best man in all the land. Havelok shall have Goldeburgh." But this he thought with treachery, supposing Havelok to be some churl's son who would degrade the princess from her queenly right to possess England. Therefore he brought Goldeburgh to Lincoln with great ringing of bells, and said to her that he should give her to the fairest man alive. She vowed, in answer, that no man should have her but a king, or a king's heir. Godrich was wroth, and warned her that she was not to be queen and lady over him, but on the morrow he should marry her to his cook's knave.

Next morning, when the day-bell was rung, that Judas sent for Havelok and said: "Master, wilt wive?"

"Nay," quoth Havelok, "by my life, how should I manage to keep a wife? I cannot feed, or clothe, or shoe her. I want house and cot, and stick and sprout, and bread and cloth, except a bit of an old sail. These clothes that I have on are the cook's, and I'm his knave."

Then Godrich beat him, threatened to hang him—to put out his eyes—and so compelled him to be married. By threatening to burn and hang, he forced also Goldeburgh to the altar, where the two were fast married by the Archbishop of York.

To save his wife from shame, and to avoid the manifest hatred of Godrich, Havelok resolved instantly to leave Lincoln. And whither could he take his bride for food and shelter but to faithful Grim and his three sons? So Havelok and Goldeburgh went to Grimsby, where

they found that Grim was dead, but his five children were living, and they came out joyfully to greet their foster-brother, bringing him constant love and homage. Horse and cattle, boats, gold and silver, Grim had left them. They said—

> "We have sheep, and we have swine;
> We give them, lord, and all are thine.
> Thou shalt be lord, thou shalt be sir,
> And we shall serve both thee and her."

Their sisters should wait upon Goldeburgh and take her for their lady. They brake sticks, and they spared not goose nor hen to make a wedding festival.

In the night, as Goldeburgh lay sorrowing for her hard lot, she saw a bright light in the room, and found that it shone out of her husband's mouth; she saw also a noble cross of red gold on his shoulder, and heard the voice of an angel: "Goldeburgh, lay thy sorrow by; for Havelok, who hath espoused thee, as the fair cross betokens, is a king's son and heir. It betokens more: he shall have Denmark and all England. Thou shalt see it, queen and lady shalt thou be." Then in her gladness she kissed Havelok as he slept, and he, awakening, said to her, "Wife, sleepest thou? I have been dreaming a strange thing." He had dreamt that he was in Denmark, on a high hill, and saw all the land; that he stretched out his arms to it; and that they grew so long as to embrace it all, and when he sought to draw his arms back, castles and towns clave to them, and keys fell at his feet. Then he dreamt that he crossed the sea, and in like manner compassed England. Goldeburgh interpreted the dream for him, and counselled him to go at once to Denmark, taking with him Grim's three sons. In the morning Havelok, when he rose, went to the church and prayed for strength against Godard, his sisters' murderer; then he told his beads, laid his offering upon the altar, and prostrated himself before the Cross. When he went home, he found Grim's three sons ready to go fishing; but he called them to him—Robert the Rede (who was eldest), William Wendath, and Hugh Raven—told them his story and his purpose, and promised each of them, if they went forth as his companions, ten castles with their lands and towns.

Havelok and Goldeburgh, with the three brothers, having reached Denmark, there travelling as strangers and foreigners, asked Ubbe, a great Danish earl, for leave to trade about the country, and assured his friendship by the gift of a gold ring. Ubbe bade him meet at his castle, and there entertained well and honourably both him and his

wife. After dinner he sent them for lodging to the house of the best man in the town, named Bernard Brun. There, when they were set to supper, the house was beset by sixty strong thieves, with long knives and swords. They broke the door through with a boulder-stone; but Havelok leapt up, and taking the bar from the door, threw it open, pulled up the door-post for a weapon, and slew three at his first stroke. He made the right eye of the fourth fly out of its hole before he clapped him on the crown, he struck the fifth on the shoulders, brake the neck of the sixth; but they all set on him like dogs; and some with swords, and some with clubs, and some with stones struck at him, till from twenty wide wounds his blood flowed, as water from a well. Every crown that he could reach Havelok cracked, and soon had twenty dead men lying round him. Raven, hearing the great din, looked out, and saw men beating upon Havelok as smiths upon an anvil. "Robert! William!" he cried, "where are ye? Gripe, each of you, a stout club and follow me."

"Ya, leve, ya!" quoth Robert; "soon we shall have full good light of the moon."

Robert gripped a staff, and William a tree, and Bernard held his axe, and they leapt forth like wild men. They broke arms, they broke knees, they broke shanks, they broke thighs; they made crowns break and crack, of the brown and of the black; they made backs swell as round as bellies, and they thrashed the thieves as easily as children that a mother beats. They killed the sixty-one.

Now in the morning, when Ubbe heard of this, he went to see the bodies as they lay at Bernard's door, and to hear on the spot about the prowess of the stranger. A leech pronounced Havelok's wounds curable, and Ubbe took him to his own castle, to a room opening upon his own chamber. In the night Ubbe saw a light bright as daylight shining from the chamber in which his guest lay. "At this hour," he thought, "only thieves and gluttons watch. I must go see what this light means." He went into Havelok's room, and saw where he slept beside Goldeburgh, the sunbeam shone out of his mouth, and as he lay half-naked a cross on his right shoulder glistened like a carbuncle. Ubbe knew that these were signs of royalty, and when he looked closely at the sleeper's face, he knew also that he was King Birkabeyn's son, for never was there in Denmark likeness between brothers greater than that between Birkabeyn and his heir. He fell at his feet and kissed them, toes, nails, limbs, a hundred times, till Havelok awakened, and, suspecting treachery, could hear his acknowledgment of fealty. On the morrow he would knight him—on the morrow homage should be paid to him from all the country round. In the morning, therefore,

Ubbe summoned all the people, told them the tale of Havelok and of the treachery of Godard, and was first to bow the knee to him. All the barons, thanes, and knights who were in that town served Havelok. Then Ubbe, whose power was known and dreaded throughout Denmark, wrote far and wide to summon knights and sheriffs; and when they were assembled at his castle, he presented to them their king's son. So Havelok was made King of Denmark, and there was jousting, wrestling, putting of the stone, harping, piping, and romance-reading. Gests were sung, and gleemen played upon the tabor, and the boars were hunted. There was a feast for forty days; the king made Robert a knight, and William Wendath, and Hugh Raven; he made them all three barons with land, and twenty knights each for attendance.

Then the good King Havelok and his barons swore an oath that they would find Godard, and Robert was the first who came upon his track. Godard fought terribly, and after his own knights had fled from him he slew and wounded twelve of the king's men. But he was taken and bound, roaring as a bull tied up to await the fight with dogs. Havelok delivered him for trial to Ubbe and a council of the earls and barons, burgesses and knights, and when they had doomed him, they said to the king, who sat still as a stone, "We doom that he be quickly slain, and then drawn to the gallows at a scabby mare's tail, a strong nail through his feet, and there be hanged in two fetters with this writing upon him:—

'This is the swike that wendé wel
The king have reft the land it del,
And hisé sistres with a knif
Bothé refté hiré life.'"

And this was done. We pity him not. He was false. His lands and goods came to the king, who gave them into Ubbe's hand with a fair staff, saying: "Here I seise thee in all the land and all the fee."

Then vowed Havelok to build for Grim a priory of Black Friars, and he did that in the town where Grim was buried, and which, after his name, is called Grimsby. Of Grim I tell no more.*

But when Earl Godrich of Cornwall heard how Havelok was become King of Denmark, and that his princess, the right heir of England was, with her husband, come to Grimsby, he commanded all his

* In the northern sagas it was a common practice to say when a person of the story was done with, "Now M. or N. goes out of the tale."

fighting men to join him at Lincoln on the 17th of March; whoever disobeyed the summons, he and his heirs should be thrall for ever. They came, and he showed them how the Danes were at Grimsby, threatening the English. "Which of you," he cried, "will stand by me while his arms last?"

"The lef the!" quoth the Earl Guntér;
"Ya!" quoth the Earl of Chester, Raynér.

All leapt upon their steeds, and hurried to find the enemy at Grimsby. Then was a great battle fought, and doughty deeds were done. Ubbe bore down upon Godrich, Godrich upon him, both were unhorsed, they rose and fought with swords, every blow that they dealt one on the other would have shivered a flint. The sweat poured from their heads. The fight between them lasted from morning until sunset. A thousand knights were slain on either side, every coat dripped blood. When he had sorely wounded Ubbe, Godrich fell upon the Danes, and struck them to the mire on every side, till Havelok came driving down upon a steed. Godrich cleft Havelok's shield in two, and victory was doubtful until Havelok struck off the sword-hand of the traitor; then he took him by the neck, bound him in fetters, and sent him to the queen, commanding that no man put him to shame, because he was a knight, until his brother-knights had judged his cause. Then the Englishmen saw that Havelok was just, and learnt that the fair Goldeburgh, who was the king's wife, was right heir to their kingdom. Therefore they came to the king with their homage; six earls went to the queen as her servants, and brought her with great honour before the people; and the Englishmen knelt to her as Athelwold's daughter, and cried out that the traitor should be hung who had held wrongful possession of the country. Havelok bade them await the judgment of his peers. They doomed him to be led to Lincoln bound upon an ass, with his face to the tail, and so led through the streets of the borough to a green that yet stands south of it, where he was to be burnt at a stake for warning against treachery. And Goldeburgh was glad, and thanked Heaven when this judgment was executed on the man who would have brought her into shame.

Then Havelok took oath of fealty from all the English. And he made, by Saint Davy, Gunnild of Grimsby, who was one of Grim's daughters, the Earl of Chester's wife. And when Gunnild was brought to Chester with high festival, the good Havelok did not forget Bertram, that was the earl's cook; he made him Earl of Cornwall, and possessor of all Godrich's broad land. Furthermore, when he

had knighted him, he gave him for wife Grim's other daughter, Levice, courteous and fair as flower on the tree. They lived together happily a hundred years. Then Havelok enriched his Danes with land and cattle, but after the feast of his coronation he permitted them to go to their own land, where he appointed Ubbe to be ruler in his name.

After this, Havelok and Goldeburgh reigned sixty years in England, so bound to each other that the people had one word for both; they never were apart, there was no wrath between them, and their love was always new. They had fifteen sons and daughters, whereof every son became a king, and each daughter a queen.

"Now have ye heard the story through
Of Havelok and of Goldeboru."

To the same Dano-Saxon cycle of romances may have belonged the tale of the fabulous Sir Guy of Warwick, who is said to have been a son of Siward Baron of Wallingford, who became Earl of Warwick in right of his wife Felicia, and to have died in the year 929. He lived as a hermit near his own castle after vanquishing Colbrond the Dane,* and took alms of his own wife, only sending her their wedding-ring when he was about to die, and desired her to take care of his burial. The romance of Guy of Warwick has been attributed to Walter of Exeter, a Cornish Franciscan, who lived in the thirteenth century.†

Guy of Warwick.

Richard I., who was thoroughly a Norman, and probably never in his life conversed or wrote in English, was himself a courtly poet of the Provençal school,‡ and was a great patron of the minstrels who became abundant in his reign. The minstrel's name was simply the old French *menestrel*, a workman, confined afterwards to

Minstrels.

* "E. W." II. 316.

† The earliest MSS. of the romance are portions from the Auchinleck MS. in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, edited by the late Mr. Turnbull, for the Bannatyne Club, as "The Romances of Sir Guy of Warwick and Rembrun his son" (Edinburgh, 1840).

‡ "E. W." III. 9—15.

those who were artists in music and song, as we confine now the word "artist" to musicians, painters, sculptors, and other ministers to the refinement of taste.

Richard Cœur de Lion's personal taste increased the English encouragement of metrical romance, and though the king was for the most part a Frenchman, in England the fusion between Saxon and Norman becoming more and more perfect, the English language was rapidly completing the formation of its lasting characters, and the English mind, everywhere rejecting use of French as its vernacular tongue, began to busy itself, among other works, in the conversion of the metrical romances it most cared for into English verse. By help of Sir Frederic Madden we may see how this was done, and indeed, taking a fragment of Arthurian story, trace it from the first hint in Geoffrey of Monmouth's History, through its expansion, adoption, and occasional great modification in the north of France, to its re-conversion into English metrical romance.

Sir Gawayne.

Sir Gawayne first appears in Geoffrey of Monmouth as Walwain, eldest son of Loth, Prince of Lothian and the Orkneys, by Anna, half-sister of Arthur. At twelve years old Arthur sent him to Rome, where he received knighthood from Pope Sulpicius. "He went," says Geoffrey, "with King Arthur to France to fight the Romans, and when sent with two others to treat with the Emperor Lucius Tiberius he cut off the head of the emperor's nephew. In the decisive battle, Walwain and Hoel had joint command of the fourth division of King Arthur's forces, and Walwain fought single-handed with the emperor, who was separated from him and afterwards slain."

Layamon and Robert of Brunne follow Wace, who, by misunderstanding Geoffrey, says that Wawain, Normanised Gawayne, came from Rome to assist Arthur in his expedition to Norway. Throughout the Brut Gawayne is first

among the knights of Arthur, for no Lancelot or Tristram had been then created.

Gawayne is not mentioned, nor are the other Knights of the Round Table, in the first Romance of the Graal, of which the Graal itself, the legend of Joseph of Arimathea and the fabulous history of his descendants, are the subject.

In the first romance of Merlin, Gawayne, Prince of Orkney, appears with new adventures ascribed to him. At his birth Merlin pronounces him destined to be one of the best knights in the world. He comes with his three brothers to help King Arthur against the Saxons, whom he expels; and he is made for his prowess a Knight of the Round Table and constable of the household to King Arthur, being next in rank to the king himself. After this he triumphs in an expedition against King Claudas of Gaul and his Roman allies, and his last achievements accord with Geoffrey of Monmouth's narrative of the war against the Roman emperor. One MS. says that he slew the emperor with his own hand. In this romance also we read of his supernatural increase and decline of strength that corresponded to the movement of the sun.

In the romance of Lancelot of the Lake, Sir Gawayne is second only to Lancelot in prominence, and is his equal and friend till, after Lancelot has slain three of his brothers, Gawayne vows vengeance and dies in the wars undertaken by King Arthur against the Knight of the Joyeuse Garde.

In the Quest of the Saint Graal, Gawayne is prominent. He reaches the magic castle of the Fisher King, the guardian of the Graal, and rests on the enchanted bed.

At the breaking-up of the Round Table, through the disunion caused by Lancelot's dishonour of the king, as told by Walter Map in the Mort Artus, Gawayne again is prominent. He kills in one battle thirty knights, and fights with Lancelot in single combat. But after a contest long doubtful Gawayne is severely wounded in the head, and

being wounded in the head again at the battle with the Romans, of the double wound he dies, and he is buried at Camelot.

After these romances there came Tristan, of which the first part was the invention of Luces de Gast, said to have been an Englishman, who lived near Salisbury in the time of Henry II.; and the second part was written by Helie de Borron in the reign of Henry III. Here first appears the tale of a feud between the sons of King Pellinor and the sons of King Loth. Pellinor slew Loth, and was slain by Gawayne; Pellinor's eldest son, Lamorat de Galles, the brother of Percival, had also seduced Tristan's mother, the Lady of Orkney, who had therefore been slain by her own sons. For this and in all incidents Sir Gawayne's fame is blackened by the authors of the romance of Tristan. Helie de Borron, author of the second part of Tristan, proceeding to invent new heroes in his Gyron le Courtois, continues in that poem the depreciation of Sir Gawayne.

Chrestien of Troyes, in his Perceval le Gallois, says as much of Gawayne as of Perceval, and gives to Gawayne, in his Romance of Erec and Enid, the first place among the Knights of the Round Table. A poem of "Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight," first published by the Bannatyne Club in 1839, was edited by Sir F. Madden from a MS. believed to be unique,* which he ascribes to the reign of Richard II. The author, from his familiarity with woodcraft and early French literature, is assumed to be a man of birth and education, his language that of the north modified by transcription of the MS. south of the Tweed. He is perhaps to be identified as the

Huchowne.

* In the Brit. Mus., Cotton. Nero A x. To Sir F. Madden's volume, edited for the Bannatyne Club, of "Ancient Scottish and English Romance Poems upon Sir Gawayne" I have already referred. "Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight," ascribed to about the year 1360, was edited in 1864 by the Rev. Dr. Richard Morris for the Early English Text Society.

Huchowne of the Awle Ryale (Aula Regia) mentioned in the metrical chronicle of Wyntown, who was Prior of St. Serf's, Lochleven, in 1395, and finished his chronicle between the years 1420–24. Wyntown says that

> "Men of gud discretyowne
> Suld excuse and loue Huchowne,
> That cunnand wes in literature;
> He made the great gest of Arthure,
> And the Awntyre of Gawane,
> The Pystyl als of swete Swsane.
> He wes curyws in hys style,
> Fayre of facund and subtile."

All the poems here mentioned are extant. The Pystyl of Sweet Susan is the story of Susannah. Huchowne ranks, therefore, with Thomas of Erceldoune as the oldest English poet born north of the Tweed.*

The story of the Grene Knight is from the French metrical romance of Perceval, which was continued from the verse of Chrestien of Troyes, by Gautier de Denet and Manessier at the beginning of the thirteenth century.

To Thomas of Erceldoune, Thomas the Rhymer, a Scotch poet of the thirteenth century, Sir Walter Scott attributed the romance of Sir Tristrem, which he edited from the Auchinleck MS.† He derived his name from

Thomas of Erceldoune.

* "The oldest MSS. containing genuine Scottish poetry are the Cotton. MS. Nero A x., the Vernon MS. in the Bodleian Library, and a MS. formerly in the possession of Dr. Whitaker and afterwards of Mr. Heber, all of which are of the reign of Richard the Second, all apparently written in England, and all contain poems of Huchowne" (Sir F. Madden in Notes to Sir Gawayne, p. 303).

† "Sir Tristrem; a Metrical Romance of the Thirteenth Century, by Thomas of Erceldoune, called the Rhymer. Edited from the Auchinleck MS. by Walter Scott, Esq." (Edinburgh, 1804). The Auchinleck MS., written in the middle of the fourteenth century, was given in 1744 to the Advocates' Library by Alexander Boswell, of Auchinleck, father of Dr. Johnson's Boswell, called, as a Lord of Session, Lord Auchinleck.

the village of Erceldoune, on the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed, in the county of Berwick. He was alive and in the height of his fame at the death of Alexander III. in 1286, and he was dead in 1299, of which date there is a charter in which his son describes himself as the heir of "Thomas Rymour de Erceldon." His fame used to be great among the Scots. Tradition said that on the day before King Alexander's death he predicted a great wind, the greatest that ever had blown in Scotland. The morrow proving fine and still, the Earl of March sent for the false prophet to reprove him; but while he spoke one came to the gate saying that the king was killed. Then said the prophet, "yone is the wind that sall blaw to the gret calamity and truble of al Scotland." Divers metrical

It contains forty-four poems and fragments of poems. The first piece in it, the Legend of Pope Gregory, is numbered VI., so that five pieces are lost from the beginning, and there has been mangling throughout by the cutting away of illuminations with which the MS. had been adorned. Four of these, which had been used as covers for note-books, came into the hands of Dr. David Laing, and are now in the Library of the University of Edinburgh. After the Legend of Pope Gregory, the other pieces are the King of Tars; Adam and Eva; Seynt Mergrete; Seynte Katerine; Owayne Miles; Harrowing of Hell; a Miracle of the Virgin; Epistola Alcuini; Amis and Amiloun; Marie Maudelain; Anna, our leuedis moder; on the Seven Dedly Sinnes; the Pater Noster undo on Englissch; the Assumption of the Virgin; Sir Degarre; The Seven Wise Masters; Florice and Blancheflour; a satirical Poem; a list of names of Norman Barons; Sir Gij of Warwicke; continuation of Sir Gij of Warwicke; Rembrun, Gij sone of Warwicke; Sir Beves of Hamtoune; of Arthur and of Merlin; the Wench that loved a King; a Penniworth of Witte; how Our Leuedi Sante was ferst founde; Lay le freine; Rouland and Vernagu; Otuel, a knight; Alexander the Great; The Throstlecock and the Nightingale; Les diz de Seint Bernard; David the King; Sir Tristrem; Sir Orfeo; a Moral Poem; Liber Regum Angliæ; Horn childe and maiden Rimnilde; Praise of Women; King Richard; and the Simonie. For minuter details see E. Kölbing, in his "Englische Studien," vol. vii., pages 178—191.

prophecies were ascribed to him, and there was a tale of one who came riding to him on a grey palfrey when he sat beneath Eildoun tree—a beautiful damsel, for whose love he prayed; but she was Queen of Faery, and, becoming an odious hag when he had won her, carried him off swiftly behind her on her palfrey through darkness and roaring, through a wondrous garden, and by the roads leading to hell and heaven into Fairyland. There the fairy queen resumed her beauty, and they feasted and were happy till, when he had been three years in Fairyland, she bade him prepare to go, because the fiend would come next day for his tithe of the fairies, and would surely seize the handsome Thomas whom she loved so well. So she carried him back to the Eildon tree, and there prophesied to him of the wars between England and Scotland.* The first line of the Tristrem ascribed to him speaks of him in the third person—

"I was at [Erceldoune†]
With Tomas spake I there,
Ther herd Y rede in roune
Who Tristrem gat and bare."

Sir Walter relied also upon this passage in Robert of Brunne's introduction to his Metrical Annals:

"I see in song, in sedgeyng tale
Of Erceldoun and of Kendale,
Non tham says as thai tham wroght,
And in ther sayng it semés noght.
That may thou here in Sir Tristrem,

* Three MSS. of this story preceding a book of prophecies, entitled "Thomas off Ersseldoune," are in the Brit. Mus., Cotton. Vitell. E x., in the library of the University of Cambridge, and in that of Lincoln Cathedral. "The Romance and Prophecies of Thomas of Erceldoune" was edited from five MSS. by Dr. J. A. H. Murray, for the Early English Text Society in 1875. It has been re-studied in a monograph by Alois Brandl (Berlin, 1880).

† The word has been lost by cutting for an illumination, but the line is written at the bottom of the preceding page by way of catchword.

Over gestes it has the steem,
Over all that is or was,
If men it sayd as made Thomás;
But I here it no man so say,
That of som copple* som is away."

All that is not Scottish in the text of this Sir Tristrem may be set down to an English transcriber. Scott's opinion as to Thomas of Erceldoune being the Thomas who wrote the romance is now generally rejected. The argument for it has, however, been restated with a friendly bias by Mr. George P. McNeill in an edition of Sir Tristrem printed in 1886 for the Scottish Text Society. Dr. Aloiś Brandl considered the poem to belong to the north of England, near the Midland border, and called attention to line 1033, "God help Tristrem, the knight, he faught for Ingland." But such a line might very well be in a version made on the English side of the border, though the poem had its origin in Scotland. Professor Eugen Kölbing, of Breslau, in addition to a full study of the poem itself, has given an edition of the Scandinavian version of it.†

The Scottish people joined, like their neighbours, the spirit of freedom to the spirit of popular song. When in 1296 Edward I. besieged Berwick, these lines of derision are said to have been chorused to him from the walls:— Songs of the Scots.

* Couplet.

† Die nordische und die englische Version der Tristan Sage. I. Theil: Tristrams Saga ok Isondar. Mit einer literar-historischen Einleitung, deutscher Uebersetzung and Anmerkungen. Heilbronn, 1878. II. Theil: Sir Tristrem. Mit Einleitung, Anmerkungen, und Glossar. Nebst einer Beilage: Deutsche Uebersetzung des englischen Textes. Heilbronn, 1883. Dr. Kölbing, who gives great assistance to students of English by his "Englische Studien"—a periodical working side by side in honourable emulation with Richard Paul Wülcker's "Anglia"—has also distinguished himself as a student of old Scandinavian literature.

"Wend Kyng Edewarde, with his lange shankes
To have gete Berwyke, al our unthankes?
Gas pikes hym,
And after gas dikes hym."*

So also in memory of Bannockburn, there was a song of triumph long afterwards sung by Scottish maidens and minstrels; one record says that it was composed by maidens,† beginning thus:—

"Maydens of Englande, sore may ye morne
For your lemmans ye have loste at Bannockysborne,
With heue a lowe.
What, weneth the Kynge of Englande
So soone to have wonne Scotlande?
With rumbylow."

Metrical romance. William and the Werwolf.

The English is, no doubt, less ancient than the substance and the spirit of the song. We turn now to a class of metrical romances unconnected with any great series. An example of these is the Romance of William and the Werwolf by an unknown English author. It is said, at the end of the first Fytte, to have been translated from the French at the command of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, and nephew to King Edward II. He succeeded to the earldom in 1336, and died in 1361. Between these dates, therefore, lies the year of the composition of the poem—probably, according to Sir F. Madden, 1350.‡ But the French original was addressed to Yoland eldest daughter of Baldwin IV., Count of Hainault, probably after her second marriage in 1178 to

* Ritson's "Hist. Essay on Scottish Song."

† Fabyan's Chronicle; St. Alban's Chronicle.

‡ "The Ancient English Romance of William and the Werwolf; edited from a Unique Copy in King's College Library, Cambridge; with an Introduction and Glossary." By Frederic Madden, Esq.. (for the Roxburgh Club) (London, 1832). Re-edited by Professor W. W. Skeat for the Early English Text Society in 1877.

the Count of St. Paul. It represents, therefore, literature of the close of the twelfth century.

It is one of the mixed romances that did not belong to the cycle of Charlemagne and his twelve peers, or of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, or of the possible Dano-Saxon group, the chief of such exceptions being at this time (if we exclude the romances of Havelok and Horn) the Guerre de Troie of Benoît de St. Maure (to which we owe the first conception of the tale of Troilus and Cressida), Gavin le Loherain, Alexander, Athys and Porfilias, Florimond, and Gerard de Roussillon. The origin of William and the Werwolf is the Roman de Guillaume de Palerne, and the English verse is a close translation; but its chief interest is its use of an unrhymed alliterative metre, with many French words, as in the following passage from its opening:—

"Hit bifel in that forest there fast by side
There woned * a wel old cherl that was a couherde
That fele wintres † in that forest fayre had kepud
Mennes ken ‡ of the cuntre as a comen herde,
And thus it bitide that time, as tellen our bokes,
This cowherd comes on a time to kepen his bestes
Fast by side the borw § there the barn was inne,
The herd had with him an hound his hert to ligt,
For to bayte on his bestes wanne thai to brode ‖ went;
The herd sat than with hound ayene the hote sunne," &c.

The "Romance of Sire Degarré" was one of the popular romances that appeared in England about the end of the thirteenth century.¶ Three editions of it were printed in black letter during the sixteenth

Sir Degarré.

* Dwelt.

† Many years. Years were of old counted by winters; days by nights.

‡ Men's kine (cattle). § Borough. ‖ Abroad (astray).

¶ It was published from the MS. containing its earliest and best copy, the Auchinleck, by the Abbotsford Club in 1849, with a preface

century. Mr. Utterson has suggested that the name rightly spelt would be D'Egaré, or L'Egaré, a person almost lost.*

The romance of King Alexander.

But throughout, the great romance of the romances that did not tell of Arthur or Charlemagne, was that of King Alexander. The Greek romance of Alexander, written about the year 1060 by Simeon Seth, keeper of the imperial wardrobe in the palace of Antiochus at Constantinople, and founded upon Oriental legends that abounded among the Persians and Arabians as Mirrors of Iskander, the "Two-Horned Alexander," &c., was translated into Latin, and from Latin even into Hebrew, by one who wrote under the adopted name of Jos. Gorionides, had very wide popularity, and became the groundwork of many French and English poems. Gerald de Barri mentions the Latin version which professed to be by an Æsopus or a Julius Valerius, and had a fictitious dedication to Constantine the Great. In the year 1200 Gaultier de Chatillon turned it into an Alexandreis, which was one of the best Latin poems of the Middle Ages; and, again, in 1236 Aretinus Qualíchinus turned it into Latin elegiac verse.

Benoît de Sainte More, a trouvère who sang when Henry the Second reigned in England, produced a "Roman de Troie" in thirty thousand rhyming octosyllabic lines. While he took his incidents chiefly from Dictys and Dares, he interwove the story of Troilus and Cressida, borrowed from

and various readings from more recent copies, "as a contribution from the late William Henry Miller, of Craigetinny," with facsimile woodcuts from Mr. Miller's unique copy of Syr Degore, printed by Wynkyn de Worde.

* The story of Sir Degarré and the stories of many of the chief English romances of the Middle Ages may be found in Ellis's "Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances," of which an edition by Mr. Halliwell (London, 1848) forms one of the cheap volumes of Bohn's Antiquarian Library.

another source, if not invented. Alexandre Pëy believed* that he was indebted to an earlier and larger book of Dares, "De Excidio Trojæ," than that which has come down to us. Benoît de St. More rhymed also an "Histoire des Ducs de Normandie" in twenty-three thousand lines, and he is credited with "Le Roman d'Eneas" of which there is a German version, "Diu Eneit," by the Minnesinger Heinrich von Veldecke, finished at Neuenberg on the Unstrut between the years 1184 and 1189.

A score of French poets worked upon the subject, and by translation and expansion produced that romance of Alexander of which the great French exemplar was composed in or near the year 1184† by the trouvère Lambert li Cort, or le Court, of Châteaudun, and Alexandre de Paris, named usually from Paris where he dwelt, and sometimes from Bernay where he was born. There are only fragments of the earliest French poem on this subject, written in the eleventh century in octosyllabic verse by Alberic of Besançon. The larger and later romance or Chanson d'Alixandre is of 22,606 lines in nine books, and the twelve syllabled lines are of the sort now called, as is generally supposed from their use in this poem, Alexandrines. All the lines of a paragraph, even though their number be a hundred, rhyme together. Chrestien de Troyes was among those who sang romances of Alexander the Great, and he made his Cliget Alexander's son. There is a German Alexandreis, written in six books, by Rudolph of Hohenems, a Suabian, between the years 1220 and 1254. Ulrich von Eschenbach translated the Alexandreis of Gaultier

* Jahrbuch für Romanische und Englische Literatur, vol. i., p. 228.

† A splendid illuminated copy of it is in the Bodleian Library. The English romance is in Henry Weber's "Metrical Romances of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries." 3 vols. (Edinburgh, 1810).

de Chatillon. The Alexander romance was adopted in Spain, Italy, and even in Scandinavia. An admirable free translation into English metre was made in the thirteenth century by an unknown author, who has been called Adam Davie, because among other—chiefly religious and legendary —poems in the volume of Bodleian MS.* which contains it is a mystical poem, having no resemblance to it whatever, by an "Adam Davie, the Marchal of Stratford atte Bow." But few mistakes can be more obvious than the assumption that all poems copied of old into one MS. book were the work of the same writer.

With an outline of this Early English version of the most widely famous of the independent metrical romances let us pass for the present from this form of literature. The texture of the story will show something of the influence exercised by Oriental fiction on the mind of Europe, but as in all our early metrical romances its point of view lies in the domain of mediæval chivalry.

Our ancient romance of Kyng Alisaunder, written in rhymes short and irregular, consists of two parts. The first tells of the hero's youth and of his conquest of Darius; the second of his wonderful adventures in India; and it was the beginning of the interest taken by this country in India, when lords sat in hall and heard their minstrels sing of the "gentil baroun" who thus carried his conquests to the uttermost end of the earth. They had their own views of life and of geography. Their Alexander was a knight with horn and pennon, and his battles were fierce medley encounters of men in full armour fighting hand to hand. They liked to have the detail of all battles in a tale, and the description was but the recital of a series of duels. As for their geography, therewith begins the romance of

* Laud i. 74. There is a second MS. in the Library of Lincoln's Inn, No. 150.

Kyng Alisaunder.

Learned clerks divide into three parts (Europe, Africa, and Asia) this middle earth, but Asia is as big as the other two. Wise men discover twelve months in the year, February the twelfth and no more; they know the names of planets; some are hot and some are cold; all tell the chances of this life; and once there were good barons who understood this art, of which there was none wiser than Neptanabus, King of Egypt. When the kings prepared battle against him he looked in the sky. He made puppets of wax and caused them to fight together, so he quelled his enemy with charms and conjurations. At last King Philip of Macedon, with twenty-nine kings in his train, marched against Neptanabus, who saw in the stars death for himself should he abide in Egypt. Therefore he fled disguised to the rich city of Macedon itself, while Philip was distressing Egypt.

Now Philip's queen, Olympias, the fairest woman living, was disposed to show her charms in a procession, and to make a feast. There were knights tourneying, and maidens carolling, and champions skirmishing and wrestling, lions hunted, bears baited, boars at bay; the city was hung with furs and cloth of gold, and Dame Olympias rode through all the town, with a crown on her head and with her mantle off. Her yellow hair, plaited with rich strings of gold-wire, fell to her waist. Neptanabus stood in the road. Bareheaded he gazed at her, she also gazed at him. They exchanged a word, and he hurriedly left her. When she returned to the palace she sent her under-chamberlain after him, and heard from him of his magic power. He used his art in her presence to confirm the saying of the wise that Philip on his return would put her away for a new wife, but he foretold also that Ammon, god of Libya, would come down to her from the sky, and that she should be mother of one son, the god of Land, who would avenge her of all foes.

Then Neptanabus went home to his inn, and there made a puppet of wax, with which he charmed the queen. He gave her dreams. As a false god in the form of a dragon he went to her. He was the father of King Alexander. He caused also King Philip to have portentous dreams, and when, after the king's return, he would disgrace Olympias at a great feast, Neptanabus descended from the air in form of a great dragon that caressed her, and there appeared divers strange portents. Afterwards, when Alexander was born, the earth shook, the sea became green, the sun ceased to shine, the moon appeared and became black the thunder crashed. King Philip said to the mother, "You have borne a sorry son."

"Gef he libbe ryde and go
Mony a mon he schal do wo."

The boy grew and had a dozen masters; Aristotle was one of them. One day, when King Philip sported in a plain, a grisly colt was brought him, chained, by men who had found it in the wood. It had a hart's crupper, a bull's head, a sharp horn in the midst of the forehead. It was fed with red wheat, and liked man's flesh better than any corn. It was kept bound in iron chains, and was fed with condemned thieves. It would eat a man sooner than two champions could eat a hen. Bulsifal it was called, and only Alexander dared bestride it. For him it would lie down, and he might play upon its back.

One day Neptanabus sported with Alexander, and was teaching him the secrets of the stars. Alexander tripped him quietly into a pit, his head cracked against a stone, his neck-bone brake in two. "What treason is this," he cried, "against thy father?" "What!" Alexander said, "hast thou begot me? Could you not see in your books whose hand would slay you? Thou shalt beguile no other men; now I am quits with thee." "I knew," he said, "that I should be slain by my son." "Art thou my father?" quoth Alexander. "Yes," he said, "rumour speaks true." Then Alexander drew him from the pit, and took him to Olympias. But soon he made another pit and put Neptanabus in his long house. So came to that man of evil life an evil end.

The king desired to know which of his sons—Philip or Alexander—should be his successor. The oracle declared for him who should tame Bulsifal, and that was Alexander. He was knighted therefore, and a hundred knights were dubbed together with him. His father had been aggrieved by the King Nicholas of Carthage; Alexander therefore crossed the sea with knights, elephants, and camels, and encamped his knights in their pavilions on the sward of the strange land. Walking alone presently upon the shore he met Nicholas, an hardy man, stout and savage, who said anon, "Who gave thee leave hither to come? Quick! Get thee hence soon! Thou hast nothing to do here!" They quarrelled until Nicholas insulted Alexander grossly—

"'Fy on the!' quoth Nycolas,
And spitte amydde his face"—

then ran away to escape chastisement. That was but delayed to the day following, when Alexander killed him in a great battle and sacked his city.

Now while her son Alexander was away, Olympias had been imprisoned for her levity. Also King Philip had offered his hand to Cleopatra Queen of Egypt, who had accepted him, and gone in great state to Macedon, where the wedding-feast was being held. Alexander entered the hall with the crown of Nicholas in his hand, which he placed on his father's head. Then he sat at the board, but missed his mother, and slew with a stroke of his cup over the table the knight who answered his inquiry for her with a shameful truth. Then there was a sudden strife, tables were overthrown, and many knights were slain.

> " Thus hit farith by feste unwise
> After mete contek ariseth."

Alexander set Queen Cleopatra on her mule and drove her with shame out of Macedon. He fetched his mother out of prison, made peace with his father, and they all held a great reconciliation feast.

During this feast there arrived in the hall messengers who said that the city of Mentana was revolted. Alexander having considered, after dinner blew stoutly his ivory horn. Ten thousand knights at the sound flocked to him, mounted and armed, and fifteen thousand lads on foot with sword and buckler. Then Alexander leapt on Bulsifal, spurred, and sprang out at the hall-door. There is an end soon of Mentana,—

> " The spere beorith, the kyng is falle :
> His knightis flowen swithe alle,
> That folk is slawe withoute pité
> And forbrent is that cité,
> Alisaundre agayn heom dyghtis
> Wel blithe is heorte, and his talant."

Then Darius King of Persia sent to Philip King of Macedon for tribute of land, water, and wood. Alexander returned a defiant answer, but before the war with Persia began, it happened that by Pausanias, who loved much Olympias, Philip was deadly wounded through the nape. Alexander, returned from the quelling of a distant rebellion, found what had been done, and beheaded the assassin in the presence of the dying king. Alexander then was crowned at Corinth. He set forth against Darius, conquering on his way Thrace, Sicily, and Italy, levying knights also as he went. In Libya he found near Tripoli a magic statue built by Neptanabus, and dedicated to Termagaunt and Baal. He consulted this statue upon the question of his parentage, and was told that his father's name was Philip—

"Tho, aller furst, he understode
That he was ryght kyngis blod."

Before Tyre there was a dreadful contest. Messengers from Darius brought demands of tribute with a contemptuous present to the boy Alexander of a top, a scourge, and a purse. He replied that the scourge was for the back of Darius; the top, the round world given into his hand; the purse, a token of the tribute he should take from all mankind.

Alexander, having taken Tyre, wasted Arabia with fire and sword. The Arabian duke fled for help to Darius, who sent Salome forward against the Macedonians with forty thousand knights, and himself followed with all his army. Salome, having seen the strength of the enemy, declined a battle, but next day the whole Persian host advanced together. In front there were forty thousand elephants, each carrying twelve or fifteen men in a castle on his back. Then followed tributary kings, each leading twenty thousand men. Octiatus, the brother-in-law of Darius, marshalled sixty thousand. Darius followed with his wife, his sister, and his household, and a hundred thousand savage knights for his attendance. There was great neighing of steeds, glitter of gold and silver, white and red; there was many a rich dress and many a word of pride. Alexander sat in a silk robe and played at chess, when a knight came running and said, "Sire, up in haste! Here comes Darius with all his host. He comes with so great an army it is wonder that the ground will bear their weight." The king cried "Arms, anon!" To arms they went, every one. They let the elephants go by, and struck into the middle of the Persian host. Alexander raged as a hungry wolf among the sheep. The blows of knights were as hail on the shingle.

"Every knyght so laide on othir,
Mony mon ther les his brothir;
Mony lady hire amye,
Mony maide hire drewery;
Mony child is faderles,
Gret and dedliche was that pres!"

The Persians were at last routed, Darius fled—

"Tho Alisaundre cried anon,
'Quyk after Darie, everychon!'
Men myghte se tho after ryde al
With drawe sweord and slak the bridal,

Kyng and duyk, eorl and baroun,
Prikid the stedis with gret raundoun;
Ac * Alisaundre upon Bulsifall,
He passéd his people all."

Darius escaped, but the Greeks took his mother and his wife and his daughter, that dear life. Of all the women who were taken they only were saved from harm and honourably used.

The dead were buried. Alexander took to Nicomedia the captive family. But Darius, rallying at Babylon, sent for vast succours, and covered twenty miles of ground with people, who all boasted that they would smite off Alexander's head. Alexander also sent for succours to the kingdoms he had conquered. He was leading them over Tauryn, the high hill, when he saw there stuck in the ground a spear that cast never a shadow. Whoever plucked it from the mould his hand should have the world to hold. Many a king and kaiser had there tugged in vain; Philip among the rest. At the first pull Alexander drew it up, to the great bliss of all his people.

Then he was stopped on his way by the Thebans, whose town he attacked, and, in spite of the supplication of a harper who appeared on the walls, utterly razed from the earth. Then the Athenians gave him trouble. He wrote them lordly letters, which they at first defied, but afterwards, at the intercession of Demosthenes, who came to the king when he was chess-playing, they submitted, and he pardoned them their hardihood. Then Macedon revolted, but by the poor folk of the land and ladies bright in bower, who saw their own ruin before them, the town keys were pushed under the gate to Alexander. So he rode in and listened to the cry for mercy from the weaklings who lay prostrate at his horse's feet.

In the meantime Darius, having made a great speech to his council and taken the opinions of his generals, marched to meet Alexander, and encamped in a vast plain on the banks of the Tigris. Alexander was on his way to him, slaying, plundering, and burning. Soon Darius saw the distant fire that strode towards his camp. One day Alexander put on all his armour and therein swam across the Tigris, but was so cruelly chilled in the passage that he nearly sank under the weight of his arms, and was recovered afterwards only by the skill of Philip, his physician. While he was recovering, Tholomeus (Ptolemy) his steward, with a band of knights, crossed the stream and established themselves in an ambush near the Persian camp. Thence he attacked a Persian guard,

* But. Drewery, in preceding extract, love.

and thus produced an outcry that raised all the host against him. He and his men were being forced back on the water, when a gentle knight covered with wounds, and with the splinter of a lance in his flank, swam the river to rouse Alexander to the rescue.

"'*As armes!*' he cried fast:
Sone was y-armed al the ost."

They crossed in boats, and Tholomeus saw the succour.

"Alisaundre made a cry hardy,
'*Ore tost, ore tost, aly! aly!*'"

The hosts crashed together. The earth quaked with their riding, the air thickened with their crying, the blood of them that were slain ran in floods over the lawn.

Darius turned aside out of the battle, summoned his own knights with a blast of his horn, and offered all his treasure, half his realms, and his daughter to the man who should kill Alexander. A stalwart Persian knight undertook the adventure, slew a Greek, changed clothes with him, and rode through the battle at the heels of Alexander till he saw fair opportunity to cleave him from behind. But the blow could not pierce the strong hauberk. The king turned and shook him by the chin as a traitor. The knight said he was no traitor; and when he was tried after the battle, urged that all wile was honourable for the slaughter of a foe. Then, although Alexander's barons would have hanged him, Alexander declared that his deed was just and honourable, and sent him away free, loaded with presents.

Afterwards Alexander, whose whole army had crossed the river, ordered his men to tie boughs to their horses' tails, and so advance upon the Persians, raising a dust as if each man were twenty. Deceived by the dust, Darius broke up his camp and retired to the banks of a river called Estrage. Alexander occupied the ground he had abandoned, disguised himself as Antigonus, and in the character of an ambassador carried his own defiance to the Persian. Darius bade him to meat. At the feast, when the Persian king had drunk to him, the Macedonian hid the gold cup under a fold of his cloak. The theft was observed and outcry was raised, but the feigned messenger declared that it was usage in his court to give to an ambassador the cup he drank from, and he had supposed it to be also usage with the Persians. While he spoke, Pertage, a knight who knew him, whispered to Darius, and King Alexander understood his danger instantly. He leapt over the table and made haste away, "Darie after with all his might." Drawing his

sword, King Alexander cleared the way before him till he came against a knight upon a war-horse. Then he smote him down and leapt himself into the saddle. Hotly chased he reached the river, plunged in, and horse and man sank to the bottom. But they rose again and safely reached the other side, where he had left the companions to whom, during a short walk from the camp on a misty morning, he had suddenly disclosed the mind he had for an adventure.

Against Alexander—in his camp close to the river—Darius resolved to move. King Alexander burnt his tents and made a show of flight till he had tempted all the Persians to cross over and put the stream between themselves and flight. Then his whole army turned, and after a fierce conflict, full of single combats and adventures, routed them for the last time. Darius fled to a castle near at hand, whence he sent a submissive letter. Alexander meant well, but delayed to answer it. Then King Darius in despair sent message to Porus King of India, offering rich payment for his succour. But while the messengers were gone, two traitors, Besas and Besanas, foundlings whom he had reared, betrayed him. Such is beggars' blood!

> "Therfore no scholde gentil knyght
> Never norische founden wyght."

They betrayed him to Alexander, and then told him that the king was on the way to break the castle down over his head. They bade him fly with them, and on the way they gave him two death-wounds. Alexander found him lying in a pit—

> "Anon he lyghte of his hors
> And tok in armes that gentil cors.
> Darie sith, the kyng hit is:
> On kneoes he set up, y wis,
> To him he heold his hondes tweye
> Also wel as he maye,
> And saide, 'Gentil baroun, here my cry:
> On me that thou have mercy,
> And graunte me soche beryng
> So fallith for a kyng! . . . .
> And Y the bygwethe, by my lif,
> To thy spouse, my gentil wif;
> And Y byqwethe to youre honours
> Alle my castelis and my tours.'"

Darius bequeathed everything, and died in the arms of Alexander, who was ready to give all that he might live again.

Then the dead King of Persia was embalmed, and had a stately burial at Babylon. Alexander took his treasure and divided it among his kindred and among his own men, who all gave him fealty. And the two traitors he discovered by declaring that if he knew them he would set them on a high horse, and raise them to the dignity they merited. So the men came for their reward, and were marched through Babylon on horseback, with their faces to the horses' tails, pelted with dirt and dung by all the people, till they reached the gallows, on which they were lifted up.

"Now begynneth the other partie
Of Alisaundre's dedis hardye."

Alexander went with his dukes, earls, and knights towards the city of Facen after King Porus, that was flown into the city of Bandas. He took five thousand of the guides of the land to lead him through the desert by night and by day. They led him into strange peril.

"Ac ar hy comen to castel, oither town
Hy shullen speken another lessoun."

India begins at Mede, and stretches farthest of all eastern lands; the southern half touches the Afric sea, the north Mount Caucasayne. There is twice summer in that land, and never more winter or cold. It is a land full of all wealth. Fruit, wine, and corn they gather twice in one year. There are five thousand cities, without reckoning isles, castles and borough towns. There are nine thousand strange sorts of people. In India there is a water called Ganges, in which swim strong fishes three hundred feet in length. There is an island in that water containing great towns, and the king of that island rides to battle with four thousand horse and fifty thousand foot. There is another island called Gangerides, containing castles and a fair people, like children of no more than seven years old, who are "engineful to fight," and ride stalworth horses. They are clerks, conjurors, and warriors. They can shoot the griffin and the dragon flying, they are mighty hunters of the lion and the elephant. Not far thence is the hot island of Polybote, whose king leads into battle thirty thousand horsemen and six thousand foot. Beyond is the highest hill, called Malleus. The people living on the north half see no sun all through the year. Those on the south see it only for one month at Midsummer. Those

in the east lie all day under the hot sunshine, and are black as pitch. Pandea is a land close by, in which all who dwell are damsels, ruled by a maiden whose banners are followed by twenty thousand maids on war-horses, all well able in field to shake a spear. Near them are the Farangos, who roam forests, catch wild beasts, and eat them raw and hot. Another people near them, the Mantiny, live by the water and eat fish, having no fire but the clear sunshine. Next is a people dressed in leaves and thorns, creeping like hogs, skipping and leaping after crabs and eggs. Near these are the Orphani, who, when their parents become old, kill them and feed upon their bowels. Another people, the Still men, when they see signs of bad health in themselves take no medicine, but steal away from their friends into the wood, dig holes and creep therein to die, nor are they ever again found. Beside these are the Houndynges, men from the breast downwards, barking dogs above. Another strange people is pitch black, and each man has only one eye and one foot; with his foot he shelters himself against rain and sun, for the foot is big enough to shelter all the body. Another folk there is that lives on hips and haws, and sloes and turnips. On the south side, where India ends, there lives a wise and cultivated people, clothed in ermine, gold, and silver, and fine scarlet silk. They eat and drink daintily, and have shapely faces, yellow as gold. Another people near them has light and vigorous legs, eighteen feet long. They go barefoot, live near the woods, and overtake all prey. The women of that country, who are large and bold, marry at fifteen, bear fair children, and never live beyond the age of twenty. Beside them is a wise and proud people whose men know how to ward off all trouble. They rise early in the morning and go to the seashore (they stand all day on one foot), and judge of events by the waves and stars. These men have wondrous wives, who bear but one child in their lives; that child is able to begin talking to its mother as soon as it is born. Another people near them, rich and proud, is of men who are hoary to the age of nineteen years and a half, are brown-haired at thirty, and change every ten years the colour of their hair. These have the longest lives.

You have heard of the wonderful people in a few parts of Ind; there are many more; but I must tell of the beasts and worms that Alexander fought with in the desert, as he marched out against Porus from Facen. For three days they could find no water; horses and dromedaries died of thirst. They came to a lake, but it was black, and poisoned those who drank of it, until a palmer came—it was an angel—who showed where a herb grew that would recover them. Next day, with his great army, of which the train was twenty miles long,

Alexander marched on to endure another seven days' thirst, after which they arrived at a castled town beside a river. The Greeks asked to drink at the river, but the men in the castle paid no heed to them. The king bade two hundred knights swim over to discover by some stratagem what men they were who formed the garrison. The knights leapt into the water, and had swum a third of the way over when ypotamos came flinging out of rocks, with a loud neighing, great and grisly beasts stronger than elephants. They shot into the water and ate up every one of the knights.

The king in wrath threw after them thirty of his guides, and they also were eaten. Top and back, crupper and body, the hippopotamus is like a horse. He hath a short beak and a crooked tail, and boar's tusks, and a pitch-black head. It is a wondrous beast; will eat all fruit, apples, nuts, raisins, and wheat; but best he loveth man's flesh and man's bone. He lives in rock, haunts water and land, eats flesh and fish, dreads no beast, and when he seeks prey turns his steps hindwards and forwards, so that no man may see whitherward he is going.

The king left that river and saw no more water till at noon a fisherman directed him to cross a wood, upon which they rode south-east for a day and night, fighting with boars, bears, lions, elephants, tigers, dragons, great ounces, and leopards, which slew many a bold knight, and on the other side of the wood sweet water was found, by which the king set his pavilions and planted many a banner and banneret. Then he felled many thousand oaks, beeches and birches, and made five hundred fires, each as great as a house, that in the dark night there might be no betrayal, and to cook the beef and mutton, birds and venison, for it was supper-time.

Before the king hung a carbuncle-stone and two thousand lamps of gold, and one that cast all as much light as the bright sun by day. The gleemen sang, and the woods echoed to their singing. The feast was held for twenty miles about. While the king and his troops were rejoicing, great adders and scorpions came flying with a vile whistling; tigers, elephants, and bears assailed with cry and boast all Alexander's host. But there was a king in those parts ruling a strange race, the Albanies, white men with blue faces, who are all wall-eyed, and see by night, as cats do. They are four feet high, and very strong. Their king had sought Alexander's friendship, and had sent to him a crown of gold, a falcon, two bugle-horns, a bow and five arrows, also in a chain of gold two greyhounds as great as lions. While Alexander's army fought with fire and sword and spear against the scorpions and adders, tigers, elephants, lions, and bears, these hounds, wild and eager, brake the chain between them, and one leapt on a lion, the

other on an elephant. They strangled both, and put the whole rout of the rest to flight, but the small adders stopped at a lake to drink and wash.

While the king was still wondering, there was a cry and a great noise behind, as if all the world were coming down, and then came flying dragons of divers colour, who slew more than a hundred and ten of the king's men. Twice in the night these dragons fought with the knights, and the third time the small adders came and battled with the dragons and defeated them. Whereupon King Alexander bade that none should do hurt to those adders. Then all were turned again to rest, when there was a loud thunder from the mountain and clear fire flying abroad, as if it were the world in flames. It was grisly dragons, some with two, some with three heads, whistling and casting blasts of fire out of their mouths. The king and his knights fought with these dragons and killed them all, losing of their own force in the fray twenty knights and one-and-thirty footmen. It was past midnight, and they took a little rest, that was soon broken by a noise as if the wood were tumbling. They were attacked then by many thousand crabs as big as boars, each with twelve feet, and ugly as the devil. No steel of axe or sword could pierce their armour, natheless these were subdued when fought against with firebrands. But directly afterwards white lions, large as bulls, rushed on the army. Anon came tigers breathing fire; these fought with the knights till it was almost day, and then fled to their dens. Then there came at daybreak, with peacock cries, foul birds, larger than doves, with black feathers on the belly, and rough like lambs on the back; they had teeth like a man, and tresses over the neck like a woman. These did great hurt to the army. Afterwards there dashed in frightful beasts named deutyrauns, taller than elephants, black-headed like a palfrey, and with three long sharp horns on the forehead. They gave battle, and slew one hundred and twenty-two knights, losing fifty-two of their own force before they were driven into dales and caves. Suddenly great foxes came up out of the ground and bit with poisoned teeth both man and horse; but black fowls who were hovering over the lake for perch and salmon, seeing these foxes, pounced on them and bore them off in their strong claws.

Through such trouble King Alexander made his way to Bandas, where he went disguised into the court of Porus, and received a challenge to bear to himself. He defeated Porus in a battle, took him prisoner, then granted him his love and peace.

"Now went Porus, so I fynde,
With Kyng Alisaunder overe all Ynde

To shew him the merueilynges
Of men, of bestes, of other thinges;
And helpen wynne under his honde
All the naciouns of the londe."

They marched to the world's end and saw the two golden images on brazen stages which men call Hercules' Bounds. There a black churl with a long beard told Alexander that southward was the end of middle earth, westward the Red Sea, northward a howling wilderness, but eastward East Ind, the best and safest road. There four-and-fifty kings accounted nothing of him and of Porus. In twenty days' sail that land might be reached; the passage had been once made by an emperor named Libertine. King Alexander took ship therefore, and came on the fourteenth day to Yperoun, seven thousand miles long and four thousand broad. He found there a fair city and a friendly king. There grows no sort of corn except sweet spices, and only of them the people make their bread. Every man and woman of the land of Taprobane lives for a hundred years unless death come by the foeman; they are all clothed in gold, silver, and precious stones. Further east are only dragons, wild beasts, a strange folk called sea-hounds, and four-headed adders that void sapphires, chrysolites, jacinths, and emeralds and pearls. Beyond the dragons and beasts, right in the East, is the earthly Paradise wherein Adam was set.

The king went forth again to India in the north, which is called Upper Ind. There he found the land in arms; and kings and dukes, rich and poor, made desperate but vain resistance. Child in cradle, man or wife, the king left never one in life. A great beast with two heads (one like a cokedrill, the other like a unicorn), a back bristling as with sharp scythes, and flaming eyes, attacked the army and could not be wounded, but was driven off; and then there was a charge made by elephants; but, following the advice of Porus, King Alexander whipped pigs until their squeaking, which no elephant can bear, drove all these enemies away.

The king saw a nation of men living in the water, plashing and swimming about unmolested by the ypotames; they stank like water-dogs. He reached the Ganges, where his march was opposed by a city, on whose wall he stepped to look within; but the inhabitants seized him with iron hooks and dragged him in among them, where they beat him nearly flat before he could think where he was. Then he began to use his shield, soon slew "a raw two dozen," and, maugre the teeth of them all, set his back to the wall. He had slain more than a hundred; he was bleeding and faint,

" And the folk hym leide on, ay the lenge the more,
Byhynde and biside, and also before."

The noble duke Sir Perdicas, who was in the host without, then got upon the wall, and seeing the great fray leapt into it. He killed sixty-five, and saved the king's life, until the army had stormed the town, which was then soon taken and burnt.

Afterwards Alexander saw the Isles of Cormorans and Bramans. The people in Bramans live a life of penance, eating only herbs and fruit, inhabiting trees and dens. They also burn themselves alive to win the joys of Paradise. Then Alexander meant to pass the sea again, and war upon the Frenchmen, Germans and English, Bretons, Irish, and Danes. But a black man with no neck, one eye, one foot, and the voice of a bull told him that over the sea, right in the north, were men indeed worth conquering, the godless sons of Nebrot, builder of the tower in Babylon after Noah's flood; they lived in Taracun, feeding on adders and on dragon's flesh, and on man's flesh and blood, which was their sweetest meat. Whatever is most unnatural, that they hold to be best. To have the mastery of them would be to win most praise. So the king levied a great host, and sailed to Taracun, capital of the land of Magog. The sons of Nebrot gathered in their marshes and their narrow defiles, and slew many of the invaders. The king's arms and devices failed, and after sacrificing on Mount Celion he remembered the land called Meopante, which is between Egypt and Ind, which is indeed not land but water, and where men dwell among fishes, within gates built of a bitumen that becomes hard as iron, having power irresistible against all water, salt or clear. The king dived to this isle of Meopante, and therein he learnt the wonders of the deep. When he had lived there half a year, he loaded many thousand ships with the strange clay of the place, that no water can dissolve, no metal break. Then he set half his army to engage the monsters of Taracun in battle for sixty, forty and two days, while, with help from the men of Meopante, he stopped the way from Magog by the Sea of Calpias—it was but a single passage between two rocks; also with that tough clay he stopped the passes, through which only there was any land-way out of Taracun, except over a mountain that reached to the sky. So he bound up and confined the Taracountes and Magogecas, the Gogas, the Vetas, and the Durwes, and the Wolflings and twenty-five folk more, every one fouler than the other. As King Alexander bound them, they remain shut up till Antichrist shall come and set them free, and lead them to lay waste the world, and tear with their teeth all who will not serve him.

Then Alexander went to Ethiopia, and saw many more strange peoples: the Cenophalis doing no work, living entirely on each other's milk; the Azachy, eaters of elephants; the Mauritimy, good archers, with eyes behind as well as before; the Archapitis, who run on all fours; the fair and courteous people of Macropy in the East, whose capital is Sheba, whence the queen came for whom Solomon served Mahomet. Between that land and Paradise is nothing but a desert plain. There is another people without nose or mouth, but only a small hole under the chin, where their wind goes out and in. They suck milk through a reed. Having no tongue, they talk by motions of the hand. These are the Orisiné. Another people, the Auryalyn, have long ears, in which they wrap themselves to keep out wind and weather. But of all the world the Garranien are the foullest men.

When he had seen and conquered all that was in Egypt, Alexander went with his host through a green wood, where he saw women sprouting up out of the ground, some with their heads only, some more above the surface; and when they were all grown up they walked away. Men can only marry these women by force, and then their cries bring around them others of their kind, who fall on them and tear them all to pieces. These people are called the Archdraks.

And many more of the world's wonders Alexander had seen when, on his way back to India, he passed the realms of Queen Candace, who loved him, and whom he loved, though they had never seen each other. She sent her son to bid him to her court, but he marched. She had sent also a cunning man secretly to model in clay for her the portrait of the conqueror. That she kept in her bower, and by that she knew him.

Directed by two old men, King Alexander visited in a sacred land, among the spice-groves of a great mountain, the miraculous trees of the sun and moon. He questioned them about his fate, and, though he tried their patience, learnt from them that he should die by poison on the 24th of March in the next year. Then after more marches and sufferings from adders, dragons, and wild beasts, while waiting for fresh succours he built a city in the desert, which he named Alexandria. His distress emboldened Porus to defy him; but in the ensuing battle Alexander killed Porus and became possessor of his throne.

After this Candulake, Candace's son, came to the conqueror for help against a tyrant who had carried off his wife. The king caused Tholomy to wear his robes and pass for Alexander, while he himself went as Antigonus to redress the wrongs of the suppliant. Candulake returned to swear fealty to the mimic Alexander, who was bidden to profess a

great desire to test the reports of Candace's beauty. He sent home therefore, with Candulake, King Alexander, still in his disguise; but by the model in her chamber Candace recognised him, and employed her woman's wit to win him to her arms. Thus Alexander remained happy in love at the court of Candace, the fairest and the richest of all queens, till, having been discovered, he departed suddenly, rejoined his host, and marched to the great borough of Babylon, which he proposed to make his capital. He summoned all kings, dukes, barons and earls, princes, knights, freemen and churls, for he thought to go, after summer, into Africa; but in the meantime Antipater, who had been accused of false-dealing in the justice-seat and feared his punishment, sent to the king a gift of poisoned wine. He died of it, but before death parted his kingdom among his barons, and they buried him by counsel of a bird in his own town of Alexandria.

CHAPTER XII.

FOUNDATION OF THE DOMINICANS AND FRANCISCANS—GROSSETESTE—ROGER BACON.

IN the year 1209, by the inspiration of Amaury, abbot of that Citeaux whence the Cistercians, hated of Walter Map, derived their name, there was a massacre in France of those who had gone farthest upon the way the English mind was travelling. The followers of Peter Waldus—called after him Vaudois, and Albigenses from the town of Alby, where their influence was greatest—had spread through the south of France their growing spirit of antagonism to the corruptions of the Church of Rome. They opposed the doctrine of the Mass then current; they did not believe in purgatory; they denounced image-worship; and they set up against an ecclesiastical religion, degenerate by too much intercourse with the lusts of the flesh and the pomps and vanities of the schools, a pure and strict observance of the rules of life and doctrine drawn by themselves from the word of Christ and his Apostles. The massacre in France of the Albigenses in 1209 bears nearly the same relation to our English struggle of mind in the days of Wyclif that the massacre of St. Bartholomew bore to our English Reformation in the sixteenth century. England, as this tale of her mind in her literature will inevitably show, has lived, lives, and will live on hereafter, in her people: France has lived too much in her chiefs. France, too, would have secured her part in the liberty of thought

Reformers in France.

brought with the Reformation, had not the leaders of the Huguenots disdained the inspiration and despised the service of the common people. Leaving the strength of their deep sympathy to waste itself in undirected effort, they preferred the formal service of hired men-at-arms, although they had the hope and vigour of the nation at their beck.

They were two Cistercian monks, Peter de Castelnau and Ralph, to whom in 1203 Innocent III. gave extraordinary commission to root out the heresy in Languedoc which had Raymond VI., Count of Toulouse, for a protector. As the Cistercians excommunicated Raymond, one of them (Peter of Castelnau) was in 1208 killed by a gentleman of Raymond's household. Then a crusade was proclaimed against the sovereign, who was declared worse than a Saracen and heathen, since he was a Christian and a heretic. The same offers of spiritual advantage by which men had formerly been drawn to Palestine brought, at the Pope's bidding, an eager host to Lyons. Marching thence, in the year 1209, through summer fields and woods into Languedoc, the Pope's new Crusaders stormed the town of Bézières and massacred its people. "How," asked a knight of the Cistercian abbot, Amaury, who was joined to Simon de Montfort as director of the bloody work—"how shall we distinguish heretic from faithful?" "Slay them all!" said the Cistercian; "for the Lord will know His own." It is in the midst of this popular struggle that we first meet with the Spanish Dominic, founder of one of those two orders of friars—the Dominican and the Franciscan—which in the thirteenth century did more than all other religious orders to restore health to theology and scholarship, and to bring charity back into the visible Church-system. Each of these two orders had a distinct central idea; but the Dominicans brought out of the Church doctrine, the Franciscans, pity, both in the same

Origin of the Dominican Friars.

way, in a brotherly form, home among the poor. They learnt more than they taught; and by what they learnt were better fitted for the rational instruction of rich men and scholars. So healthy was the issue of this effort that Frederick Denison Maurice (when, in his thoughtful and generous account of "Mediæval Philosophy,"* he speaks of the vanities of the schools touched by the learning of the Friars, who had sound human experience by which to test their doctrine and to modify their dogmas) writes, not without good reason, at the side of the page telling of this, "The poor prove the revivers of learning, and the saviours of the upper classes."

For, in truth, it is with literature as with theology; whenever a good or bad form that has had life in it dies into formalism, help comes from no Cæsar. Effectual help comes only from free effort to get back into a living sympathy, not with the scribes and doctors only, but with all that can be found worthiest and truest in the hearts of all, and of the scribes and doctors only as a part of the great whole.

Dominic, born in 1170, of a noble family of Guzmans, in the valley of the Douro, became a learned theologian, sternly devout in his denial of salvation in heaven or mercy on earth to the heretic, but truly devout, and in his own way pitiful. When a student, much as he cherished them, he sold his books that he might give their value to relieve the poor in a sharp day of famine. "How," he said, "can I be studying in dead skins when there are living men dying of hunger?" He believed also substantially that men did not live by bread alone, and that the poor might die of hunger for the word of truth, only the more easily since there was no religious truth outside the doctrines of his Church. When therefore Dominic, who had been for nine years studying theology alone at Osma, went as his prior's companion on a Danish embassy, and passed through

* "Encyclopædia Metropolitana Treatise" (London, 1857), p. 166.

southern France before the massacres began, he saw the legates of the Pope, and the rich priests, whose lives were of no good example to the poor, struggling in vain to browbeat into orthodox opinion a people trained to heresy by men whose lives were of unblemished purity. Dominic and his prior Diego told the Pope's legates this; and when on their return, after a visit also to Rome, they found the armed crusade afoot, they urged that the first way of dealing with such errors was to carry piously and simply home among the huts of the land the fruits of learning; and to do that, not as men who sought worldly advancement through the precious knowledge of eternal truth, but as a class of brotherly priests who had abandoned all that the world calls preferment, and lived only to guide, by the true path, heavenward the willing footsteps of the poor.

To carry out such a design was Dominic's share in the reaction, within strictest orthodox bounds, of the Church of his day against the self-seeking of monks, abbots, and archdeacons.

He founded an order, not of Fathers but of Brothers, who—having abjured possession of all forms of wealth, dependent for their daily meal upon the bread sufficient for the hour that might be shared with them by those to whom they preached, not carrying even a crust out of any house as bodily provision for the future—should simply, but with help of all the learning by which heresy could be proved error, preach the gospel to the poor. They were to be *Frati Predicatori*, Friars Preachers. And it was at Toulouse, in 1215; in the midst of ruin left by the Albigensian war, from which, as a last resort against heretics, his creed had not revolted; that his work was begun by that Dominic whom Dante saw in heaven * as the warm lover of the Christian Faith, the holy athlete, kind to its own and cruel to its foes—

* Del Paradiso, canto xii.

"L'amoroso drudo
Della Fede Cristiana, il santo atleta,
Benigno a' suoi, et a' nimici crudo "—

coupling his name of Dominic with the character of husbandman chosen by Christ to help him in his garden.

Francis, too, Dante saw, seraphic in his zeal,

"Tutto serafico in ardore,"

who wedded Poverty in love and pity of the poor. Twelve years younger than Dominic, he was born in 1182, and was the son of a rich merchant of Assisi. When as a youth he became grave in the midst of a gay frolic, he answered to the question, "Why so grave, Francis? Are you going to be married?" "I am; and to a lady of such wealth, rank, and beauty that the world cannot produce her like." His bride was the Poverty in which his Lord came to his own; rich in the winning of souls; high in dignity before the throne of heaven; and adorned with the beauty of holiness. The wealth and ambition of the clergy lay in those days as an impassable rampart between them and the people. In that rampart Francis and his followers would make a breach. The suburbs of the town were too commonly filthy, leprous, and plague-smitten haunts of a poor and ignorant people, who belonged to no protecting guilds, and feebly cringed under the shelter of the towns from the rapacity that plagued them in the open country. Wherever the suffering was greatest (always in such suburbs, and in the worst parts of them) the little spiritual heavens of the first Franciscans made their good foundation sure. As Dominic had called his preachers Brothers, so the followers of Francis—who were to bring home to men, not the strict orthodox theology, but the pure charity of the Gospel—should be Brothers too. Dominic's theologians were called already *Frati Predicatori;* Francis

Origin of the Franciscans.

therefore modestly placed himself and his companions below their order as the *Frati Minori*, lesser brethren, Minorite Friars. They were both offshoots of the Augustinian monks: both were Austin Friars, whether Black Friars or Grey Friars. The Dominicans were in Black; and the Franciscans went in coarse Grey-gowns, bare-footed and bare-headed. The Crusaders had brought leprosy home from the East in a form virulent and loathsome. The leper was cast out and shunned by his fellows. St. Francis went to him in a divine spirit of mercy. Once he rebuked a brother for walking with a leper in the street, outside the hospital, where men could not endure the sight. He thought that the wretched sufferer winced at the mention of his loathsomeness; and, as penance for the pain he had thus given, Francis resolved "to eat out of the same dish with this Christian brother. He was a leper all over, disgusting for his open ulcers; especially as his fingers were covered with sores and blood; insomuch that as he dipped his fingers in the dish, and carried the morsels to his mouth, the gore and blood dripped into the dish. As the friars looked on, they were greatly grieved and pained at the sight. But for the reverence they bore him, not one dared utter a word."* Nobody, noble or ignoble, might in the early days of the order become a Franciscan who refused attendance upon lepers.

It was a remarkable result of this foundation of a brotherhood for the performance of all works of Christian charity in closest contact with the very poor—a brotherhood, too, in which book-learning was discouraged to the

* Quoted by James Sherren Brewer from the "Speculum Vitæ," in his interesting preface to the "Monumenta Franciscana; scilicet, I. Thomas de Eccleston de Adventu Fratrum Minorum in Anglia. II. Adæ de Marisco Epistolæ. III. Registrum Fratrum Minorum Londiniæ." Edited as a volume of the Series of Chronicles and Memorials published under direction of the Master of the Rolls (London, 1858).

utmost by its founder—that it should have given a right impulse to physical study, and should have improved the school of theologians. Their mission of healing to the poor made the Franciscans students of nature. In energetic and devoted men the intellect could not remain inactive, and the Franciscans became, in the best and strictest sense of the word, physicians. To the best of their opportunity they explored secrets of nature, and yielded to England in Roger Bacon her first great experimental philosopher. Though the Dominicans and Franciscans (known with the uninfluential Carmelites as the Mendicant Orders) were theologians after the manner of their day, yet even their theology had been, by the nature of their calling, humanised. The keen and busy minds among the people were more than a match for scholastic sophistry; and this the growth of heresies had shown. When, therefore, the guiding brothers came among the poor, they could sometimes find for themselves where their Church-logic armed them in steel and where in buckram.

First influence of the Mendicant orders on the mind of Europe.

The Franciscans very soon learnt that, to have influence, they must have knowledge. How effectively they sought it, the works of Roger Bacon witness; and their influence for good was great from the day of their settlement in England in 1226, until, by Chaucer's time, the Friars also had degenerated into formalism, and too many of them were (as the Monks before them had been) ignorant, greedy, and obscene. When that was so, their character of friar brought with it the additional evil that, as they still frequented the homes of the poor, instead of inclosing much of their vice within monastery walls, they sowed it broadcast, and brought into contact with the ignorant and helpless, not the seraphic zeal of Francis, but all the corruption bred of an unnatural life led as a trade, and sustained by no strong impulse of a righteous enthusiasm.

Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln from 1235 to 1253—Gower's "great clerk Grostest"—the one man who, according to his pupil Roger Bacon, knew the sciences, was born about the year 1175, at Stradbrook, in Suffolk, of humble parents. He studied at Oxford, and probably also at Paris. At Oxford afterwards he graduated in divinity, and became master of the schools. In 1224, at the request of Agnellus, the provincial minister of the Franciscans in England, he became their first rector at Oxford, and continued in this office until his election to the bishopric of Lincoln. Between 1214 and 1220 he was archdeacon of Wilts, and in 1221 he was archdeacon of Northampton. Afterwards he was, till 1231, archdeacon of Leicester; and he was at one time rector of St. Margaret's, Leicester. In 1232, after a violent fever, Grosseteste gave up all his preferments except a prebend at Lincoln. In 1235 he succeeded Hugh of Wells in the bishopric of Lincoln, and thus had charge of the largest and most populous diocese in the country. Strictly interpreting the duties of his office, with great energy he devoted himself to the suppression of abuses. Within a year of his consecration, he had, after a visitation of the monasteries, removed seven abbots and four priors. Next year he was, in a council held in London, supporting the proposal to deprive pluralists of all their livings except one. His strictness caused some wretched monk to give him poison, from which he did not recover easily. Of course also his chapter opposed his strong-handed efforts at rèform, and joined the monks in resisting all future exercise of the episcopal right of visitation. The chapter had, like the bishop himself, an agent at Rome: arbitration failed. The canons preached against the bishop in their own cathedral; and once, when an angry canon had said of what he called the bishop's oppression, "If we were to be silent, the stones would cry out," the wall of the church behind the dean's

Robert Grosseteste.

seat fell, burying three men under its ruin. Letters of Grosseteste, many of them written during and in relation to this contest, remain;* but Dr. Luard, their recent editor, rightly observes, that if there was harshness in the bishop's manner and mode of proceeding, his letters show no sign of it. His aim was a manly and honest one, simple enough in itself—so simple that one wonders at the weakness of the arguments, according to the type of mediæval theology and logic, with which he endeavoured to persuade men who thought it their interest not to agree with him. They answered him even more weakly, with forgery of an absurd document purporting to contain historical evidence that the see of Lincoln was a royal foundation, subject, therefore, to the king's will, having come to an end before the Conquest through faults of a bishop, and been refounded by William Rufus. It was not till 1245 that the bishop won his point in dispute about visitation, by getting a bull from Pope Innocent IV.; and in 1246 he obtained another bull from the Pope to prevent scholars at Oxford from graduating in arts without passing the usual examinations, after the Parisian manner. But when Grosseteste resumed his visitation, in the needful spirit of that antagonism to priestly luxury of which the Dominicans and Franciscans were, in their own way, an active embodiment, his inquiry into the morals of his diocese, that spared neither noble nor ignoble, produced so much scandal that the king was appealed to, and actually issued a mandate forbidding laymen to give evidence in such matters before officials of the bishop. And when Grosseteste at last excommunicated a king's sheriff for not imprisoning, upon his order, a beneficed clerk of Lincoln

* "Roberti Grosseteste Episcopi Quondam Lincolniensis Epistolæ." Edited by Henry Richards Luard, M.A. (London, 1861). A volume of the series of Chronicles and Memorials published under direction of the Master of the Rolls. In the text I am indebted almost throughout to Dr. Luard's preface to this volume.

diocese, who had in vain been excommunicated for incontinence, the king became angry, and obtained from the Pope exemption of his bailiffs from all such episcopal compulsion.

One of the struggles of Grosseteste was with the seizure by the monasteries to their own use of possessions and tithes of the Church meant for the sustenance of resident priests, encroaching greedily, as Map found that the Cistercians did when they were neighbours to him in his parsonage by the Forest of Dean. Grosseteste endeavoured to make the monks disgorge, and went to the Pope for help. But the monks had been to the Pope before him, "boxing the Pope's ear" with their heavy purses of ill-gotten gold; and so the bishop left the Pope, sighing aloud, so that his angry Holiness might hear, "Oh money, money, how much you can do—especially at the court of Rome!" In 1252 Grosseteste caused a calculation to be made of the income of the foreign clergy thrust by the Pope on English maintenance. It was 70,000 marks, three times the clear revenue of the king; and in the year following, then an old man, he made his famous stand against the avarice of Rome by refusing to induct the Pope's nephew, Frederick di Lavagna, into a canonry at Lincoln. Grosseteste died in the autumn of that year, 1253, accusing Rome of the ruin brought into the Church; and his last words were that the Church would not "be freed from this Egyptian bondage except at the bloody sword's point. But these things, indeed, are slight. In a short time—say three years—heavier troubles will come." A legend of bells heard in the sky by several people on the night of Grosseteste's death, and the early report of miracles worked at his tomb, testify to the regard in which he was held among the people. Even the king, whom he often thwarted, had looked up to him, with the University of Oxford, and all the intelligence of the country, as a fountain head of erudition and wise counsel; while his contemporary, Matthew Paris, who took the monk's view of his strict visitations of the monasteries,

and was not the bishop's friend, felt, after all, the high sense of a bishop's duty that had made Grosseteste so fearless an opposer of all powers that strove to make a den of thieves out of the House of Prayer. For he thus sums up his character: "He was a manifest confuter of the Pope and the king, the blamer of prelates, the corrector of monks, the director of priests, the instructor of clerks, the support of scholars, the preacher to the people, the persecutor of the incontinent, the sedulous student of all Scripture, the hammer and the despiser of the Romans. At the table of bodily refreshment he was hospitable, eloquent, courteous, pleasant, and affable. At the spirtual table devout, tearful, and contrite." Grosseteste's intimate friend Adam de Marisco was most struck, observes Dr. Luard, by his courage; his pupil Bacon, by his marvellous and almost universal knowledge. He battled against the corruption of the Church not in the narrow spirit of an ascetic. Three things, he once told a preaching friar, are necessary for temporal health—food, sleep, and liveliness. To a melancholy friar, plaguing himself with unsubstantial self-torture, he ordered the drinking of a cup of the best wine as penance; and when the friar had drunk it — drunk it unwillingly — he said to him, "Dearest brother, if you had often such a penance you would have your conscience in much better order." Heartily in accord with the movement represented by the poverty of the Franciscans, he said that he liked to see the friars' dresses patched. But when one of them, mistaking a particular means for the great end that was to be sought thereby, praised, in a sermon, mendicancy as the highest step towards attainment of all heavenly things, Grosseteste told him that there was a step yet higher, namely, to support oneself by one's own labour.

Bishop Grosseteste left his library to the Franciscans; but of the MSS. of his works many have, in comparatively recent times, been lost. The mere list of his writings,

chiefly theological, occupies three-and-twenty closely-printed quarto pages. Among them is a Book of Husbandry, in Latin, of which there are also MSS. in French. He wrote sermons, treatises on physical and mental philosophy, commentaries on Aristotle and Boëthius. He applied a rare knowledge of Greek and Hebrew to the minutest study of the Scripture; wrote Latin verse, including perhaps the metrical "Dispute between the Body and Soul," published among the poems attributed to Walter Map*—a poem on an old familiar plan, popular in several languages, of which we have seen that there was an Anglo-Saxon example in the Exeter Book.† He wrote an allegorical "Château d'Amour" (the Body of the Virgin Mary); to Grosseteste also is usually ascribed the work written in French by William of Waddington, as the "Manuel des Péchés," and afterwards freely translated by Robert of Brunne, who introduces into it a story of the learned bishop's love for harp music:—

"Next hys chamber, besyde his study,
Hys harpers chamber was fast the by.
Many tymes, by nightes and dayes,
He hadd solace of notes and layes.
One askede hem the resun why
He had delyte in mynstrelsy:
He answerde hym on thys manere
Why he helde the harpe so dere:
The virtu of the harpe thurgh skile and ryght
Wyll destrye the fendys myght;
And to the cros by gode skeyl
Ys the harpe lykened weyl."

The "Old Hodge Bacon" of Hudibras, and the hero of "the honourable History of Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay," is the person who acquired his skill by promising himself

* It is ascribed to Grosseteste by Polycarp Leyser, as quoted by Dr. Luard, whose authority I am here following.

† "E. W." II. 196, 202.

to the devil when he died, whether he died in the church or out of it, and who at last cheated the devil cleverly by dying in a hole in the church-wall. Four centuries before the day of small philosophy, when such stories were credited, an anxious simple-minded man, in the grey habit of the lowliest of the religious orders—one who had spent a handsome patrimony for the love of knowledge, and who waited on the outcast leper for the love of God—walked barefoot in the streets of Oxford. His home was in no stately monastery, but in the poorhouse in the suburbs, in the parish of St. Ebbe's, which had been given to the Franciscans by a citizen. In the wretched chamber that was the appointed dwelling of a Minorite while still the doctrine of St. Francis was in force among his followers, Roger Bacon made lament sometimes for want of ink, and sometimes was by the Superior of his order confined as a prisoner on bread and water, because he had plunged rebelliously into the luxury of books, or made his knowledge known too freely to others. Beyond these punishments for breach of discipline it does not appear that Friar Roger Bacon suffered, as many accounts of him would have us to believe, chains and persecution from the Church. Neither did he occupy any such middle place between the Church and the world as might be represented by the hole in the church wall, wherein tradition tells us that he died. Within the church he lived and died, and all the labour of his life, in science and philosophy, as in the daily ministering to the sorrows of the poor, was worship.

Roger Bacon.

There could be no better introduction to the study of the works of Roger Bacon, as collected by Professor Brewer,* than the volume of "Monumenta Franciscana,"

* "Some works of Roger Bacon hitherto unedited. Fr. Rogeri Bacon Opera Quædam hactenus Inedita. Vol. I. Containing, I. Opus Tertium; II. Opus Minus; III. Compendium Philosophiæ" (London, 1859).

issued already under the same editorship, in the same issue of Chronicles and Memorials, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. In the valuable introduction to that volume, in its opening treatise of Eccleston, "On the coming of the Minorites into England," and especially in the remarkable letters of Adam de Marisco, a contemporary of Bacon's, and like him an Oxford Minorite, there is much to be found that is essential to any lively understanding of the place occupied in his own time by one who was the earliest of our great English philosophers. He was a thinker who has been excelled by very few in grasp of intellect, by none in honesty of character.

Roger Bacon was born in 1214, and died in 1292. He was born when King John of England had done homage to Pandulf, and he was in his cradle in Somersetshire when the barons obtained from the king his signature to Magna Charta. He was the child of a rich family that in the succeeding reign sided with Henry III. against the combination of the barons. The triumph of the barons, as we learn from the "Opus Tertium" now published, had sent Bacon's mother, his brothers, and his whole family into exile. Repeatedly subject as they were to capture, all their wealth was eaten up in ransoms.

Roger, from childhood studious, avoided the strife of the day. He was sent to the University of Oxford, and according to the custom of the better class of scholars, passed on to the University of Paris, then in chief repute. The death of his father may have placed his fortune in his hands. He prosecuted in France without stint costly studies and experiments, did not shrink from the great expense of books, transcribers, and instructors, and he mastered thoroughly not Latin merely, but also Hebrew and Greek, which not more than five men in England then understood grammatically, though there were more who could loosely read or speak those tongues. When he

returned to Oxford, having obtained a doctorate in Paris, to be confirmed to him by his own university, he withdrew entirely from the shock of civil strife by joining the house of the Oxford Minorites, having spent all his time in the world and two thousand pounds of money on the search for knowledge.

But of all that he acquired and digested in his healthy brain he had committed to writing nothing or almost nothing, and his Order prided itself in the checks put by it upon the vanity of learning.

A ditch and a fence, poor cottages of mud and wood, with some few cells for the friars to pray in and labour in for the eschewing of idleness, had been Saint Francis's ideal of a religious house. In London the Minorites chose for their home "Stinking Lane," near the Newgate shambles; at Shrewsbury the liberality of the townsmen having raised for the Franciscans' dormitory walls of stone, the minister of the order caused them to be taken away and rebuilt with mud alone. Saint Francis declared doing to be more than talking or writing. To a friar who asked whether he might not keep a psalter, he said, "When you have got a psalter then you will want a breviary, and when you have got a breviary you will sit in your chair as great as a lord, and you will say to your brother, 'Friar, fetch me my breviary.'" A man, said the honest saint, has no more knowledge than he works; and he is a wise man only in the degree in which he loves God and his neighbour.

Roger Bacon was already ten years old when the Franciscan friars first came into England, and he was a Franciscan when the order was still true to the principles on which it had been founded. It does not appear, therefore, that his studies were impeded by peculiar discouragement or persecution. The strict discipline of his order weighed upon him. It has yet to be shown that he was regarded as a heretic, or that, as an old translator of one of his books,

in the days of the restored Long Parliament, expressed it, "'twas the Pope's smoke which made the eyes of that age so sore as they could not discern any open-hearted and clear-headed soul from an heretical phantasm."

Out of the Pope's smoke came, in fact, Roger Bacon's light. A report made to him before his elevation to the Papacy had excited in Clement IV. curiosity to learn what was in the mind of the "Doctor Mirabilis," and from what poor Bacon called his Chair on the Top of the World he sent to the lowly friar for the knowledge that he had to give.

The pent-up store was all held for the good of the Church. In spite of their self-denials, the Franciscans at Oxford and elsewhere included many learned men, who by the daily habit of their minds were impelled to give to scholarship a wholesome practical direction. They were already beginning to supply the men who raised the character of teaching at the University of Oxford, till it rivalled that of Paris. Friar Bacon was among the earliest of these teachers, so was Friar Bungay, who lives with him in popular tradition. In those days the strength of the pure clergy was gone out of the Church; rank and power came by use of the law, and the clergy were embroiled in questions of canonists and jurists, pouring out uncertain words directed by a logic parted from the nature out of which it sprang. Bacon believed that the use of all his knowledge, if he could but make free use of it, would be to show how strength and peace were to be given to the Church. Knowledge was then regarded strictly, as it had been in the time of Alcuin, as the handmaid of Theology.* Roger Bacon saw benefit to the Church in the communication of his knowledge, and the Pope required that, disregarding any rule of his Order to the contrary, he would write for him what was in his mind.

What was in his mind! Within his mind were, according

* "E. W." II. p. 166.

to the just phrase of Dr. Whewell, at the same time the Encyclopædia and the Novum Organum of the thirteenth century. By the rule of his Order strictly enforced he was a sealed fountain, till the desire of the Pope set the stream flowing. In a thick-coming eager torrent it poured forth, dashing wildly against the great rocks set in its path. The first rock was poverty. As a Franciscan he was without worldly goods. The Pope sent him no money, and the welcome command, celebrated with so many eloquent words of extreme, heartfelt gratitude, came to the poor friar when he was in France. The Franciscans, it may here be remembered, travelled often for their order, and went far as missionaries, strict to keep Lent even in bleak Crim Tartary on salt, millet, and melted snow. To commit to parchment all that he had been pining to say would cost in materials, transcribers, necessary references, and experiments, a sum of sixty pounds. Bacon hurried a call for money to his exiled mother and brothers, but they had spent all in paying their own ransoms. None, of course, would lend money on the personal security of a man vowed to possess nothing in this world. It was furnished at last by poor friends, some of whom pawned goods to raise the necessary means, upon the understanding that their loans would be made known to his Holiness, who would, no doubt, enable the poor friar to repay the gold necessary to be borrowed for his service. The next obstacle to be overcome was the continued hindrance of his order, for the Pope's command was but a release to Bacon's conscience. It was confidential, and was not made known to those who had immediate rule over his time. Nevertheless, the torrent was set loose, and the most astonishing fact demonstrated by the first volume of his works is, that in less than a year and a half, in about fifteen months, the "Opus Majus" had been written for Pope Clement, the "Opus Minus" had been sent after it to recapitulate its argument and strengthen some of

Opus Majus, Opus Minus, and Opus Tertium.

its parts, the "Opus Tertium" had followed upon that, as Summary and Introduction to the whole, enriched with further novelty, and prefaced with those touching details to which we have just referred. The details appear in explanation of the strict account of requisite disbursements which had been sent to the Pope with the last treatise, because to raise the means of making them the friar had pawned to poor men the credit of the Holy See. The "Opus Majus," edited by Doctor Samuel Jebb in 1733, is a large closely-printed folio. The "Opus Tertium," serving for argument and introduction to the whole, as now first printed in a large octavo, occupies more than three hundred pages. The mere fragment which alone has been discovered of the "Opus Minus" fills, in the same volume, eighty pages more. Yet Bacon performed the duties of his order, read and experimented, framed intricate tables, and had to superintend the work of his transcribers. His eagerness must have been sleepless; but there is no record of any acknowledgment that it received.

Roger Bacon, then fifty-three years old, saw to the heart of the knowledge of his time, and it had life for him. He rejected nearly all its vanities and follies, and perceived the harmony among its truths. The body of doctrine that he urged in the "Opus Majus," reiterated in the "Opus Minus," and summed up for his Holiness in the "Opus Tertium," sets out with the principle that there are four grounds of human ignorance: trust in inadequate authority, the force of custom, the opinion of the inexperienced crowd, and the hiding of one's own ignorance with the parading of a superficial wisdom. No part of that ground has yet been cut away from beneath the feet of students, although six centuries ago the Oxford friar clearly pointed out its character. We still make sheep walks of second, third, and fourth and fiftieth-hand references to authority; still we are the slaves of habit; still we are found following too frequently the

untaught crowd; still we flinch from the righteous and wholesome phrase, 'I do not know'; and acquiesce actively in the opinion of others that we know what we appear to know. Substitute honest research, original and independent thought, strict truth in the comparison of only what we really know with what is really known by others, and the strong redoubt of ignorance has fallen.

But because much ignorance arises and is perpetuated through uncertain use of words, the right study of grammar and the art of exact expression must be taken as the portal to sound knowledge. "In his day," says Bacon, "'ego currit' passed as grammar, and 'contraries may be like' as logic among youths who were 'sine ulla arte artium magistri.'" Great stress is laid upon the study of languages and the getting rid of untrue translations, especially those of the Bible and of Aristotle. He would have learned men study to read the Bible accurately in the original tongues. Of Aristotle, he declared that it would be a blessing if he never yet had been translated, so great was the confusion of good knowledge caused by the incompetence of those who turned him into Latin. Next to grammar and languages, Bacon placed mathematics, which in his day included all physical science, adding a particular consideration of optics, and ending with the study of nature by experiment, which, he says, is at the root of all other science and a basis of religion.

In this order he traced the course of knowledge in his "Opus Majus" and the works connected with it. In the same order he afterwards prepared on a grander scale his summary of knowledge, not in a brief Conspectus, but in a series of ample treatises, whereof a Grammar and some other parts are extant, in MSS., hereafter to be published.

Some of the discoveries attributed to Roger Bacon are ascribed to him, perhaps, through ignorance of the substance of knowledge in the middle ages. He is far from attributing to himself any discovery of optic lenses, but records the

belief that Julius Cæsar set up great glasses on the coast of Gaul to observe the people and cities on the shore of Britain when he designed his invasion. He knew how to imitate thunder and lightning with gunpowder, but had doubtless that knowledge from his oriental studies, and did not suggest any use for the explosive force. In the mechanical chapter of his remarkable letter "On the Secrets of Art and Nature and the Nullity of Magic," we read: "It is possible to make a chariot move with an inestimable swiftness, and this motion to be without the help of any living creature." Yet we cannot say that Roger Bacon was the discoverer of locomotive engines. The careful reader of his works does not, in fact, dwell upon isolated curiosities, but notes rather the philosophic tone of the whole argument, the clearness with which truth is apprehended, the nicety of mathematical calculation, the evidence of actual and careful astronomical research, and the wise tone in which those errors are discredited with which Roger Bacon's name has, by perversity, been for about six centuries associated. He explicitly condemns the doctrine of astrology dominant in his day, which attributed events to the working of the constellations, and foretold them accordingly, allowing "nothing to free-will, nothing to accident or fortune, nothing to prudence." He was so far from accepting magical doctrines that he censures even the priests who attributed magical power to the holy water sprinkled on hot irons for the ordeal, or to prayers over running streams at the immersion of witches. But he cautiously allows some force, as men do still, to the opinion that faith in charms, by acting cheerfully upon the mind, may cause them to effect some cures. That Roger Bacon was the true originator of the reform of the Julian calendar there is good reason to believe.

Mr. Brewer's volume in the "Chronicles and Memorials" was to be first of two or three which would, in fact, contain the more important and the larger part of Roger Bacon's works,

for the unpublished MSS. outweigh in extent and even in value all that has hitherto appeared in print. The list of what had formerly been printed is exhausted soon. In 1542 Claudius Cœlestinus edited at Paris, and in 1617 Doctor Dee printed at Hamburg, the Letter, "De Secretis Operibus Artis et Naturæ," which was translated by an Englishman in 1659. At Nuremberg there was printed in 1614 the "Speculum Alchemiæ." At Oxford there was printed in 1590 the treatise, which was translated in 1683 by Doctor Richard Browne, as "The Cure of Old Age." Its doctrine is that man, being by nature *Potens non mori*, if everybody, from the breast onward, followed a complete regimen of health, he might reach the utmost limit "that the nature he had from his parents would permit, beyond which there is no further progress." That doctrine we receive from the physicians of the present day. To this brief list I have only to add Doctor Jebb's edition of the "Opus Majus;" even that was, however, without the book upon Natural Science, which it was left to Professor Brewer to supply. "It is easier," said Leland, "to collect the leaves of the Sibyl than the titles of the works written by Roger Bacon." Nevertheless to the practised mind of an editor who identified the disjointed, ill-copied fragment of the "Opus Minus," and found a MS. of the "Opus Tertium" in Lambeth Library, under the modern title of "De Laude Sacræ Scripturæ," we might have safely looked, if he had lived, for the collection of no inconsiderable number of the works themselves.

Michael Scot.

Michael Scot of Balwirie, who, like Roger Bacon, has had posthumous fame as a conjuror, travelled through France and Germany, and was received with honour at the court of Frederick II. Skilled in ancient and modern languages, he translated into Latin the Arabian Avicenna's History of Animals, and wrote a book of the natural science of his time, called Secrets of Nature, besides a special treatise on the Nature of the Sun and

Moon, in which he speaks of the grand operation of the alchemists. He wrote also a "Mensa Philosophica," which, in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, was loosely translated into a popular little English book as "The Philosopher's Banquet." The death of Michael Scot preceded by only a twelvemonth that of Roger Bacon, for he died in the year 1291.

Besides the naturalists, there were the philosophers of the schools, who still made an unprofitable logic their especial study.

Duns Scotus.

John Duns, called Scotus, or John (some say) of Dunse, a little town in the Scotch lowlands, three miles from Coldingham; others say John of Dunston, a village near Alnwick, in Northumberland; others again say of Down, in Ireland; others otherwise; was called by the Parisians the Subtle Doctor. He, too, was a Franciscan friar. He was educated by the Minorites of Newcastle, who sent him to Oxford, where he studied for some years at Merton College. When his old teacher, William Varro, went to the University of Paris, John Duns taught in his place, and opposed the doctrines of Thomas Aquinas with such success, that he is said to have attracted to Oxford 30,000 students. But after he had taught at Oxford for three years, his Order sent him on to Paris, where he took his doctor's degree, and in 1307 had charge of the Theological Faculty at the convent of Toulouse. It was then that he sustained, with two hundred arguments, the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. It is said that on the 8th of November, 1308, he had a fit that left him apparently dead, that he was coffined and taken to his grave, where, in reviving, he knocked with his head so hard against the coffin-lid that he died of the wounds he gave himself. But this is no doubt a part of the story not less fabulous than the class of thirty thousand that he formed at Oxford. As his philosophy differed from that of Thomas Aquinas, he

founded a school of Scotists in opposition to the more powerful school of the Thomists, who succeeded at least in setting a mark of contempt upon the name of the philosopher, whose followers they stigmatised by their chief's name of Dunce.

William Occam was a pupil of Duns Scotus, and also a Franciscan. As his master was called the Subtle, so he was called the Invincible Doctor. Parting from the opinions of his master, he became the chief of the Occamists, who denied the reality of ideas outside the mind; opposing what was called by the philosophers of that day "Realism" with what was called in opposition to it "Nominalism." The founder of Nominalism had been at the end of the eleventh century John Roscellin, or Rousscellin, a canon of Compiègne, who argued that the notions of genus and species were mere names, "flatus vocis," used to designate qualities common to different individual objects. Over this there was a long battle—flatus vocis—about genus and species, ridiculed by the good sense and best wit of John of Salisbury, who said in his "Polycraticus": "There is no getting away from genera and species. From whatever point the discourse begins thither you will find it turning. . . . Whatever Rufus is doing, there is nothing but Nævia for Rufus. If he is glad, if he weep, if he is silent, he speaks only of her. Does he sup, does he drink, does he ask, does he refuse, does he nod assent, it is only Nævia. If there is no Nævia he is dumb." *

William Occam.

The logicians, or, as they were then called, dialecticians, of the older school, held that notions of genus and species were real essences or types of things, "universalia ante rem;" that before there was a horse there was, equally real, the idea of a horse. William Occam opposed this idle reasoning, not so much by undertaking to split hairs against the Realists as by attacking powerfully the despotism of

* Quoted by Maurice in his "Mediæval Philosophy."

mere dogmas, and encouraging each thinker to individual inquiry. This was the death-blow to scholasticism. When the philosophical interpretation of Theology no longer assumed that the dogmas of the Church were beyond question, scholasticism lost that feature which alone entitled it to a distinctive name. Scholasticism that began with Erigena ended with Occam. The issue of his doctrine was, that he gave a practical turn to his philosophy, by boldly arguing against the domination of the Pope* in temporal affairs. He defended the cause of the King of France and of the Emperor against the Pope, and, never flinching under persecution, died at Munich in the middle of the fourteenth century.

* In "Decisiones octo quæst. de Potestate summi Pontifici," Lugd. 1496, and "Disputatio inter Clericum et Militem super Potestate Prelatis atque Principibus terrarum Commissâ" (Paris, 1498).

CHAPTER XIII.

SONGS, SATIRES, FABLES.

THE religious life of England, dwelling always upon duty to be done, now found its native voice again in moral and religious poems, songs, satires, fables, proverbs, homilies, addressed in their own tongue to the people.

From the middle of the thirteenth century there has come down to us a song of the Creation and of Israel to the death of Moses, drawn from the books of Genesis and Exodus, with some addition of legend from Peter Comestor and supplementary detail from the book of Numbers. We have it in one copy only, a manuscript on parchment bound in vellum which is in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. The handwriting is of about the year 1300; and the poems of "Genesis" and "Exodus" were written, perhaps not by the same singer, about the year 1250. "One should love," says the unknown poet in the opening of "Genesis," "the rhyme that teaches the layman how he may defend himself, love God and serve him, though he be not learned in books; how, with peace and love towards all Christians, he may win, below and above, the love of the Almighty, who will give him everlasting bliss and rest. The song," this poet says, "is drawn from Latin into English, and Christian men who hear the story of salvation in little words of the speech of their own land should be as glad as birds are at the coming of the dawn."

Genesis and Exodus.

"Genesis" and "Exodus" were transcribed from the unique MS., which places them in natural succession, by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, and edited by Dr. Richard Morris for the Early English Text Society in 1865, the proof-sheets being carefully read with the MS. by Professor Skeat.* Our three best workers in early English were thus labouring together for the publication of one of the chief pieces of English literature of the thirteenth century. Its grammatical and verbal forms are of the Midland dialect, and correspond very closely to those of the Bestiary, next to be mentioned. Dr. Morris regards the English of the Ormulum as that of the northern part of the East Midland district, but the "Genesis" and "Exodus" and the Bestiary as in dialect of the southern part, perhaps of Suffolk. There is no good reason for supposing—though it is possible to suppose, and is therefore supposed by some—that the author of the poem of "Genesis" was not the author of the "Exodus." The version of "Genesis" ends, no doubt, by saying—

> "An here endede to ful, in wis,
> ðe boc ðe is hoten Genesis,
> ðe Moyses, ðurg Godes ned,
> Wrot for lefful soules ned."

And a prayer for blessing on the poet's soul has been added for use in recitation of the song among the people. "Exodus" then begins simply with a brief God bless us:—

> "Godes bliscing be wið us
> Her nu bi-ginneð Exodus.
> Pharao kinges," &c.

There is no change in style or versification, and at the

* There was a second and revised edition of it in 1872. "The Story of Genesis and Exodus: an Early English Song, about A.D. 1250. Edited from a Unique MS. in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary, by the Rev. Richard Morris, LL.D." (Early English Text Society).

opening of "Genesis" there were lines suggesting a design in the writer to put all the main features of the Bible story into song that should delight and teach the people. If more was written, it is lost; but the condition of recitation, whether of sacred or secular tales, made it necessary to shape into distinct *passus*, or stretches of song, coherent parts that could be taken at a single hearing. Thus the "Genesis," in 2,536 short lines, is not quite four times as long as Coleridge's "Christabel;" and although selected parts of it would be more commonly recited, the whole could well be brought within the limits of an afternoon's or evening's amusement. The song of "Exodus" was shorter; it was contained in 1,606 lines.

In each poem the story was enlivened by free use of the Bible History from the Creation to the Deaths of St. Peter and St. Paul, written by Petrus Comestor, Pierre le Mangeur, so called for his devouring of meats for the mind, his wide reading of books. He was a French theologian who at one time had charge of the school of philosophy in Paris, and who died in 1198, leaving all his goods to the poor. Over his tomb it was inscribed that he was called Eater, and now was eaten.

Versification of the Genesis and Exodus.

The versification of these songs of "Genesis" and "Exodus" is of especial interest. Their story is told in a rhyming octosyllabic romance measure, caught from the French poets and imitated in some of our early English metrical tales. Where the lines do not seem to be octosyllabic they were often made so by the swift pronunciation leading to phonetic contractions, especially in "Exodus," of which there is well-marked evidence in our old ballad poetry. But the Teutonic form of verse, in which accent was more regarded than the number of the syllables, sometimes asserted itself against the new French influence, the chief care being to preserve the rhythm of four accents in every line.

The oldest English poem in short rhyming lines is a Paraphrase of the Pater Noster, made in the twelfth century, which also shows the Teutonic habit of reliance upon regularity of accent rather than on strict agreement in the number of the syllables. In another poem of the middle of the thirteenth century, "The Owl and the Nightingale," the syllables have their full value—none being slipped over.* This lively southern English poem tells how the owl and the nightingale advanced each against the other his own several claims to admiration, and set forth the demerits of his antagonist; and how they agreed that Nicholas of Guildford should be judge between them. Master Nicholas—if he be the author—lets us know that from a gay youth in the world he had passed into the Church, where his merits had been neglected, and that he was living at Portisham, in Dorsetshire. Portisham lies about seven miles westward of Dorchester. In this poem we have good wit, homely proverb, with direct reference to King Alfred, and a style so English that its 1,792 lines contain only about twenty words of old French origin; yet there is evidence of taste and culture in the accuracy with which its author uses the rhyming eight-syllabled measure. There is reference in this poem to a King Henry who punished the snaring of nightingales. Joseph Stevenson, who first printed the piece in 1838, believed that this king was Henry II.† The frequent use of proverbs he associated with the currency of a Collection of Proverbs, ascribed to King Alfred,‡ who sat at Seaford surrounded by many

The Owl and the Nightingale.

Proverbs of Alfred.

* See upon these questions Dr. J. Schipper's "Alt englische Metrik" (Bonn, 1881), pp. 270—282.

† "The Owl and the Nightingale, a Poem of the Twelfth Century. Now first printed from Manuscripts in the Cottonian Library and at Jesus College, Oxford; with an Introduction and Glossary. Edited by Joseph Stevenson" (Roxburghe Club, 1838). The poem was edited again by Thomas Wright for the Percy Society in 1843.

‡ These Proverbs were printed both by Thomas Wright in his

thanes, bishops, and book-learned men, earls and knights —Earl Ælfric being there with Alfred, England's Darling. Then Alfred began to teach—

> "He wes King and he wes Clerk,
> Well he luvede Gode's werk;
> He wes wis on his word,
> And war on his werke.
> He was þe wisiste mon
> That was Engle londe on."

But the pieces in that MS. at Jesus College which contains "The Owl and the Nightingale" and also the Proverbs of Alfred, include, as Dr. Richard Morris has pointed out,* a reference to Papal exactions on the clergy, through which "holy Church is under foot;" and these must have been the exactions of Pope Innocent IV., against which there were remonstrances from the King and Parliament of England from the year 1244 to the year 1247. It is to be observed, again, that in the Cotton. MS. which contains "The Owl and the Nightingale"—the same MS. which contains also the earlier of the two copies of Layamon—Nicholas of Guildford's poem is in the same, or a contemporary, handwriting with another piece that gives a brief Chronicle ending with the reign of Henry III.

"Reliquiæ Antiquæ," and by J. M. Kemble in his edition of the "Dialogues of Solomon and Saturnus" for the Ælfric Society, from a MS. which has since been lost from the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. It has been printed also from the MS. at Jesus College, Oxford, which includes one of the two copies of "The Owl and the Nightingale" that have come down to us, the other being in the Cotton. Collection, Caligula A ix.

* In the introduction to "An Old English Miscellany, Containing a Bestiary, Kentish Sermons, Proverbs of Alfred, Religious Poems of the Thirteenth Century from Manuscripts in the British Museum, Bodleian Library, Jesus College Library, &c. Edited, with Introduction and Index of Words, by the Rev. Richard Morris, LL.D." (Early English Text Society, 1872).

It is quite possible to suppose, and is therefore supposed by some, that the writer of "The Owl and the Nightingale" does not mean himself when he makes the birds leave their dispute to the arbitration of Nicholas at Portisham. In that case he is to be regarded, not as a playful poet glancing at himself when he makes the birds tell of the wisdom of Nicholas, who has had small reward for his services, but as putting in a good word for a friend.

A Bestiary in one of the Arundel MSS. of the British Museum* was copied by Thomas Wright, and was ascribed by him to the earlier half of the thirteenth century. He found its source in the Physiologus† of Theobaldus or Thetbaldus, printed at the end of Beaugendre's edition‡ of the works of Hildebert, Archbishop of Tours, as Hildebert's. Lessing, however, pointed to earlier impressions, and to the closing lines— A Bestiary.

> "Carmine finito, sit laus et gloria Cristo,
> Cui, si non alii, placeant hæc *Metra Tibaldi.*"

A Bishop Tibaldus or Theobaldus is sometimes referred to in mediæval manuscripts as author of a Physiologus. The English Bestiary takes the same twelve creatures that are given in the Latin "Metra Tibaldi," and it takes them in the same order, except transposition of the wolf and stag. These are—the lion, eagle, serpent, ant, stag, wolf, spider, whale, siren, elephant, turtle-dove, and panther. There is an addition of only one other creature, in eighteen lines upon the Nature of the culver and its signification. The eighteen lines upon this pigeon are four for introduction and two for each of her seven qualities; one of the two is to name the quality, and one is to apply its moral. Thus: She has no gall—we

* Arundel MS. No. 292, fol. 4. First printed by Thomas Wright in the second volume of the "Altdeutsche Blätter," and then in the first volume of Wright and Halliwell's "Reliquiæ Antiquæ."

† "E.W." II. 245. ‡ Paris, 1708.

also should be simple and soft; she does not live on prey—we also should not rob; she leaves the worm, and lives upon the seed—we need the love of Christ; she is as a mother to other birds—so should we be to each other; her song is like lament—let us lament, we have done wrong; she sees the hawk's coming mirrored in water—and we are warned in sacred books against the seizure by the devil; she makes her nest in a hole of the rock—and our best hope is in Christ's mercy.

The name "Physiologus" was a familiar word for such collections of moralised natural history, and was used sometimes as if it were the name of their inventor. In a writing against Heresy, Epiphanius, a Jewish Christian bishop, who opposed Origen at the close of the fourth century, quoted and applied a nature of the serpent with a direct reference to books of this kind as his authority—"*ὡς φασιν οἱ φυσιολόγοι.*" Fabulous qualities ascribed often to animals by the ancients were the first source of these allegories, to which a religious turn was given by the Greek Fathers of the Church. In time the properties of each animal, as they were adapted to their Christian interpretations, became as definitely settled as the canons of the Church itself. A Physiologus ascribed to Epiphanius was published by Ponce de Leon at Rome in 1587.* In the Western Church there is reference to a Latin Physiologus, ascribed to St. Ambrose, which was condemned as apocryphal and heretical by Pope Gelasius II. in a council of the year 496. There are several Latin manuscripts of such works, but none earlier than the eighth century. They are to be found also in old high German prose of the eleventh century, and in the old French of

* Other versions of the fifteenth century are to be found in Pitra Spicilegium Solesmenæ (Paris), F. Didot. In this collection will be found an Armenian Physiologus translated from the Greek; and there is notice in the prolegomena, page xlvii., of an Æthiopian Fisalgos. A Syrian Physiologus was edited by Tychsen at Rostock in 1795.

Philippe de Thaun at the beginning of the twelfth century. Another is of the thirteenth century, "Le Bestiaire Divin" of Guillaume, Clerc de Normandie. Another is "Le Bestiaire d'Amour" of Richard de Fournival. Traditions taken from the Bestiaries found their way also into the "Speculum Naturale" of Vincent of Beauvais. Our Old English Bestiary contains few Norman words in its vocabulary; and Dr. Morris believes that it may have been written by the author of the poems of "Genesis" and "Exodus." *

There is also in Transition English a Debate of the Body and the Soul,† which shows the continuance of the form represented in First English by two similar poems in the Exeter Book.‡ Thomas Wright found ten manuscripts of one Latin "Dialogus inter Corpus et Animam," a poem of 312 lines; and there is in mixed prose and verse a "Querimonia et Conflictus Carnis et Spiritus" included among the works of Hildebert. Such poems were still written in the fourteenth century. Our thirteenth-century Debate of the Body and the Soul collects octosyllabic rhyming lines into eight-lined stanzas by interlacement of two double pairs of rhymes, thus—

Debate of the Body and the Soul.

"Als I lay in a winteris nyt
In a droupening befor the day,
Forsothe I sauh a selly syt,
A Body on a beré lay,
That havde ben a mody knight,
And lutel servéd God to pay,
Losen he haved the livés lyht;
The Gost was oute, and scholde away."

* The whole Bestiary is reprinted and carefully edited with notes and introduction by Eduard Mätzner in his "Altenglische Sprachproben nebst einem Wörterbuche, unter Midwirkung von Karl Goldbeck" (Erster Band, Berlin, 1867). I am chiefly indebted to Mätzner for the information given in the text.

† In the Bodleian, MS. Laud 108, fol. 100.

‡ "E. W." II. 196, 202.

"Dame Siriz" is a tale* of Eastern origin, in which Margery, during her husband's absence at Boston market, rejects the love-suit of Willekin, a clerk, who applies for help to an old go-between, Dame Siriz. Dame Siriz gives her dog pepper and mustard till its eyes water, begs at Margery's door, is fed, and says that the weeping dog is her daughter, who, as a good wife, had refused the suit of a clerk, and been transformed into a dog by the clerk's knowledge of magic. Thus warned of the danger of offending learned clerks, Margery yields. A tale like that is Eastern in all its texture. It was borrowed from the "Disciplina Clericalis," and points the way of tale and jest to some forms of the story-telling in the days of Chaucer.

Dame Siriz.

Stephen Langton wrote a poem, now lost, in hexameter, on "The Hexameron; or, Six Days of Creation;" also a poem, which is in the Library of Lambeth, "De Contemptu Mundi." One of his sermons is preserved in a MS. in the British Museum,† which, taking a popular song of the day for text,

Stephen Langton.

"Bel Aliz matin leva,"

converts it piecemeal into spiritual allegory in honour of the Virgin.

* Printed by Thomas Wright in his "Anecdota Literaria," 1844, from the Digby MS., No. 86, in the Bodleian.

† Arundel No. 292, fol. 38.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHRONICLES, SERMONS, PROVERBS.

THERE still rolled on, in its own bed, the stream of chronicle, that had been spreading itself wide over the meadows of romance. But even along its stricter course the chronicle continued to bear witness to its alliance with the metrical fictitious history that had branched from it through Geoffrey of Monmouth. Thus Layamon is now followed by Robert of Gloucester, who lived in the reign of Edward I., and wrote a rhymed Chronicle of England, from the siege of Troy to the death of Henry III. in 1272. Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle is at first founded upon Geoffrey of Monmouth, but, as in the usual Latin prose chronicles, it becomes in many parts an original authority for events, or for illustration of the manners and customs, of the writer's time. Since we must account Layamon's work to be only a free poetical translation of the Brut of Wace, enriched with new detail, Robert of Gloucester may be called, as he is by those who attach value to Latin parallels, the English Ennius, for it was he who first produced in English verse a complete history of his country from the old fabulous times to his own day.

Robert of Gloucester.

A complete edition of Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle was first published, chiefly from the Harleian MS., which had belonged formerly to Sir Simonds D'Ewes, by Thomas

Hearne, who considered Robert to have been a monk charged by the Abbot of Gloucester with care of the youths sent by them to Oxford, and was "apt to think" that he might have resided in an old house where monks used to study, on the west part of Stockwell Street, in the same place where Gloucester College (afterwards Worcester College) was founded in 1283 by John Giffard, Baron of Brimfield, for the use of his good neighbours the monks of Gloucester. It is certain that one of the liveliest passages in the Chronicle is that which describes a contest between Oxford town and gown, in 1263, on the occasion of Prince Edward's being, when on his way to the Welsh marches, shut out of Oxford by reason of the Barons' war. He slept at the palace of Beaumonts, or King's Hall, in the west suburb, and went away next day; after which all the gates were opened except Smithgate, through which the scholars, who wished much to see the prince, and greet him loyally, used to go out into the fields. As the bailiffs would not open the gate, the students broke it down, and carried it off into the fields in triumph. The townsmen then sent some of the gownsmen to jail, and so the hunt was up.

Thomas Fuller described Robert of Gloucester as "so called because a monk thereof." His Chronicle * was in long lines of seven accents, and occasionally six, and was the first complete history of his country, from the earliest times to his own day, written in popular rhymes by an Englishman. The language is very free from Norman admixture, and represents Transition English of the end of

* "Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle. Transcrib'd, and now first publish'd, from a MS. in the Harleyan Library. By Thomas Hearne, M.A. To which is added, besides a Glossary and other Improvements, a Continuation (by the Author himself) of this Chronicle from a MS. in the Cottonian Library." In two volumes (Oxford, 1724). The Metrical Chronicle of Robert of Gloucester was edited again for the Rolls Series of Chronicles and Memorials by William Aldis Wright in 1887.

the thirteenth century. Part of the work must have been written after the year 1297, because it contains a reference to Louis IX. of France as St. Louis, and it was in 1297 that he was canonised. Robert of Gloucester wrote also, perhaps, Lives and Legends of the English Saints in rhyme. It has been suggested that we should identify the writer of the Chronicle with a Robert of Gloucester who was during many years a Canon Residentiary of Hereford, was commissary to Bishop Swinfield, was in 1299 made chancellor of the choir of Hereford Cathedral, and died in that office in 1321. In this identification Mr. Aldis Wright, his recent editor, does not concur.*

Thomas de Marleberge.

Thomas de Marleberge, who died Abbot of Evesham in the year 1236, contributed to an extant chronicle of the abbey† its most interesting part, in an account of the struggle of his abbey to resist the claim of Malgere Bishop of Worcester, whose integrity and piety he admits, to exercise power as a visitor over the abbey and its churches in the vale. In the course of this contest the brotherhood was excommunicated by the bishop. The dispute was carried before Pope Innocent III., Marleberge, then prior, acting as proctor for his abbey; and the course of the pleading is set forth in the chronicle with lively detail. We are told, for example, how the judge on one occasion corrected some bad law with the Italian comment, "Truly, you and your masters had drunk no little of your English beer when you got such teaching as this." The abbey won the suit; but the question of the churches in

* See a letter of Mr. William H. Cooke, F.S.A., in the *Athenæum* for May 12, 1888, and the reply of Mr. Aldis Wright on May 19.

† "Chronicon Abbatiæ de Evesham, ad Annum 1418." Edited by William Dunn Macray, M.A., Chaplain of Magdalene and New Colleges, and Assistant in the Bodleian (London, 1863). Another of the series of Chronicles and Memorials. The MS. is in the Bodleian, Rawlinson A 287.

the vale remained for some years afterwards unsettled. The other work of Marleberge's life which became prominent in his part of the chronicle was resistance to his abbot, Roger Norreys, who stinted the monks in food and clothes, dealt roughly with them, and broke their rules, offences to which his gross immorality was added as a makeweight.

Annals of Margan.

Margan was an abbey, named from its site by the sea-shore, at Kinfeage, in Wales, and founded by the liberal Robert Earl of Gloucester in 1147, the year of his death. The Annals of Margan, which are but very brief notes, extend from the Conquest to the year 1232, and contain in their later years notes on affairs of Wales and of Margan Abbey, as well as notes as to crusades and affairs of England.

Roger of Wendover.

Roger of Wendover,* in Buckinghamshire, was a monk of St. Alban's, who became precentor of the abbey and afterwards prior of Belvoir, a cell attached to St. Alban's, from which office he was, about the year 1219, deposed for extravagance. Recalled to St. Alban's by Abbot William de Bumpington, who went on a personal journey of inspection and recalled also the priors of Hatfield and Wymondham; Roger of Wendover died there in the year 1237. He wrote under the name of Flowers of History ("Flores Historiarum") a History of the World from the Creation, in two books; the first to the Nativity of our Lord, the second to the 19th year of Henry III. The early part of this was taken from the Greeks and Romans and from Geoffrey of Monmouth. From A.D. 447 to his own time he compiled sometimes from records that are no longer extant, and looked generally to many books for information. The rest of the book, or the forty or fifty

* *Chronica Rogeri de Wendover; sive, Flores Historiarum.* Edited by Henry Gay Hewlett, Keeper of the Records of the Land Revenue. Vol. i., Rolls Series (1886). This edition gives only that part of the chronicle for which Roger of Wendover is an original authority.

years before 1235, are Roger of Wendover's manly and impartial history of his own time. Matthew Paris embodied Roger of Wendover's labours in his own more extensive work, and would have had credit for all of it but for the existence in the Bodleian of a single MS. of Wendover, formerly the property of Mr. Douce. This was first printed, except some of the earlier part, by the English Historical Society some forty or fifty years ago.*

Matthew Paris was a monk of St. Alban's, of whose life little is known, and who may have been called Parisiensis from having been educated at Paris. If he was Parisian born, he was a Frenchman in an English monastery. He compiled a "Historia Major," extending to the year 1273, of which all that precedes 1235 has been lately found to be annexation of Roger of Wendover's "Flowers of History," with a few variations and additions. The rest is the chronicler's fully detailed journal of the history of his own times. Still, except metrical romance and love poetry, nearly all the literature of the country was produced by monks, friars, and clergy, and within the church not only the battle of the religious right was being fought, but also, by the general sympathy of the chroniclers with the just claims of the people, the political movements of the day are, though with little comment, on the whole shown as in a faithful English mirror. Matthew Paris wrote also Lives of the two Offas Kings of Mercia and of twenty-three abbots of St. Alban's, and a "Historia Minor," which is, with some additions of detail, an abridgment of his larger work.† Matthew Paris.

* "Rogeri de Wendover Chronica, sive Flores Historiarum, nunc primum edidit Henricus O. Coxe, M.A." 5 vols. (London, 1841–1844).

† Matthæi Parisiensis Historia Anglorum, sive, ut vulgo dicitur, Historia Minor, Vols. I., II., III. (1866—1869), edited by Sir Frederic Madden for the Rolls Series of Chronicles and Memorials. Also in the same series, Matthæi Parisiensis, Monachi Sancti Albani, Chronica Majora, edited in seven volumes (1872—1882) by Dr. Henry Richard Luard.

The Annals of Burton, a monastery founded by Wilfric Spot in 1004, were written by a monk who was contemporary with Matthew Paris. After jotting down in a page or two dates of events interesting to his monastery, from its foundation to the year 1190, he began his serious work of record with King Richard in Palestine, from which point the narrative proceeded, increasing in fulness to its end with an unfinished sentence in the year 1261. This chronicle is rich in details illustrative of Church history, giving facts and documents explanatory of questions between the English clergy and the Pope as to Peter's pence, &c., of quarrel between the English archbishops and prelates, papal and episcopal letters, the relation between Christians and Jews, letters of Henry II., documents connected with Henry's dispute with the barons—the documents being always given in the original Norman-French and then translated into Latin.

Annals of Burton.

The Chronicle of Melrose* is of unknown authorship. The beginning of it has been ascribed by misapprehension to an abbot of Dundrenan, in Galloway. It is the production of a series of writers who were inmates of Melrose, extends from 730 to 1264, and is original from the year 1140.

Chronicle of Melrose.

Waverley Abbey, founded in 1128 by William Gifford, Bishop of Winchester, for twelve monks and an abbot of the Cistercian order, which in that year came to England, produced a Chronicle from the Conquest to the year 1291, throughout contemporary work, for it was begun by a man with Saxon sympathies, who testifies that he himself had seen the Norman Conqueror and was

Annals of Waverley.

* In the Brit. Mus. Cotton. MS. Faustina B ix. is the only known copy. It has been edited for the Bannatyne Club by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, as "Chronica de Mailros. E codice uno in Bibl. Cott. serv. nunc iterum in lucem edita. Notulis indiceque aucta" Edinburgh, 1835).

once at his court, and whose Saxon characters appear at the beginning of one of the two MSS. These Annals were used by William of Malmesbury and later chroniclers of note.

Bartholomew Cotton, or de Cotton, was a monk of Norwich, whose life is recorded on the last page of his Chronicle with an "Amen, Pater Noster, Ave Maria," to have ended in the same year with his work. His work,* called "Historia Anglicana," is divided into three books: the first, of the kings of the Britons, a mere transcript of the History of Geoffrey of Monmouth; the second, of the English, Danish, and Norman kings, divided into two parts by the Conquest; the third, of the Archbishops and Bishops of England, which is mainly a digest of William of Malmesbury's "De Gestis Pontificum." In the second book, after a short introduction, Bartholomew Cotton takes, until the Conquest, Henry of Huntingdon for guide, with a digression introduced from Florence of Worcester. For the part of the history that extends from the Conquest to 1258 the chief authorities used are Roger of Wendover and Matthew Paris; but there is a wider range of search and collation, there are more interpolations, affairs of the Norwich monastery not being overlooked. From 1258 to 1263 the Chronicle is simply a transcript of part of the Chronicle of John de Taxter, a monk of Bury St.

Bartholomew Cotton.

* The MS. in the Brit. Mus. Cotton. Nero C v., supplemented by a discovery of the first book among the Royal MSS. (14 C i.), has been edited by Dr. Luard, and forms part of the series of Chronicles and Memorials issued under the direction of the Master of Rolls, as "Bartholomæi de Cotton Monachi Norwicensis Historia Anglicana (A.D. 449-1298); necnon ejusdem liber de Archiepiscopis et Episcopis Angliæ." Edited by Henry Richards Luard, M.A., Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trin. Coll. Cam. (London, 1859.) Dr. Luard has added value to his edition by indicating with a difference of type where his author is only repeating known authorities, and where he gives new matter.

Edmund's.* The part of Cotton's Chronicle, giving the annals from 1264 to 1279, is regarded by Dr. Luard, its editor, as entirely original even when it records facts that are of necessity recorded also elsewhere. Norwich affairs become prominent and are sometimes interesting: there is a detailed account, for example, of the riots in 1272, when part of the cathedral and monastery were burnt down. From 1279 to 1284 the Chronicle is a transcript of what was written under the same years in the Chronicle ascribed to Everisden, a monk and cellarer of Bury St. Edmund's, who continued Taxter's Chronicle from the year 1295,† and whose Chronicle was used by John of Oxnead. From 1285 to 1291 Bartholomew Cotton's Chronicle is said to be again wholly original, and tells much of the affairs of Norwich and Yarmouth, as of perilous floods, of quarrels between the sailors and those of the Cinque Ports, with many general details that add colour and life to the larger history of England. From 1291 to 1298, where it ends, the record is original and rich in important documents not elsewhere to be found, inserted when they were fresh and the events to which they referred were happening. For the first twenty-five years of the reign of Edward I. Bartholomew Cotton's Chronicle is of original value.

John of Oxnead.

John of Oxnead was a monk of the abbey of St. Benet Holme, born at the village of Oxnead, about ten miles from the Holme. Prefixing to it a History of the Monastery of St. Benet to the year 1275, this monk wrote a chronicle of English history, from the arrival of Hengist and Horsa in 449 to the election of John Baliol as King of Scotland, the death of Robert Bishop of Bath and

* Taxter's Chronicle was given by Mr. Thorpe at the close of his edition of Florence of Worcester for the English Historical Society as a "Continuation of the Chronicle of Florence of Worcester."

† This is also part of the continuation of Florence of Worcester in the edition of the English Historical Society.

John Archbishop of Canterbury, and an irruption of the sea on Innocents' Day in the year 1292. Few parts of his chronicle are fuller or more interesting than his contemporary local records of the great floods and encroachments of sea on the Norfolk coast. John of Oxnead's narrative substantially begins with the reign of Alfred. Of course he is only a compiler of the Anglo-Saxon history, and after the Conquest he generally follows Roger of Wendover, with interpolations which become long and important in the reigns of Richard I., John, and Henry III. He has referred also to Matthew Paris. He gives particular detail of the incredible injustice and cruelty with which the Jews were treated in his time, his first strong persecution of them beginning in the reign of Henry II., followed by their massacre at the coronation of Richard I. The perverted religious enmity to them remained unabated until their expulsion in 1290. John of Oxnead gives at length an account of the Barons' War with Henry III., and again writing with contemporary knowledge, details the wresting of Wales from the last of the Llewellyns in 1282, and the coming out of the London citizens with horns and trumpets to meet the head of the slain patriot king. A last struggle was made by the South Welsh, in 1292, for the independence of their country. John of Oxnead describes this, and relates how, "in these days," the leader of the South Welsh, Rhys ap Meredith, was drawn at a horse's tail to the gallows and then hanged —a barbarous form of execution that had commonly been suffered by the Jews, and had been also suffered by David, the brother of Llewellyn.*

Thomas Wikes was choirmaster at the Augustine monas-

* "Chronica Johannis de Oxenedes." Edited by Sir Henry Ellis, K.H., F.R.S. (London, 1859). One of the volumes of Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages, published by authority of the Treasury under direction of the Master of the Rolls. The only MS. is in the Brit. Mus. Cotton. Nero D xi.

tery of Osneye, near Oxford. He wrote a "Compendious Chronicle," from the Conquest to the year 1294, or perhaps only to the year 1289, which becomes copious in the middle of the thirteenth century, and has been continued by another hand to the year 1304.* Wikes, who was an old man in 1290, wrote also a Catalogue of the Abbots of Osneye, had credit as a poet and wrote verses, probably satirical, entitled Commendations of Wine and Rebuke of the Gullet.

Thomas Wikes.

Of Matthew of Westminster, no more is known than that he was a Benedictine monk of the thirteenth century, who wrote a chronicle as "Flowers of History," especially such as relate to the affairs of Britain, from the beginning of the world to the end of the reign of Edward I. (1307). For his earlier matter he drew upon Roger of Wendover; but he becomes an authority himself when he treats of the reigns of John, Henry III., and Edward I., whose wars he describes with animation.

Matthew of Westminster.

Nicholas Treveth, called also called Trivet, was the son of Thomas Treveth, one of the king's justices in eyre in the last year of the reign of Henry III. He was born about the year 1258, educated first by the Dominicans, afterwards at Oxford and Paris, where he began to make historical researches. On his return to England he became a Dominican friar, and is said on doubtful authority,† to have been prior of his convent in London. He taught at Oxford and wrote several works. His "Annals of the Six Kings of England of the House of Anjou," begin in 1136 with the reign of Stephen, and end in 1307 at the death of Edward I. He sought material among French chroniclers

Nicholas Trivet.

* This Chronicle is one of those printed by Gale in the "Historiæ Anglicarum Scriptores Veteres." Vol. II., pp. 21-128. The MS. is Cotton. Tiberius A ix. The notices of Wike are from Bale and Pits, quoted by Gale.

† Of Pits.

and testimony of trustworthy witnesses; where his accuracy in copying documents can be tested, it is faultless, except clerical error. He wrote clearly and forcibly as a cultivated man, who had not only produced commentaries on the fathers, but also glosses on Livy, Juvenal, Ovid's Metamorphoses, Valerius Maximus, Seneca, and Boëthius. In his judgments he blames without violence, he writes in a religious spirit, and refers, of course, not seldom to the merits of the Dominicans. Among his other works is a "Short Chronicle from the beginning of the World," written in Norman-French for the use of the Princess Mary, daughter of Edward I., who became a nun of Amesbury in 1285.*

Peter Langtoft, of Langtoft, in Yorkshire, a regular canon of Augustinians at Bridlington, wrote in French verse a Chronicle of England,† from Brut to the end of the reign of Edward I. His inaccurate French was that of an Englishman who had not lived in France; the first part of this chronicle abridged Geoffrey of Monmouth, professing to omit what Peter Langtoft took for fable, and to repeat only so much as he thought true. He then gave, from various authorities, the history of First English and Norman kings, down to the death of Henry III., and in the third part of his chronicle became a contemporary historian of the reign of Edward I. Writing in French for noblemen and gentlemen of England, Langtoft took especial care to make out the best case he could for the justice of King Edward's Scottish wars.

Peter Langtoft.

Henry of Bracton wrote a book based upon Glanville's, written in Henry II.'s reign, upon

Henry of Bracton.

* Trivet's "Annals" were edited for the English Historical Society from the text of Hall, by Mr. Thomas Hog, in 1845.

† "The Chronicle of Pierre de Langtoft, in French Verse, from the Earliest Period to the Death of Edward I. Edited by Thomas Wright, M.A." Two volumes, Rolls Series (1866—1868).

the Laws and Customs of England.* He wrote his treatise in the reign of Henry III., probably between the years 1256 and 1259. It proves him to have been a lawyer by profession, deeply read in Roman law, and he must have been the Justiciary Henry of Bracton mentioned in judicial records of 1246, 1252, 1255, and other years, to 1267 inclusive. He was a judge, therefore, from 1245 to 1267, if not longer. There is reason to think he was a clerk in orders before he became a lawyer. In his treatise he does not, like Glanville, avoid dealing with first principles. English law had, during the seventy years between Glanville's book and Bracton's, been developed into a science, and the time was come for the first scientific commentary on its rules. Bracton painted accurately, in the five books into which his work is divided, the state of the law in his time, and he digested it into a logical system. The king's place in its system Bracton thus defined:—"The King must not be subject to any man, but to God and the Law; for the Law makes him King. Let the King, therefore, give to the Law what the Law gives to him, dominion and power; for there is no King where Will, and not Law, bears rule."

The list of our chroniclers is long, and although certainly less brilliant than that of France, it represents a very sound body of information upon the essential facts and principles of history. For with all disadvantages as well as advantages of the monastic influence upon writers' minds, the occasional comment and the manner of presenting facts, with wholesome diversities of judgment upon events instinctively regarded rather as they affect the well-being of a people than as they build up the glory of a king, bear witness to the English mind in all this record of the life of England. There is a remarkable absence of material pageantry from our old English records. There is a simple reflection of the national mind of their

Spirit of the Old English Chroniclers.

* "E.W." III. 190.

time in its strength and weakness; there is some of the credulity that belongs to an age yet only half-taught by experience, but with the desire to know and record the exact truth that alone can make one age the worthy teacher of the next; and there is evidence of a strong popular sense that history is the biography of nations in the lives of kings. Priests being chroniclers, the religious earnestness that underlies the English character, though not obtruded, is felt through the entire substance of their record.

In France Villehardouin was a chivalrous seigneur; Joinville a man of rank and genius, the king's friend at the polished court of Thibaut of Navarre. So far was that excellent French chronicler from being priestly-minded that, in answer to the king's question whether he would not rather be a leper than be guilty of a mortal sin, he frankly said that thirty mortal sins would be more tolerable to him than a leprosy. Froissart, indeed—if we may glance forward to one who was Chaucer's contemporary—was educated for the Church, but he never gave a tithe of his heart to its offices. His father was a painter of armorial bearings. At twelve years old young Froissart's pleasure was in dress, good cheer, music, wine, and the company of women. As a schoolboy his question to himself was, he says, how long it would be before he should "aimer d'amour." At twenty he began to celebrate with wonderful vivacity his country's wars; and when he took holy orders, as a gay court poet, his office was in the chapel of his patroness the queen.

Our quiet English mediæval chroniclers were no match in vivacity of narrative for men like these. But, whether their records be better or worse reading on that account, they were most thoroughly our own in caring more for the life of the people than for the bray of trumpets and the fluttering of pennons. Even when, like Robert of Brunne in his rhymed chronicle, they desired much to

amuse those for whom they wrote, their mind was fixed, like his, upon the thought that has in it the soul of all their history:—

> "And it is Wisdom for to witten
> The State of the Land and have it written."

Religious pieces.

Eleven pages of old Kentish sermons of the thirteenth century, found in a Bodleian manuscript,* are valuable as studies of language, showing the long retention in Kent of archaic structure, while there was a modernising of the vocabulary by the use of words from old Norman French. They are edited by Dr. Morris in his "English Miscellany," which contains also a collection of Religious Poems of the Thirteenth Century†—the Passion of our Lord, a Moral Ode, Sinners Beware, the Woman of Samaria, the Five Joys of the Virgin, "When Holy Church is under Foot," and a Love Rune by Thomas of Hales. Thomas of Hales was a Franciscan friar (to Thomas Hales there is a salutation from Adam de Marisco in a letter addressed to Friar Thomas at York).‡ His Love Rune was written at the instance of a maiden dedicated to God. The Miscellany contains also an Orison of Our Lord, an Orison of Our Lady, the Duty of Christians, The X Pains of Hell, a Little Sooth Sermon in verse, Long Life, Death (with Addresses of the Soul to the Body), Doomsday, and other pieces. One character of all these pieces is the influence of the French art of song, and of the spirit of the romance poetry on our religious literature. Rhymes often are cunningly interwoven, lines differing in length are arranged into musical stanzas, and the English monk or friar even learns to sing like a French troubadour, endeavouring to fit

* Laud, 471.
† From a MS. in Jesus College, Oxford.
‡ Brewer's "Monumenta Franciscana," p. 395.

his spiritual music to the lips of rich and poor; thus, for example—

" þe soþe luve is al rihtwis
ne kepeþ heo non onde,*
Mid þan folke þat rihtwis is
he wile ay at-stonde.
Vre louerd Crist þat almyhti is
alese us of his bonde,
And lede us into heovene blys,
and sette us on his ryht honde."

In his edition of an Alliterative Homily upon the Holy State of Maidenhood† the Rev. Oswald Cockayne expressed a belief that it had been written for the ladies at Tarrant Kaines‡ by the same hand that gave them the "Ancren Riwle." The "Ancren Riwle" speaks of the story of Saint Margaret as known to those ladies; and the "Hali Meidenhad" recommends the study also of the lives of St. Katherine, St. Juliana, St. Margaret, St. Lucy, and St. Cecilia. Oswald Cockayne himself edited the lives of St. Margaret§ and St. Juliana,‖ written in aid of the same doctrine of holy maidenhood, which was enforced as vigorously in the thirteenth century as in the days of Aldhelm.¶

Dr. Richard Morris has also edited from MSS. in the British Museum, Lambeth and Bodleian Libraries, a

* *Onde*, envy, malice.

† "Hali Meidenhad, from MS. Cott. Titus D. xviii. fol. 112c. An Alliterative Homily of the Thirteenth Century. Edited by Oswald Cockayne, M.A., once of St. John's College, Cambridge" (Early English Text Society, 1866).

‡ "E. W." III. 236-8.

§ "Saint Marherete, 1200—1330," ed. Rev. O. Cockayne (E.E.T.S., 1866).

‖ "The Liflade of St. Juliana, from Two Old English Manuscripts of 1230 A.D., with Renderings into Modern English by the Rev. O. Cockayne and Edmund Brock" (E. E. Text Soc., 1872).

¶ "E. W." II. 137, 138.

collection of English Homilies and Homiletic Treatises from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. These volumes include a Poema Morale, perhaps older than Layamon's "Brut." It is in long lines of seven accents, called, therefore, Septenar, a catalectic tetrameter, differing only from that of the Ormulum in having complete rhymes. It was imitated from a form of verse used in monastic Latin, not from the French poets. There is art in the structure of a prose piece—written in the spirit of Thomas of Hales's Love-song for a Maiden vowed to God—"The Wooing of our Lord," with its refrain "A, ihesu, mi swete ihesu, leue þat te luue of þe seo al mi likinge!" A Metrical Sermon and fifteen Signs before Judgment (both pieces in four-lined stanzas, and written near the end of the thirteenth century) have been printed by Dr. Furnivall from a Harleian MS.*

Poema Morale.

In the south of England there was shaped at the close of the thirteenth century a series of strophes, each introducing a proverb, known as the Proverbs of Hendyng.† English proverbs had been fathered on King Alfred. Their new father is called in an opening stanza "Marcolve's son," but Hendyng seems to have been only an imaginary proverb-maker. So the old French proverbs were fathered on "li Vilains"—"Ce dit li Vilains," answering to the "Quoth Hendyng" of the English rhymes. Hendyng may have had Marcolph given to him for a father because in an old popular poem of the Middle Ages, "Salomo and Marcolph," Marcolph represents the homely wisdom of the people in communion with the

Proverbs of Hendyng.

* From Harleian MS. 913. In "Early English Poems and Lives of Saints" (Berlin, 1862).

† First printed from the Harleian MS. 2,253 in Wright and Halliwell's "Reliquiæ Antiquæ;" and also by J. M. Kemble in the appendix to his "Dialogues of Solomon and Saturn" (Ælfric Society, 1848).

wisdom of the wise. As for the name Hendyng itself, I believe that it suggests only the wisdom of age and experience, and is one of the vernacular words drawn from the Celtic part of our population, for *Henddyn* means in Welsh "an aged person." I translate two of these sayings into modern English before giving their original form—

["Wise man's words are well kept in;
For he will no song begin
Ere he have tuned his pipe.
The fool's a fool, and that is seen;
For he will speak words while they're green
Sooner than they are ripe.
'The fool's bolt is soon shot;'
Quoth Hendyng.]

"Wis mon holt is wordes ynne;
For he nul no gle bygynne
Ere he have tempred is pype.
Sot is sot, ant that is sene;
For he wol speke wordes grene
Er then hue buen rype.
'Sottes bolt is sone shote;'
Quoth Hendyng.

["Never let thy foeman hear
Of shame or pain thou hast to bear,
Of thy woe or trouble.
If he can he'll find a way,
Working at it night and day,
Every grief to double.
'Tell thou never thy foe that thy foot acheth;'
Quoth Hendyng.]

"Tell thou never thy fo-mon
Shome ne teone that the is on,
Thi care ne thy wo:
For he wol fonde, yef he may,
Both by nyhtes ant by day,
Of on to make two.
'Tel thou never thy fo that thy fot aketh;'
Quoth Hendyng."

The Harleian MS. 2,253,* which contains "The Proverbs of Hendyng," is rich in illustration of the rising music of the land. Its contents were copied into it about the year 1310, and the English verse in it represents fusion of southern with northern forms, that gave new charm to song at the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth centuries. The way is made ready for Chaucer.

"Blow, norþerne wynd,
Sent þou me my sueting!
Blow, norþerne wynd,
Blou! blou! blou!"

is the refrain of a graceful love-song of this time. The southern wind, too, is awakening the flowers.

The Fox and the Wolf,† ascribed to the reign of Edward I. (1272–1307), tells how the fox, after failure of an attempt on a hen-yard, drank at a spring, fell in and escaped by a trick, leaving the wolf in his place. It is a story founded on Æsop, taken by the English poet from the French Roman du Renart, with free variations in the matter and the treatment.

Another popular poem assigned to the latter part of the thirteenth century is a satire upon corruptions in the Church, that paints a Fool's Paradise for monks, wherein all the delights are sensual, and spiritual life passes for nothing. The Paradise of this satire, which spread through several countries, was entitled "the Land of Cockaigne"‡—that is

* Dr. K. Böddeker has edited with grammar and glossary the "Alt englische Dichtungen des MS. Harl. 2,253" (Berlin, 1878). I must defer to the next volume a discussion of the multiplying forms of song.

† Printed in Wright and Halliwell's "Reliquiæ Antiquæ" from the Digby MS. No. 86, in the Bodleian.

‡ It was printed imperfectly from the Harleian MS. 913 in Hickes's "Thesaurus," then modernised in Ellis's "Specimens," then

to say, Kitchenland. From *coquere*, to cook, came the Latin *coquina*, Italian *cucina*, English *kitchen*, French *cuisine*; which yielded such names as the Italian Cuccagna, Spanish Cucaña, French Coquaine, to the land of animal delights painted by popular satire as the happy land of monks who had turned their backs upon the higher life to which they were devoted. An old German poet described it as "dat edele lant van Cockœngen." In what spirit this popular satire was written none can doubt, when they find at the close how such a Paradise as it paints is to be earned only by seven years' wading chin-deep in swinish filth.

published by Thomas Wright in vol. i. of "Altdeutsche Blätter," and carefully given by Dr. Furnivall in "Early English Poems" (Berlin, 1862).

CHAPTER XV.

ROBERT OF BRUNNE.—"GESTA ROMANORUM."—LAYS AND FABLIAUX.

ROBERT MANNYNG of Brunne, now Bourne, a town by the fens of Lincolnshire, seven or eight miles from Market Deeping, was a canon of the Gilbertine order, who from 1288 to 1303 professed in the priory of Sempringham, six miles from Bourne, where nuns and monks fulfilled in one house a common vow.* Bourne is in the division of Lincolnshire called Kesteven, lying between Lincolnshire Holland and Lindeseye.

Robert of Brunne.

At Sempringham Robert of Brunne wrote his moral poem called "The Handlynge Synne," and said in the Introduction to it:—

His Handlynge Synne.

> "Dan Philipp was mayster þat time
> þat I began þis ynglische ryme;
> þe yeer of grace fyl þan to be
> A þousand and þre hundred and þre."

The Handlynge Synne having been written in 1303, the Chronicle followed in the reign of Edward III., who became king in 1327. The writing of it was in years between 1327 and 1338, during part of which time Robert of Brunne was in the house of Sixhill, now Six Hills, another Lincolnshire Priory of the Gilbertines. Robert of Brunne's Chronicle is drawn chiefly from Wace's version of Geoffrey

* An old satire in French connects the "Freres et sueres ensemble" at Sempringham with a proposed "Ordre de Bel Eyse."

of Monmouth. That part has been edited by Dr. Furnivall, who is the editor also of the Handlynge Synne.* The Chronicle then proceeds with the translation of the French rhyming chronicle of Peter Langtoft into English verse. Robert of Brunne undertook this labour at the request of his prior, Dan (Dominus) Robert of Malton, as he says of himself in his Chronicle— His Chronicle.

" Of Brunne I am, if any me blame,
Robert Mannyng is my name.
Blissed be he of God of heuene
þat me Robért wiþ gude wille neuene.
In þe þrid Edwardes tyme was I,
Whenne I wrote allé þis story.
In þe hous of Sixille I was a þrowe,†
Dany Robert of Maltone þat ye know,
Did it wryté ‡ for felawes sake,
Whenné þai wild § solacé make."

His chronicle told, for more than a few monks,

" All þe story of Inglande
Als Robert Mannyng wryten it, and
On Inglysch has it schewed
Not for þe lerid, bot for þe lewed,‖
For þo þat in þis land wonne ¶
þat ne Latin no Frankes conne,
For to haf solace and gamene

* "The Story of England by Robert Manning of Brunne, A.D. 1338, edited from MSS. at Lambeth Palace and the Inner Temple by Frederick J. Furnivall, M.A., Trinity Hall, Cambridge; Hon. Dr. Phil. Berlin." In Two Parts of the Rolls Series of Chronicles and Memorials, 1887. The rest of the Chronicle, being the parts translated from Peter Langtoft, was edited for the same series by Thomas Wright in two volumes [1866, 1868].

† Space of time=A.-S. þrag, or þrah.

‡ Caused it to be written. § Willed.

‖ The untaught, as opposed to the taught clergy: from A.-S. *Læwede*, belonging to the Laity. Thence inferior, sensual, and the present sense of lewd. ¶ Dwell.

In felawschip when thai sitte samen.*
And it is wisdom forte wytten
þe state of þe land, and haf it wryten."

Here is reference to the old social character of books that, when written in English for the use of "those who dwell in the land," were, in the time of which we now speak, chiefly written to be read aloud; much solitary use of books being then possible only to the learned and the rich. His account of the early history Robert says that he took from Wace, the rest from Langtoft—

" Pers of Langtoft, a Chanón,
Of þe hous of Brydlngtonn,"

and he pleasantly refers to Bede, the venerable father of all English history, as to a holy saint of the historians. Robert Mannyng, like Layamon and Brother Ormin, wrote as one whose heart was with the people, in the simplest and most Saxon English phrase:—

" And menne besoght me many a tyme
To turne it bot in lighté† ryme;
þai sayd, if I in strange it turne,
To here it manyon suld skurne;
For it ere namés fulle selcouth‡
þat ere not uséd now in mouthe,
And þerfore for þe comonalte
þat blythély wild listen to me,
On light lange I it beganne,
For luf of þe lewéd manne,
To tellé þam þe chaunces bolde
þat here before was don and tolde.
For þis makýng I will no mede,
Bot gude prayére when ye it rede."

Robert Mannyng's Chronicle belongs to a later date

* Together. † Easy.
‡ Strange=A.-S. sel(d)-cuð, seldom known.

than this volume is designed to reach. His moral poem, however, only just crosses the border of the thirteenth century. It is contemporary with the Divine Comedy of Dante, the frontier temple where we worship as we pass into a new realm of the world of literature. It was a translation into English verse of the "Manuel des Péchiez," ascribed to Grosseteste, but really written in French verse by another Englishman, William of Wadington, a Yorkshire town two or three miles from Clitheroe, on the Lancashire border. The author says of himself in the original poem:— His Handlyng Synne.

"Kar en Engleterre fu né
E norri e ordiné e alevé.
De une vile sui nomé
Ou ne est burg ne cité . . .
De Dieu seit beneit chescun hom
Ke prie por Wilhelm de Wadington."

William of Wadington's work has been printed side by side with Robert of Brunne's free amplified translation as "The Handlyng Synne" in an edition of "The Handlynge Synne" prepared for the Roxburghe Club by Mr. F. J. Furnivall, whose introductory sketch is written in the cheerful spirit of his author, with the same evident "luf of þe lewed manne" in the generous sympathies that it expresses.* Wadington's work itself did not profess to be original. He said of it, "Rien del mien ni mettrai." It has been described as a translation from a Latin poem called "Floretus," ascribed by some to St. Bernard, and by

* "Roberd of Brunne's Handlyng Synne (written A.D. 1303), with the French Treatise on which it is founded, Le Manuel des Péchiez, by William of Wadington. Now first printed from MSS. in the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries. Edited by Frederick J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Printed for the Roxburghe Club" (London, 1862).

others to Pope Clement; but its editor refers to the "Floretus," and finds little more than similarity of subject.

Of his own translation of Wadington, which he calls "The Handlynge Synne," Robert Mannyng himself writes:—

"Turned y þys
On Englysshe tunge out of Frankys,
Of a boke as y fonde inne;
Men clepen þe boké 'Handlyng Synne.'
In Frenshé þer a clerk hyt sees,
He clepyþ it 'Manuel de Pecchés.
'Manuel' ys 'handlyng wyþ honde;'
'Pecches' ys synne, y vndyrstone.
þese twey wurdys þat beyn otwynne,
Do hem togedyr, ys 'Handlyng Synne.'"

The English translator drops what is tedious, and omits about half a dozen stories, while he adds more than a dozen. He means to amuse while he teaches—

"For many ben of swyche manere
þat talys and rymys wyl bleþly here;
Yn gamys, and festys, and at þe ale,
Loue men to lestené troteuale;
þat may falle ofte to vylanye
To dedly synne or oþer folye;
For swyche men have y made þis ryme,
þat þey may weyl dyspende here tyme."

The book, after its Prologue, begins with the Ten Commandments, and under each of these it places and illustrates with doctrine, anecdote, marvel, and moral tale, different forms of sin against it. Then are taken in order, and illustrated in the same way, the Seven Deadly Sins: Pride, Anger, Envy, Sloth, Covetousness, Gluttony, and Lechery. Then follow stories and admonitions under the head of the Sin of Sacrilege. The Seven Sacraments then furnish seven more heads: Baptism, Confirmation, Sacrament of the Altar, Penance, Holy Orders, Marriage, Extreme Unction.

Mannyng's poem then ends with illustrations of the twelve Points or Requisites, and the twelve Graces of Thrift. A poem so planned by a man of lively mind must needs be rich in illustration of the manners of its time. It shows the baron and the rich man plundering the poor; the priest in his lust; the trader at his tricks; the beauty with her powdered face; the chatterers in the church; and again and again there rings through it the cry of the poor. The miracles and marvels often sound oddly enough in modern ears; we may take, for example,* a sketch of the substance of the rhymer's lesson against pride, which walks first in the procession of the Deadly Sins:—

FIRST, OF PRIDE:—

She was the first that walkéd wide,
In every land, to every man,
Through all the world, over all she ran.

She beguiles men by making them disobedient to parents, spiritual fathers, and sovereigns; or too desirous of praise for good deeds; or vain of high birth.

Vnworþly art þou made gentyl
3yf þou yn wurdys and dedys be yl.

Be not proud that you are wise, or of your beauty, or of your strength, or of your riches, or your singing, "ful selde ys synger gode yn thew," and beware of men of fair and flowery and laughing words.

Be not proud of thy "bayly" (office, authority); nor of thy learning; nor, if a beneficed clerk, of thy horses, hawks, and hounds; nor of a king's or lord's favour; think not that thy wits or goods came from thyself; use not God's gifts to break His commands; boast not of them, or of those you have not. A vile sin men practise now, none can praise himself without blaming another. Scorn no man, for David and Neomas a prophet say scorners shall be punished from God's mouth. If you like to be praised for your good deeds, and be a hypocrite, then

* It is here quoted with slight abridgment from the full and vigorous abstract of the book given by Dr. Furnivall as Table of Contents.

you are quit of reward from God, who full fell-ly chides those false hypocrites.

The Tale of the Hypocritical Monk of the Abbey Tangabaton.

A monk, reported to be of holy life, summons his brethren to his death-bed, and tells them that when they thought he fasted he used to eat twice privily, and when they thought he had been "holy" he had eaten and drunk full lustily; "and now the devil has tied up my knees with his tail, and stopped my mouth with his head, and I am forlore."

"Hypocrisy, this is the sin,
Fair without, and foul within."

Be not proud of thy hair or thy chaplet, nor adorn thy body too much. For heads dressed with hair and long horns too, women are lost; and rich ladies must not have "corouns" out of measure.

The Tale of the Proud Lady, who was burnt to Ashes again and again in Hell by a Burning Wheel.

A lord's beautiful wife, who over all things loved fair dressing of her head, died in her pride, and afterwards took her lord's squire to hell and showed him her torment:—fiends put a burning wheel on her head, which burnt her down to the ground, and then she revived again, and was burnt again perpetually; and this because "she dighted her head right much with pride."

"If God have lent thee hands and feet,
Armés, leggés, fair and sweet,
Be not over proud of this;
They are not thine, but they are His."

Disguise (pierce and slash) not thy clothing too much. A wedded wife may attire herself so that her husband love none but her, but she must not dress for others. Greatly they sin who spend their days in making novelties in dress.

The Tale of the Knight and Clerk who loved New Fashions.

A knight who loved new fashions had a quaintly-pierced coat made; and one day, as he came from his robbery with his prey, his enemies beset and killed him. His friends gave his clothes to the poor, and the "kote of pryde" to a clerk who asked for it; but as soon as the clerk put it on, a burning fire lighted on him, and burnt him down to the ground.

So let no man wear clothes contrary to his condition, or desire to be called "lorde or syre;" or to have great "meyné" (train of ser-

vants), or great halls, rich bedding, horses, armour, &c. Let him for no such things do wrong to holy church or to poor men.

The French Tale of how the Devil has Power over Women's Trains.

A woman with a long train passes two monks; one sees a devil sitting on it, and, when she turns her train to the monk, the devil falls into the mud. Therefore know that the devil has power over women's long trains.

Also, women's going from street to street to meet one another, and show their dress, is sin; and borrowing clothes "yn carol to go."

"That pooré pridé, God it loathes,
That makes them proud of other men's clothes."

Speak not words of pride to prevent other men's praying or fasting, singing in church, or other holy deed; and chide not with priest or clerk.

"Also that clerk is much to blame
That will not shave his crown for shame."

Scorn not God, nor grumble against nor chide Him. If you have said or done wrong, do not be obstinate.

"Of al follyys þat beryn name
Þys foly ys moste for to blame."

Flatterers, with words fair as flowers, may not enter heaven. Another kind of pride is chiding servants. And backbiters "God Almighty hatys." He forgives no habitual backbiting or lying.

The Tale of the Backbiting Monk.

A certain monk was a "felun" in backbiting, and after his death a brother monk saw him at night sitting before the steps of the altar, continually spitting out his tongue (which was all burning) and eating it up again—"he gnoghe hyt ynwarde, al to pecys"—and this was to punish him for his sin, for our Lord in the Apocalypse says that liars and backbiters "shal ete here tunges in peynes."

Speak no foul words; menace no one; give not your goods to jongleurs to be praised of them, or make wrestlings that none be held so great as you.

"Pryde is þe bygynnyng
Of al manere wykkede þing."

Preaching by example, with help of good stories to keep the attention fixed, was at this time customary. The very early use of metrical paraphrase of Scripture, and, by the miracle play, of living representations by the priests, within the church, of facts in sacred history told in the lessons of the day, testified to a sense of the need of liveliness in teachers who desired to drive instruction home. The Franciscans and Dominicans in carrying their doctrine to the poor may have improved the art of illustrating sermons with tale and anecdote and legend. And now, in the "Gesta Romanorum," we have a story-book with its tales arranged, according to their moral or spiritual application, like the hymns in a modern hymn-book, for the use of preachers and enlivenment of congregations. The French Dominican, Vincent of Beauvais, tells in his "Mirror of History" that in his time—the thirteenth century—it was the practice of preachers to rouse languid hearers by quoting fables out of Æsop, and he recommends a sparing and discreet use of profane fancies in discussing sacred subjects. Among the Harleian MSS. is an ancient collection of 215 stories—romantic, allegorical, and legendary—compiled by a preacher for the use of monastic societies. In 1389 there appeared at Paris a system of divinity, translated afterwards by Caxton as "The Court of Sapyence," crowded with historical examples, parables, and fables. Other such ancient collections are to be found; but the favourite compilation of this kind was the Latin story-book known as the "Gesta Romanorum."

"Gesta Romanorum."

This compilation long retained its popularity; was printed as early as 1473; reprinted at Louvain a few months later; again in 1480; translated into Dutch in 1484; printed again in 1488; and went through six or seven editions in this country during the succeeding century. The earliest printed Latin texts contained 150 or 151 sections. In the next following editions the number quickly rose to 181, and

these 181 tales form the commonly received text. There was a German edition at Augsburg in 1489 containing only 95 tales, of which some are not in the accepted Latin version. In like manner, including tales not in the Latin text, there is an English series of 43 or 44 sections. In an anonymous comedy, called "Sir Giles Goosecap," acted by the children of the chapel in 1606, one of the persons says, "Then for your lordship's quips and quick jests, why 'Gesta Romanorum' were nothing to them;" and in George Chapman's "May Day," a comedy printed in 1611, of a man of high taste according to the time it is said, "One that has read 'Marcus Aurelius,' 'Gesta Romanorum,' 'The Mirrour of Magistrates,' &c., to be led by the nose like a blind bear that has read nothing."*

When and by whom the collection was made has not been ascertained. Thomas Warton believed the author to be Pierre Bercheur (Petrus Berchorius) of Poitou, who died Prior of the Benedictine convent of St. Eloi in 1362, and the date of whose composition of the "Gesta Romanorum" Warton supposes on fanciful grounds to have been 1340. Warton named Bercheur as author because in the "Philologia Sacra" of Salomon Glassius, written in 1623, he found (in a chapter on the Allegories of Fables) censure of the application of spiritual allegory to profane stories, accompanied with the statement that Peter Berchorius, a Benedictine of Poitou, had in a special book expounded, allegorically and mystically, deeds of the Romans, as well as legends of the Fathers and other old wives' tales. But Bercheur's "Repertorium Morale," in fourteen books, answers quite sufficiently to this description. Francis Douce contended that the compiler of the "Gesta" was a German, because he found in the moral of one story a German proverb, and in another story several German names

* See Warton's "History of English Poetry," which includes a "Dissertation on the 'Gesta Romanorum.'"

of dogs,* also because the earliest editions of the "Gesta" were printed in German. The incidents of one tale are said to occur in the bishopric of Ely, and the writer says of its matter that it is what "I have myself heard both from the inhabitants of the place and others."† In the year 1838 Sir Frederic Madden edited for the Roxburghe Club‡ two versions from English manuscripts, comparing them with manuscripts on the continent (of which five were known to him), and our own manuscripts of Latin originals. In 1877 Hermann Oesterley continued the study of the evidence from manuscripts, taking into account, of the Latin form, seventy-nine from Germany, one from France, one from Italy, and twenty-nine from England; besides twenty-four manuscript versions in German and three in English.§ He was struck by the great variety in the actual contents of these collections, as well as in the arrangements of contents; but he thought they might be grouped into three families—namely, the English, which give in all only 103 chapters, but include a series of tales not found in the continental manuscripts, and had their own Anglo-Latin source; the earlier Latin and German manuscripts of the

* The dogs were Richer, Emuleym, Hanegiff, Baudyn, Crismel, Egofyn, Beamis, and Renelen (chap. 144, tale 62, in vol. ii. of Swan's translation). The German proverb is thus introduced: "Corobola, vulgariter: die Schnock wil fliegen also hoch als der Adler" (the snail will fly as high as the eagle) (chap. 142, tale 64, in vol. ii. of Swan's translation).

† Tale 75, in vol. ii. of the "Gesta Romanorum; or, Entertaining Moral Stories. . . . . Translated from the Latin, with Preliminary Observations and Copious Notes, by the Rev. Charles Swan. 2 vols. (London, 1824)."

‡ "The old English versions of the 'Gesta Romanorum,' edited for the first time from MSS. in the British Museum and University Library, Cambridge, with an Introduction and Notes by Sir F. Madden" (Roxburghe Club, 1838).

§ "Gesta Romanorum," von Hermann Oesterley (Berlin, 1872).

continent, which contained about 100 chapters; and, thirdly, the accepted text with its later additions. No research has yet yielded hope of discovering the original author. The earliest known manuscript is of the year 1326,* and although in the third family there is borrowing from fourteenth century work, the time of the first shaping of the work was probably at the close of the thirteenth century, and Oesterley believes † that the first author was an Englishman.

The name of the work, "Gesta Romanorum" (Deeds of the Romans), commonly applied to any records of the history of Rome, is justified by little more than the arbitrary, but not invariable, reference of tale after tale to the life or reign of Roman emperors, ancient or then modern, as Conrad, or Frederic, or Henry II. The book itself refers to the "Gesta Romanorum" as simply the Annals of Rome. Thus one tale, to illustrate "the Sin of Pride," begins with the sentence, "We read in the 'Gesta Romanorum' of a prince called Pompey," and proceeds to tell about Cæsar and Pompey, adding a moral in the usual form. It may be that a first collection of these tales was, like this one, in accordance with the title, and gave only illustrations out of Roman history, each with its ready-made moral or "application" added for the preacher's use; but that by the addition of more striking marvels and much livelier matter, with omission of familiar bits of ancient history, the original convenient form of Story and Application and the original name also being retained, the work itself was developed to its later shape. Thus, tales from the East were added from the "Clericalis Disciplina," a Latin dialogue, professedly borrowed from the Arabian fabulists, between an Arabian philosopher, Salaan, which is said to be in the Arabian Lucamam, and Edric (Enoch), his son; a work written by

* See Oesterley, p. 257.

† "Gesta Romanorum," Introd. p. 262.

Petrus Alphonsus, called by the Anglo-Normans Pierre Anfors, a baptised Jew, who lived in 1106, and was godson to Alphonsus I., King of Aragon. A short analysis of the contents of this story-book—Alphonsus on Clerical Teaching—was made by Francis Douce, and is among the introductory matter to Ellis's "Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances." Some of the Eastern tales are said, also by Thomas Warton, to be borrowed from an old Latin translation of the "Calilah u Damnah," a celebrated set of Arabian fables, to which Alphonsus was indebted. There are also citations of Ovid in the "Gesta Romanorum," and of Valerius Maximus, Macrobius, Aulus Gellius, Pliny, Seneca, and Boëthius. But the matter attributed to these writers is not always to be found in their works, and never occurs in the form given to it by the story-teller. The manner of the collection is best shown by an example. Its contents are classed under such heads as of Love; of Mercy; of Following Reason; of Bad Example; of Constancy; of Avoiding Imprecations; of the Cunning of the Devil. Very frequently a tale has a king or an emperor in it, and the application by which it is turned into spiritual allegory, always beginning with "Carissimi" (my beloved) as the preacher's usual form of address to his hearers, opens usually with "My beloved, the emperor is God," or "My beloved, the king is Christ." We must not omit here to note the persistence of the taste for allegory among teachers in the Church, and its extension among the people, by the habitual receiving of instruction through such allegorised tales as those of the "Gesta."

Of the following tales the first may be of the number of those which gave their name to the collection, since, ascribed here to Valerius Maximus, it is to be found in Cicero "De Oratore;" the second, which has an explanation instead of an application, is the story on which Parnell, who found the tale in the "Divine

Dialogues" of Sir Henry More, founded his poem of the "Hermit:"—

THE TREE THAT BORE GOOD FRUIT.

"Valerius tells us that a man named Paletinus one day burst into tears, and, calling his son and his neighbours around him, said, 'Alas! alas! I have now growing in my garden a fatal tree, on which my first poor wife hung herself, then my second, and after that my third. Have I not therefore cause for wretchedness?' 'Truly,' said one, who was called Arrius, 'I marvel that you should weep at such unusual good fortune! Give me, I pray you, two or three sprigs of that gentle tree, which I will divide with my neighbours, and thereby enable every man to indulge his spouse.' Paletinus complied with his friend's request, and ever after found this tree the most productive part of his estate.

"*Application.*

"My beloved, the tree is the cross of Christ. The man's three wives are pride, lusts of the heart, and lusts of the eyes, which ought to be thus suspended and destroyed. He who solicited a part of the tree is any good Christian."

THE HERMIT AND THE ANGEL.

"There once lived a hermit who in a remote cave passed day and night in God's service. Not far from his cell there was a flock kept by a shepherd, who one day fell into a deep sleep, when a robber, seeing him careless, carried off his sheep. When the keeper awoke he began to swear in good set terms that he had lost his sheep; and where they were gone to he knew not. But the lord of the flock bade him be put to death. This gave to the hermit great offence. 'Oh, Heaven,' said he to himself, 'seest thou this deed? the innocent suffers for the guilty: why permittest thou such things? If thus injustice triumph, why do I remain here? I will again enter the world and do as other men do.'

"And so he left his hermitage, and went again into the world; but God willed not that he should be lost: an angel in the form of a man was sent to join him. And so, crossing the hermit's path, he said to him, 'Whither bound, my friend?' 'I go,' said he, 'to yonder city.' 'I will go with you,' replied the angel; 'I am a messenger from heaven, come to be your companion on the way.'

"So they walked on together to the city. When they had entered, they begged for the love of God harbourage during the night at the house of a certain soldier, who received them cheerfully, and entertained them nobly. The soldier had an only and most dear son lying in the

cradle. After supper their bed-chamber was sumptuously adorned for them; and the angel and the hermit went to rest. But about the middle of the night the angel rose and strangled the sleeping infant. The hermit, horror-struck at what he witnessed, said within himself, 'Never can this be an angel of God: the good soldier gave us everything that was necessary; he had but this poor innocent, who now is strangled.' Yet he was afraid to reprove him.

"In the morning both arose and went forward to another city, in which they were honourably entertained at the house of one of the inhabitants. This person had a rich gold cup which he highly valued, and of which, during the night, the angel robbed him. But still the hermit held his peace, for great was his fear.

"On the morrow they went forward; and as they walked they came to a certain river, over which was a bridge; they went on the bridge, and about midway a poor pilgrim met them. 'My friend,' said the angel to him, 'show us the way to yonder city.' The pilgrim turned, and pointed with his finger to the road they were to take; but as he turned, the angel seized him by the shoulders and hurled him into the stream below. At this the terror of the hermit became greater. 'It is the devil,' he said to himself—'it is the devil, and no good angel! What evil had the poor man done that he should be drowned?'

"He would now have gladly gone alone, but was afraid to speak his mind. About the hour of vespers they came to a city, in which they again sought shelter for the night; but the master of the house where they applied sharply refused it. 'For the love of heaven,' said the angel, 'give us shelter, lest we fall prey to the wolves.' The man pointed to a sty. 'That,' said he, 'has pigs in it; if it please you to lie there you may—but to no other place will I admit you.' 'If we can do no better,' said the angel, 'we must accept your ungracious offer.' They did so; and next morning the angel, calling their host, said, 'My friend, I give you this cup;' and he gave him the gold cup he had stolen. The hermit, more and more amazed at what he saw, said to himself, 'Now I am sure this is the devil. The good man who received us with all kindness he despoiled, and now he gives the plunder to this fellow, who refused us a lodging.'

"Turning, therefore, to the angel he cried, 'I will travel with you no more. I commend you to God.' 'Dear friend,' the angel said, 'First hear me, and then go thy way.'

"*The Explanation.*

"'When thou wert in thy hermitage, the owner of the flock unjustly put to death his servant. True it is he died innocently, and therefore

was in a fit state to enter another world. God permitted him to be slain, foreseeing that if he lived he would commit a sin, and die before repentance followed. But the guilty man who stole the sheep will suffer eternally, while the owner of the flock will repair, by alms and good works, that which he ignorantly committed. As for the son of the hospitable soldier whom I strangled in the cradle, know that before the boy was born he performed numerous works of charity and mercy; but afterwards grew parsimonious and covetous, in order to enrich the child, of which he was inordinately fond. This was the cause of its death; and now its distressed parent is again become a devout Christian. Then for the cup which I purloined from him who received us so kindly, know that before the cup was made, there was not a more abstemious person in the world; but afterwards he took such pleasure in it, and drank from it so often, that he was intoxicated twice or thrice during the day. I took away the cup, and he has returned to his former sobriety. Again, I cast the pilgrim into the river, and know that he whom I drowned was a good Christian; but had he proceeded much further he would have fallen into a mortal sin. Now he is saved, and reigns in celestial glory. Then that I bestowed the cup upon the inhospitable citizen, know nothing is done without reason. He suffered us to occupy the swine-house, and I gave him a valuable consideration. But he will hereafter reign in hell. Put a guard, therefore, on thy lips, and detract not from the Almighty, for He knoweth all things.' The hermit, hearing this, fell at the feet of the angel, and entreated pardon. He returned to his hermitage, and became a good and pious Christian."

From the "Gesta Romanorum," which includes the germ of the romance of "Guy of Warwick" and a story much resembling that of "Sir Isumbras," Gower took for his "Confessio Amantis" the story of the three images with the beard, mantle, and ring, which he gives to a statue of Apollo; the story also of a man's falling into a pit where there were a lion, ape, and serpent (but Gower omits the lion); also, though he need not have gone to the "Gesta" for it, the story of Perillus's brazen bull; and a story like that of the chest and the three pasties, which he may have got from the "Speculum Historiale" of Vincent of Beauvais, who took it from John of Damascus's old Greek romance of Barlaam and Josaphat, translated into Latin before the thirteenth

century—the work which introduced into literature the germ of the casket story in the *Merchant of Venice.* The tale of Florent in Gower's "Confessio Amantis," which resembles Chaucer's Wife of Bath, is in some MSS. of the "Gesta Romanorum." Chaucer gives in his Sompnour's Tale the story in the Gesta of the reconcilement of two knights by Emperor Heraclius, quoting Seneca, who tells it of Cneius Piso in his treatise on Anger.

The plot of the knight against Constance, and her adventure with the steward, in the Man of Lawe's tale, are also in a tale of the "Gesta," which was completely versified by Occleve, who took, moreover, so literally from the "Gesta Romanorum" the story of King Darius's legacy to his three sons that the original inventor deserves most of the praise given to Occleve for it in William Browne's Shepherd's Pipe:—

> "Well I wot, the man that first
> Sung this lay did quenche his thirst
> Deeply as did ever one
> In the Muses' Helicon."

Another tale in the "Gesta" is the story of Boccaccio's "Tito and Gisippo," and of Lydgate's "Tale of Two Merchants of Egypt and Baldad." The ancient tale of Apollonius of Tyre, so early popular that even an Anglo-Saxon translation of it has been found,* is, although disproportionately long, included among the stories of the "Gesta." Gower has the tale in his "Confessio Amantis," taken by him, he says, from the Pantheon. Upon this story Shakespeare's play of *Pericles* is founded, and many passages are parallel in play and story. The story of the caskets in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* is in one of the MSS. of the "Gesta," and also in an Old English translation printed by Wynkyn

* Its text was printed by Benjamin Thorpe in a small 12mo. pamphlet (London, 1834).

de Worde. In the same MS. is, assigned to an Emperor Selestinus, the story of the bond, which Shakespeare blended with that of the Caskets, and took probably from the Pecorone of Ser Giovanni of Florence, who was living in 1378. Set forth as the tale of an Emperor Theodosius, there is also among the "Gesta Romanorum" a modification of the tale of Lear. One MS. of the "Gesta" contains the old form of the story which Schiller learnt at Mannheim as an Alsatian legend, and told in the ballad of Fridolin; and in the "Gesta" we find also the original of the old tale of the Three Black Crows, which Dr. Byrom versified:—

> "I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,
> Something that was as black as any crow."

But, after all, there was in these moralised narratives at least as much of the polite turn for allegory as of the popular delight in tales. Religion, for its own sake, was sought earnestly, as their chief hope and solace, by many of the English people.

Psalms of the people.

Together with the Latin text, and interlinear Anglo-Saxon version made at a later date in Northumbria on its eighth-century MS.,* Mr. Stevenson edited for the Surtees Society, from three MSS. in the British Museum, a corresponding metrical version of the Psalms in English, made early in the fourteenth century, or about the middle of the reign of Edward II.† Not only as as example of the English language at that date, but as representing also one element in the common English mind, we may note how the pure teaching of Scripture was then turned into music. The fifteenth Psalm runs thus:—

* Cotton. Vespasian A 1.

† "Anglo-Saxon and Early English Psalter. Now first printed from MSS. in the British Museum." 2 vols. (1845, 1847).

" Laverd* in þi teld† wha sal wone
In þi hali hille or who reste mone?
Whilke þat in-comés wemles‡
And ai wirkés rightwisenes;
þat spekés sothnes in hert his
And noght dide swikeldome§ in tunge his,
Ne dede to his neghburgh ivel ne gram;‖
Ne ogaines his neghburgh up-braiding nam.¶
[illegible]o noght is lede** lither†† in his sight;
[illegible]nd dredand Laverd‡‡ he glades right.
[illegible]e þat to his neghburgh sweres
[illegible]nd noght bi-swekés him ne deres.
[illegible]e his silver til okir§§ noght is givande;
[illegible]e giftes toke over un-derande.‖‖‖
[illegible]t does þese night and dai
[illegible]ght sal he be stired in ai."

But we come back to the polite and learned world, bent upon exercise of ingenuity in the conversion into allegory of all the tales and romances in which fancy was running riot. It made Christian moralisation even out of ancient fable; saw allegory of the Creator in Prometheus, who gave life in a spark from heaven to a form of clay; of the Saviour, born of God and of the Virgin, in Bacchus twice born—first of Semele and then of Jupiter; of the Saviour, born of God alone, in

Growing taste for allegory.

* First-English *hlaford:* from *hlaf*, bread, loaf; *weard*, keeper; thence *Lavord*, Lord, warden of bread.

† F.-E. for tent.

‡ Spotless (F.-E. *wem* and *wom*, a spot).

§ Deceit (F.-E. *swic* and *swicdom*).

‖ F.-E. for wrath. ¶ F.-E. for took.

** Speech: from A.-S. *Leden*, Latin, and thence language generally.

†† Wicked (F.-E. lyðer, whence also in Old English "Luther" meant wicked).

‡‡ Them who fear the Lord.

§§ Usury (Old Norse, *okr:* from *auka*, to increase). F.-E, *eacan*, whence *eke*, and *an eke*name, *a nickname.*

‖‖‖ Un-injuring (F.-E. *derian*, to injure).

Minerva, sprung from the brain of Jupiter; of the Saviour, born of the Virgin, in the birth of Perseus by descent of Jupiter as a shower of gold on Danaë within the tower. In Actæon, killed by his own hounds, the students of that day perceived an allegory of the Passion of our Lord; and in a fable told by the poet Lycophron of Hercules, an allegory of the Resurrection. John Waleys, an English Franciscan of the thirteenth century, allegorised the Metamorphoses of Ovid into Christian morals; and when, in accordance with this taste for subtlety, the French "Roman de la Rose" appeared, in the fourteenth century—of which more hereafter—it was the more popular because it left the theologian free to prove that the mystical rose, sought through so many difficulties, was the white rose of Jericho, the New Jerusalem, the Virgin, or the beatitude to which no heretic is able to attain; while the chemist might call it the Philosopher's Stone; the lawyers might hold it to be the consummate point of just decision; or the physicians read the poem as an allegory of the search for the one universal panacea. Romances were becoming long and tasteless, or rather charged with the conventional ornament that was regarded as a necessary part of their court dress, whereof they were again mercilessly stripped when they were simplified by the travelling story-tellers (*disours* or *seggers*) for the amusement of the people. Under the hands of these reformers of romance, off came the dainty introductions leading to nothing, that were used almost at random as elegant methods of approach, and out went the long rhetorical ingenuities of dialogue. For example of the conventional openings, we may refer to the English romance of Alexander, where the freshness of the earliest strains of the troubadour that connected, as songs of the thrushes do, a sense of the soft spring-time with the warble over coupling, is distinctly hardened into formula. Of two dozen cantos, every one

Abridged romances: dits and ditties.

opens with a reference to spring, summer, or autumn, meaning even less than the comment on weather that preludes a modern English conversation. This' for example, is the prelude to the second canto :—

> "Averil is meory, and longith the day ;
> Ladiés loven solas, and play ;
> Swaynés, justés ; knightis, turnay ;
> Syngith the nyghtyngale, gredéth the jay ;
> The hoté sunné chongeth the clay,
> As ye ꝑvel y-seén may.
> In this tyme I undurstonde,
> Phelip is in Neptanabus' londe . . ."

Philip and Neptanabus having nothing whatever to do with the jays and nightingales, and April not being at all meant as the date of the warlike action next to be described. When the *disour* or *jongleur* had cut a long romance down into a form suitable for popular recitation, it was called a dit, or a ditty. Thus the long romance Robert the Devil, first versified in the thirteenth century, became a dit of 254 strophes, each consisting of four monorhymes.*

Everything in history was trimmed as resolutely to their own shape by the romancers as by the allegory-hunters. Cæsar, as well as Alexander, was transformed into a mediæval knight; Hercules and Jason, too, were dubbed; but Virgil, as the man of intellect, became a magician. So, near Palestrina, Horace is revered still by the country people as a wizard. In the case of Virgil it has been suggested that,

Romance of history. The Enchanter Virgil.

* Preface to the Prose Romance of Robert the Deuyll in "Early English Prose Romances, with Bibliographical and Historical Introductions. Edited by William J. Thoms. Second Edition. 3 vols. (London, 1858)." A delightful book of old romance, each tale with its literary history well told in a short scholarly introduction. From the late Mr. Thoms's introduction to the romance of Virgilius I take also the facts in the next paragraph.

as his maternal grandfather was Maius, whose name might have been read Magus, and his mother has been generally called Maia, he was held to be of magical race, and credited as a magician by the monk, Helinand, who, in his Universal Chronicle, told as history the vision of the hermit introducing the Graal story, as well as by succeeding writers. Corroboration of this notion may have been found in Virgil's seventh eclogue, and in the sixth book of the Æneid. At any rate, in the time of Gervase of Tilbury, who saw what was then to be seen at Naples, and heard more from his host there, Archdeacon Pinatellus, Virgil was already a great enchanter. He it was who set up a brazen fly on one of the gates of Naples, which, while it remained there, did not allow any other fly to come into the city; and he built in Naples a shambles where meat never became tainted; and he set up at one of the gates two huge stone images (one smiling and handsome, the other sad and deformed), so made that whoever entered on the side of the cheerful image prospered in his affairs, and whoever entered on the side of the other image was unfortunate. The same Virgil, it was said, set up an image outside Naples with a brazen trumpet, through which, when the wind was north, it blew the volcanic smoke clear of the city; he made baths also to cure every disease, and furnished them with written directions, which the physicians of Salerno defaced for the good of trade. Virgil made a fire, too, at which everyone in Naples was free to warm himself, with a brazen archer thereby, arrow in drawn bow, and the inscription, "If any one strike me I will shoot off my arrow." A dull lump of a man struck at the archer, and was shot by the arrow into the midst of the fire, which he put out. It never rained in Virgil's garden. A wall of immovable air protected it. He went whither he would upon a brazen bridge. Virgil, the great enchanter, set on the Capitol at Rome carved images, called "the Salvation of Rome," which represented

the gods of the subject nations. Whenever a nation moved to revolt, the image of its god moved also, rang a bell upon its neck, and pointed to the nation's written name. As for Naples, Virgil himself founded that town on the sea when he had carried off the Soudan's daughter, "and the fundacyon of it was of egges; and in that towne of Napels he made a tower with iiij corners; and in the toppe he set a napyll upon a yron yarde, and no man culde pull away that apell without he brake it: and thorowghe that yron set he a botel, and on that botel set he a egge; and he henge the apell by the stauke upon a cheyne, and so hangyth it styll. And whenne the egge styrreth, so shulde the towne of Napels quake, and when the egge brake than shulde the towne synke. When he had made an ende he lette call it Napels." The end of Virgil himself, according to the romance, was that when he had, in order to become young again, caused himself to be chopped small and put into a barrel, where the oil of a lamp was to drop on him for nine days, the re-pickling was spoilt on the seventh day by blundering interference of his friend the emperor. "Then saw the emperor and all his folk a naked child, three times running about the barrel, saying the words: 'Cursed be the time that ye came ever here;' and with these words vanished the child away, and was never seen again; and thus abided Virgil in the barrel, dead."

But, together with these crude imaginings, there was a full number of witty or graceful tales current, either as jests to be told in common prose, or lays and *fabliaux* that were to be sung or said in verse, wherever men, according to the way then common of enlivening good company, sang ballads and told stories to each other.

Lays and *fabliaux*.

Of the lays, the most famous are those of Marie of France,*

* Edited by Roquefort, at Paris, in 1820.

who offered the twelve fresh stories* which she knew to be true, taken by her from lays of the Bretons—

> " Les contes ke jeo sai verrais
> Dunt lè Bretun ont fait les lais
> Vus conterai asez briefment "—

to a king who may be our Henry III. Nothing is known of the history of this poetess. In the *fabliaux*—which were told, not sung—the subject-matter was usually an amusing anecdote, with little or no incidental seriousness. The lays differed from the *fabliaux* in being sung or chanted with a musical accompaniment, and they turned usually on some graceful or pathetic incident. One form passed frequently into the other; and it is with an opening half in the spirit of a lay that we have a true *fabliau* in the old English metrical poem of

Sir Cleges.

That good knight, in the days of King Arthur's father, beggared himself by liberality; but when his fortune was at the worst, he and his wife Claris would not despair. One Christmas Eve, when joy and mirth were all around him, and he grieved that he could not, as of old time, " feed both free and bond," his good wife came to him, took him in her arms, and kissed him, as she called him to his solitary meat, and bade him be glad in honour of the day. So they made mirth together, and played with their children, and on the morrow went to church. When they came home he went alone into his garden, knelt under a cherry-tree, and thanked God with all his heart for his trials.

But when he pulled himself up from his knees by a bough of the tree, behold! the bough was green, and there were ripe cherries on it.

He cut a slip therefrom, and showed the wonder to his wife, who proposed putting the Christmas cherries in a basket for Sir Cleges to take next day as a present to King Uther, at Cardiff. He took his staff, and went as a poor man; his eldest son by his side, carrying the basket. But when they came to the king's castle at Cardiff, the porter

* The lays are Guigemar, Equitan, Lai le Freisne, Bisclaveret, Lanval, Les Deux Amans, Ywonec, Laustic (the Nightingale), Milun, Le Chaitivel (the Wretch), Chevrefoil, and Eliduc.

at the gate threatened to break the poor man's head if he attempted to go in. Yet when the porter saw the Christmas cherries, and foresaw the great gifts they would draw from the king, he let Sir Cleges in on a promise of a third of what King Uther gave him. But when the poor knight had gone a little farther,

" The Usscher at the hall-dore was
With a staffe stondynge ; "

he was as rough as the porter, and made, when he saw the cherries, bargain for a third of the king's gift. In the hall there was the steward to pass, and another promise of a third of the king's gift the steward would have of him,

" Or wyth a staffe I schall thee wake,
That thy rebys schall all-to quake,
And put thé out hedlynge."

Then Sir Cleges made his offering to King Uther, and was royally received. The king, in payment for his Christmas cherries, promised the poor man whatsoever he would ask, and his petition was—

" ' I pray you graunt me strokys twelve,
To dele where lykyth me :
Wyth my staffe to pay hem all
To myn adverseryse in the hall,
For send Charytè ! '

" Than aunsswerd Hewtar the kynge :
' J repent my grauntetynge,
That I to thé made.
Good,' he seyd, ' so mott I thee
Thowe haddyst be better haue gold or fee ;
More nede therto thou hade.'
Sir Cleges seyd, with a waunt,

' Lord, yt ys your owyn graunte,
Therfore I am full glade.'
The kyngé was sorý therfore,
But neuerthelesse he grauntyd hym thore ;
Therfore he was full sade.

" Sir Cleges went into the hall,
Among the gret lordés all,
Without any more.
He sowght after the prowghd stywárd,
For to yeve hym hys reward,
Because he grevyd hym sore.

He yaffe the styward sech a stroke,
That he fell dovn as a bloke,
Before all that therin were :
And after he yafe hym othyr thre,
He seyd, ' Sore, for thy corteci,
Smyghté me no more ! '

" Out of the hall Sir Cleges went,
Moo to paye was hys entent,
Wythout any lett.
He went to the vsscher in a breyde :
' Haue here sum strokys,' he seyde,
Whan he wyth hym mete ;
So that after and many a daye
He wold warn no man the waye,
So grymly he hym grett.
Sir Cleges seyd, ' Be my threft,
Thou haste the thyrd part of my yefte
As I thé behyght.'

" Than he went to the portere,
And four strokys he yaue hym there ;
His part hade he there [too] :
So that after and many a daye,
He wold warn no man the waye,
Neythyr to ryde nether goo.
The fyrsté stroke he leyde hym on
He brake in to hys schuldyrbone,
And hys on arme thereto.
Sir Cleges seyd, ' Be my threfte,
Thowe has the thyrd parte of my yefte ;
The couenaunte we made soo.' "

When Sir Cleges went back into the hall he found a harper, to whom he had once been liberal, singing his praises, and the king was

reminded by the song of his old knight. Sir Cleges therefore disclosed himself, and when he had explained his jest, to Uther's great delight, he was adorned as a knight, and the king gave him Cardiff Castle . . . with what more you will, for the last lines of the MS. are wanting.

The poetry of the Provençal troubadour, which grew to its height during the earlier half of the twelfth century, died out with the old spirit of chivalry during the latter half of the thirteenth; but during the thirteenth century its influence spread through France, and quickened the development of a free lyric poetry, in forms that, as we have seen, were freely reproduced in English verse. The French name *trouvère* answered to the Provençal *trobaire*, but with a sense less confined. It was applied to poets generally, among whom tales of action were preferred. Time was at work shaping visibly the growth of a great Literature, in which shall be heard the mighty music of all voices that express the joys, the conflicts, and the aspirations of the life of man.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ITALIAN REVIVAL.

AFTER that active period of the seed-time of new literature which nearly corresponds to the reign of Henry II. in England and of Barbarossa in Germany, when Reineke Fuchs was first current among the Flemings and the Germans and the French—the time of the epic-shaping, not only of the more courtly King Arthur romances, but also of the Nibelungen-Lied and the romance of the Cid Campeador—there was noble evidence in such works as these of the development of a true and sound sense of literature among the chief nations of Europe. Then it was that the warm blood of the great common heart began to circulate among the feebler graces of court poetry, until by the Sicilian throne of Barbarossa's grandson, Frederick II., began the new life of thought on the old Latin soil. Italy presently gave Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio as the three patriarchs of modern literature in almost all Europe. And the literary Haran of these patriarchs was the Sicilian kingdom.

The Italian revival.

The Italian revival spread its influence so widely over Europe that we may now look back to it from almost any point—whether we be English or French, German or Spanish—as to the first great landmark that shows we are running home into the port of modern literary history. Modern properly means that which is of "modo," or just now; and in that sense we should feel the term. The successive lives

of only ten men of seventy lie between us and Barbarossa himself, who died in 1190; and we date this modern literature from the time only of Barbarossa's grandson. Out of the movement of thought at his Sicilian court came in a few years even eclipse to the traditional glories of the old classical time, and a greater than Virgil honoured Virgil as his guide. The new life was strong by union of the courtly graces of the south with the popular mind of the free cities of Lombardy, of daintiness of luxury with energy of labour. Through Gower and Chaucer, who wrote while Petrarch and Boccaccio yet lived, the influence of the three great patriarchs of modern literature first passed into England.

Italy kept the lead, as we shall find, until after the death of Tasso—counting thirty years to a generation, eight or nine generations ago—when there was left only the gleaning of her harvest-field. During the time of her wealth and predominance—except during our civil wars, when blood ran more freely than ink, and they who in England went anywhere, went commonly to their death in battle—our cultivated men travelled to Italy as to the best foreign school of life and manners. Englishmen have always been peculiarly apt to find what pleased them in the example of their neighbours, and they owe this to their insular position. For to be insular means to live at the centre of a thousand free sea-roads to all the corners of the world, and to know nothing of the isolation suffered by the country whose overland travellers come under new dominion wherever they may step across their frontier. To be insular is to have free access to every coast; is to be cosmopolitan. They who are earthed in are the true hermits; and so, while every literature of Europe is affected more or less strongly by foreign influences, that of commercial, travel-loving England has especially been coloured by our intercourse with other lands.

Barbarossa's son, Henry VI., having claimed by right

of his wife Constance, King Roger's daughter, and afte Tancred's death taken by force, the kingdom of Sicily, kept bloody Christmas at Palermo. Three years afterwards, in 1197, he died and left his three-year-old son Frederick heir to that kingdom. Henry VI. had been a troubadour, and his son's birth had been welcomed with all palatable prophecy by Master Peter, the verse-maker of Eboli. Pope Innocent III. had fatherly charge of the young orphan-king, and received from him during his troubled youth three oaths of allegiance before, having excommunicated his old ally, the unmanageable Guelf, Emperor Otho of Brunswick, his Holiness resolved on the election of his ward Frederick—the Boy from Sicily, as he was called in the North—to the Roman Empire. It was Innocent, too, who contrived Frederick's marriage with Constance of Aragon, and thus brought to the Sicilian court stray murmurs of Castilian music. In the year of the grant of Magna Charta in aid of the liberties of England, the year also of the great Lateran Council in aid of the power of the clergy (A.D. 1215), Frederick was crowned. Within three more years Otho was dead, and Frederick was holding the infant Rudolf of Hapsburg at the baptismal font. Frederick, who left Sicily, aged seventeen, a lad of the Pope's fashioning, returned, aged six-and-twenty, an able crafty man, with the Roman Empire joined to his Sicilian kingdom, and England and France bidding for his friendship. For the next eight years his court was in his Italian kingdom, where he had lay rebels to tame and a grasping clergy to contend with. The clergy he fought with their own weapon of duplicity, though never showing such mastery in the art as that of his old guardian, Innocent III., who justified villainous treachery against the Albigenses by the text, "Being crafty, I caught you with guile."

The Italian revival at the court of Sicily.

In 1227 Gregory IX. became Pope—a Pope of sterner stuff than the Honorius who had been Innocent's successor.

"God," said this Pope to Frederick, "has bestowed on you the gift of knowledge and of perfect imagination, and all Christendom follows you. Take heed that you do not place your intellect, which you have in common with angels, below your senses, which you have in common with brutes and plants;" and because the emperor returned sea-sick to Otranto, when, after much delay, he had at last sailed thence for the Crusade, Gregory pronounced against him sentence of excommunication. At the Sicilian court, therefore, the rise of the new literary period was connected with resistance to the Roman despotism. To the King of England Frederick wrote at this time, "The Roman Church is like a leech: she calls herself my mother and nurse; but she is a stepmother, and the root of all evils. Her legates go throughout all lands, binding, loosing, punishing; not to sow the seed of the Word, but to subdue all men, and to wring from them their money. Neither churches nor hospitals are now spared. This Church was founded on poverty and innocence at first, as its catalogue of saints proves; but other foundation can no man lay than what Christ has laid. Now she wallows in riches; and it is to be feared that riches will overthrow her."

Frederick taxed his clergy on behalf of the Crusade, and also revenged himself and disgraced the Church by imprisoning with their sons and daughters the concubines—*focariæ*—whom almost all the priests, vowed to celibacy had taken to their hearths. He made to himself friends under the shadow of the Vatican by buying the Roman estates of the Frangipanni and other great families, and then restoring them as a gift, whereby those families became in feudal law his vassals, and did homage to him. So it happened that when on Holy Thursday Pope Gregory repeated his excommunication, he was hissed and barked at in his own cathedral, and was driven out of Rome.

But to the East Frederick did go, to maintain his credit

with the West. Its dancing and singing girls were brought into the camp for his delight. He discoursed with learned emirs; and he sent hard problems in philosophy, geometry, and mathematics to the Sultan of Egypt, who had them solved by a Sheikh in his train and returned them answered, with fresh problems to his enlightened Christian brother. Each sovereign was ready to make light of the question about Jerusalem, and the Sultan gracefully yielded the Holy City by the treaty of 1229, with Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Sidon, saying to Islam, "After all, we are only giving up churches and ruins." Frederick took possession of Jerusalem as with the shrug of a philosopher and man of the world, who had a high respect for the learning and civilisation of the Arabs. Sultan Kamel gave it up as with a sympathetic answering shrug; and Frederick went in person to the famous city where no Roman emperor had been since it was lost by Heraclius six hundred years before. An Imaum of the Mosque of Omar, who went with him, says, "The emperor was red and bald; he had weak eyes: had he been a slave he would not have fetched 200 drachms .... He asked why bars had been placed on the windows of the Holy Chapel. 'To keep out the birds,' was the answer. 'You may keep out the birds,' said Frederick, 'but God is sending you hogs in their place.' Thus scornfully did he refer to his fellow-Christians"—or rather to the train of the Pope, who at that time was pouring an army of marauders into his Italian kingdom. In June, 1229, Frederick landed again in Italy, and his first act was to ask peace of the Pope. His Holiness replied with anathemas. Frederick collected his force and sent another embassy in vain. Then in a few days, his subjects rallying to his standard, he forced back the clerical host into the Campagna. Thereafter peace was made, saving the honour of the Church, which, so Gregory wrote to the emperor, was "rejoicing over her recovered son, like Anna over Tobias."

Frederick grudged no ceremony of conciliation; but he held to his own humours, and maintained, whether friend or enemy, under austerest eyes of the priest, in the brilliant court of the most powerful sovereign of the day, its harem guarded by black eunuchs, its gay troubadours, its favour to all the learned—whether Christians, Saracens, or Jews. In Palermo only upon state occasions, he held court usually on the eastern coast of Apulia, which was studded with his castles and hunting-lodges. As for the Saracens, he had a favoured colony of them at Nocera, to which he looked for defenders if the fidelity of his own subjects wavered; and he was long after referred to with especial kindliness by Arab chroniclers as one whose inclinations carried him to Islam, and who had in youth received from among the Saracens his favourite instructors. He took measures to keep up the knowledge of Arabic in his dominions; and in the medical schools at Salerno caused Arabs, Hebrews, Greeks, and Latins to be taught each in their own language. At his court were the two sons of Averroes, most learned of the Spanish Mahometans, who cared so little for Mahometanism that, in reference to its prohibition of pork-eating, they called it a form of religion that could approve itself to no understanding except that of a hog. Of the University of Naples Frederick was the founder. He himself worked at the details of the castles that he built—with his own hand planned the towns that he founded. He delighted in sculpture and architecture (especially Saracenic), and in painting, though it was only the close of his reign that was marked by the birth of Cimabue, father of Italian art.

Among his learned correspondents was our English Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln; and it was at the request of Frederick, to whom he had dedicated his translation of Avicenna's work upon animals that Michael Scot composed his treatise upon physiognomy. Odd legends were current about the literature and philosophy of Frederick's Apulian

court. It was said that he once took Michael Scot into a room with a movable ceiling, and inquired of him how far it was from the ceiling to the sky. Michael calculated and replied. Then Frederick had the ceiling lowered to an almost imperceptible degree, took Michael into the room again, asking him to verify his calculation and say whether the previous reckoning was right. Michael calculated, hesitated, and said that he was right before, but now either the sky had been raised or the earth lowered.

Less fabulous tales were told of the emperor's cruelty in punishing his enemies with torture. He was treacherous, too, by help of agents taken usually from the lower ranks, Christian or Saracen—creatures whom he disgraced and stripped when they were no longer useful to him. For "I have never," he said, "bred a hog without having its lard." There was Oriental pomp in his treasures of wild beasts—elephants, lions, tigers—camels to bear his treasure, and rare birds; his cheetahs on horseback, his hounds, and his innumerable hawks; his golden throne adorned with pearls and precious stones; his black slaves playing upon silver trumpets; his wonderful tent, the gift of the Sultan, showing the movements of the sun and the moon, and telling the hours of day and night. Half barbarian, too, was his practical disregard of the rights and honours of the sex whose conventional praises he sang as a troubadour.

The youngest of Frederick's illegitimate children—legitimatised by a marriage with his Piedmontese mother when upon her death-bed—was Manfredi, his noble successor in South Italy.

Such was the Frederick at whose Sicilian court—where Jew and Arab, Greek and Latin, blended wit—the modern literature of Italy began its rapid growth. "I have seen him," said the Minorite Salimbene, "and at one time I loved him; in truth, there would have been few rulers in the world like him had he loved God, the Church, and his

own soul." Dante, born fourteen years after the death of Frederick, assigned his true place in the history of European literature when in his treatise on the Common Speech he said, "The illustrious heroes, Frederick Cæsar and his noble son Manfredi, followed after elegance and scorned what was mean; so that all the best compositions of the time came out of their court. Thus, because their royal throne was in Sicily, all the poems of our predecessors in the vulgar tongue were called Sicilian."

The emperor himself, besides writing part of a Latin treatise on the Art of Hawking, which his son Manfredi continued, was a famous troubadour; and greater still was, as a troubadour, Manfredi. Those were the days also of Sordello, and of Peter de Vinea, Frederick II.'s Chancellor, who wrote the first extant Italian sonnet, and who proved faithless when fortune was adverse to the patron and brother-poet who had raised him from beggary.

With the same Frederick arose the Italian form of the old German struggle between Ghibelline (to the Germans Waiblingen, a battle-cry drawn from a castle of the Suabian chief) and Guelf. When, in the summer of 1236, Frederick placed himself at the head of the Ghibelline party, it was against Northern Italy that he prepared war—against that part of Italy in which not only the Lombard League, but also the very rivalries and dissensions among and within its free cities, testified to the spirit of freedom that set noblest minds at work. The emperor, in his half-barbaric Apulian court, patronised art and literature as their feudal chief; his Latin prose discussed the sport of kings and nobles; while his poetry and that of his brother-troubadours was cultivated as a courtly pastime; not as the pouring out of a man's heart, blood of his blood, soul of his soul. In the North the true source of a nation's literature was unlocked, where men combated proudly for their rights with souls astir. And when at last their passion spoke

forth in song that caught a grace from the Sicilian music, the change in the source of inspiration was the change from a De Vinea to a Dante.

Barbarossa had struggled in vain to force back the leagued Italian free cities under feudal government. But there was contest still in each town between the industrial class and the nobles, the nobles being again divided into those who claimed to be an oligarchy and those who resisted their pretensions. The Italian feudal party, long without a directing head, at last looked to Frederick II. as its chief. Ezzelin da Romano, that monster of almost incredible cruelty, whose tyrannies after the death of Frederick caused a crusade to be preached against him, sought the emperor at Augsburg and courted invasion. Ezzelin declared the gates of Verona, where he himself ruled, to be open to the emperor; and there in fact, when the attack began, Frederick was entertained in triumph by the Montecchi, those enemies to the Capulets known to us as the Montagues. The popular party, or the Guelfs, were then without a leader, but the policy of Rome befriended them. A cruel strife ensued—a strife on the part of Frederick against the spirit of liberty as the antagonist of kingcraft. "Kings ought to help one another," he wrote to the King of Hungary. Even in religion—though the Church called him an Epicurean, and he had no rooted faith in any creed, while self-interest and inclination forced him into sharp attack upon misdoings of the Papal hierarchy and the corruptions of the priesthood—he warred also against liberty of thought by severe persecution of the heretics. And so Frederick warred also against the free cities of North Italy; cruelly sacked Vicenza; was victorious at Corte Nuova; besieged Brescia, and bound prisoners from the town to the machines that he advanced against the Brescians. But the prisoners bade their townsfellows strike fearlessly, and count no man's safety of more

The Italian revival: in the Lombard cities.

worth than their country's honour. That was the temper which put strength into the new outburst of Italian song. Ardizzone Losco saw his own son bound to one of the besieger's castles as he continued, without flinching, to lead the attack on it with arrows and torches.

Against that spirit the imperial force was spent in vain. After a siege of more than two months Frederick, October, 1239, retired from before Brescia. The Pope desired peace in Lombardy, and a diversion of all European war towards crusade against the Moslem. During his victorious career before the siege of Brescia the emperor was deaf to all the exhortations of the Pope. The Brescians showed the world that Frederick was not invincible. Their success gave not only new life to the cause of civil liberty in Italy, but new courage also to the emperor's great rival at Rome, and to the whole Guelf party, to which the Pope and the free cities of the Lombard League allied themselves. On the following Palm Sunday Pope Gregory excommunicated the great emperor, and consigned his soul to the devil—a sentence published throughout Northern Italy with ringing of bells and quenching of candles. Venice swore league with Rome for a combined attack on Sicily. Genoa took the side of the Church. The nobles of North-Eastern Italy were nearly all openly Guelf. Frederick then appealed to Europe, and struck the harder at abuses of the Church, threatening to bring "fat bulls from the ends of the earth, and reform the Church by plucking out the horns of the proud." Gregory retaliated with a circular against "the head, the middle, and the lower parts of this beast Frederick, called the Emperor," and the hosts of the friars scattered the Pope's mind about Frederick among a people hostile to his despotism.

Guelfs and Ghibellines.

And now the contest between German feudalism and the municipal spirit of North Italy was passing from among a cloud of local names for the two

leading factions to that general struggle in which the names of Guelf and Ghibelline, given to the two sides in Florence, spread through Tuscany, and, after Frederick's death, came to be used over all North Italy. Rome fought, not so much with the upholders of freedom as against Frederick. It was then her worldly interest to fight in the ranks of the free, but her greed surpassed her need even at this time, when in England Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, resisted the shameless thrusting of Italian priests into the livings of the English Church. All right was not with the Guelfs, nor all wrong with the Ghibellines. Among the Ghibellines also were true patriots, men weary of dissension, who saw in the triumph of a despotic emperor the reign of order.

Pent up in Rome, with the emperor's soldiers near its gates, Pope Gregory died in the year 1241. Four years later another Pope, Innocent IV., assumed the right, not only of excommunicating, but also of unthroning Frederick. "The electors of the empire are free to choose a successor in his room. As to the kingdom of Sicily, we will make such provision for it as may seem expedient to us." After five more years of strong battling, Frederick still was emperor; but he died in 1250 of bodily disease, in which he had been tended carefully by his son Manfredi, a handsome youth of eighteen, with his father's taste for arts and letters.

After Frederick's death Manfredi suppressed the revolt excited by his Holiness the Pope in the Italian kingdom of Frederick's legitimate son and successor, the chivalrous Conrad. Conrad died two years later; and though in life he had been jealous of his half-brother's superior genius, he fearlessly bequeathed to Manfredi's care his young son and successor, Conradin. The Pope and the Guelfs then led armed revolt against the Italian rule of the House of Suabia. Manfredi protested and submitted; but when the Pope dealt with him treacherously, Manfredi took arms again and

re-conquered the Two Sicilies, which he held as regent for his nephew Conradin.

Then rumour was spread of the death of Conradin in Germany; and in 1258 Manfredi was crowned at Palermo. To messengers who afterwards came from his still living nephew, Manfredi replied that he could not undo what was done, but that he should hold his crown as a trust, and bequeath it to Conradin with added dignity. Then founding as King of Sicily a town, Manfredonia, he there revived the luxuries and courtly literary glories of his father's reign.

Like his father, too, Manfredi defied excommunication. But when Urban IV., who had become Pope in 1261, offered the crown of Sicily, refused by St. Louis himself, to a brother of St. Louis, Charles Duke of Anjou and Provence, war against Manfredi was preached by his Holiness as a crusade; and on the Plain of Grandella, near the walls of Benevento, in the year 1266, Manfredi died, vanquished in battle. As one who died outside the pale of Holy Church, his corpse was buried in unconsecrated ground, beside the bridge of Benevento, where every soldier of the army cast a stone upon the grave, and so a cairn was raised. But that unconsecrated burial-place being within the territories of the Church, the Bishop of Cosenza caused the body to be dug up, carried by night on the back of a mule to the nearest place beyond the Church frontier, and there, on the borders of the Campagna, cast on the banks of the river Verde. Of which outrage the soul of Manfredi, in purgatory, thus spoke through Dante's verse:—

"'Yet hath God's bounty such a large embrace
As takes up all which turneth home thereto.'
If yon Cosenza pastor, who in chase
Of me was urged by Clement—if but he
Had read well in the book of God this place,
The bones of my poor body still should be
Near Benevento, off the bridge's head,

And still my heavy cairn would shelter me.
They now by rains are beat, by winds are sped,
Beyond the kingdom, Verde's banks between,
To which he carried them by lanterns dead.
Their curses not so surely kill, I ween,
But toward us may eternal love descend,
So long as hope shall have a glimpse of green."*

Conradin then, entering Italy with a large army, was defeated and taken prisoner at the battle of Tagliacozzo on the 23rd of August, 1268, and was executed at Naples on the same scaffold with his friend the Duke of Austria, whose fallen head the youth took up and kissed repeatedly before laying his own upon the block.

Charles of Anjou, son of Louis VIII. of France, and Count of Provence by marriage with a daughter of its last Count Raymond (of whose three other daughters two married the kings of France and England), had been in Egypt with the Crusade of 1250, attempted by his brother Saint Louis, whose imprisonment he shared. Charles of Anjou's despotic temper was making enemies, even of his peaceful subjects in Provence, when in 1264—the year before the birth of Dante—Pope Urban IV. offered him the crown of Naples. In him the chivalrous and accomplished Manfredi had a successor, dull, cruel, and grasping. In a few weeks Charles saw, with resentment, men's hearts turned from himself to Conradin; and the stupid tyrant, when that youth had been sent to the scaffold, took bloody revenge upon those Italians who had wished him well. Twenty-four barons of Calabria were executed in one day. Charles of Anjou sought power also in North Italy, and would coerce to his will even the Papal See. He had a devoted servant in his countryman, Pope Martin IV., when his oppressed subjects wreaked their terrible revenge at the Sicilian Vespers.

* "Purgatory," canto iii., Cayley's translation.

The first grandeur of the modern literature of Europe was based on a condition of society that can be understood only by help of such historical detail. While in the persons, either of Frederick II. or Manfredi, the House of Suabia, ruling in South Italy, headed and gave its name to the Ghibelline faction, its northern friends argued, from what they saw, for the advantages of an imperial rule. In that, they hoped, all minor contests over the partition of authority, by which the northern towns were agitated, would be swallowed up; and a liberal chief who loved art and literature, and who was strong to fight the usurping tyrannies of priestcraft, would give life and law to society. That was a theory, for which in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries very much could be said. On the other side were the Guelfs, who saw in the proposed head of society a foreign master, who declared strongly for the citizen's individual right of self-government, and who watched so jealously over municipal privileges, and each city's, each family's right to equality with its neighbour, that feuds between city and city, family and family—to which the Ghibellines pointed as justification of their different political view—arose out of the very energies that gave to Italy a Dante for her son. Thus we see that the old Italian Guelfs and Ghibellines were like our contending parties in England, not factions, one all wise and one all worthless, but, in equal degree, honest advocates of political systems. There were gathered on the one side those who, whether by force of education or natural bent of mind, laid chief stress on the quieting influence of settled authority; and on the other side those who laid chief stress on the rights of individuals, in a political system of which both took the same general view, and both equally desired the welfare. On each side, of course, there would be blind advocates, and adventurers who sought only their own private gain; but here, as elsewhere in history, the great conflicts of opinion that divide a people,

maintained between currents established by the diverse constitution of men's minds, are as much a part of the divine ordinance for the well-being of man's spiritual life as, for the well-being of his natural life, are the winds, which, by their opposition, yield the rains that make earth fruitful.

To make the Pope the direct representative of heavenly power was to establish and justify at his court a necessary system of self-seeking. Whatever of the world's dignities and possessions could be won for the Church and its head was won to the side of God, as bait for souls, and bait lost to the devil. The theory of Papal policy was clear, and, to most indeed of the best minds in Christendom, indisputable, as long as a true zeal for holy things hallowed the grasping of the Church at secular possessions. But whenever that sacred zeal grew faint there was a new worldly gloss to the old spiritual doctrine.

When the See of Rome saw a rival power at Naples and Palermo in the House of Suabia, and fought against it, the Popes allied themselves to the Guelfs of the Lombard towns, and seemed to be the friends of Italian nationality, of municipal liberties, and of the independent rights of citizenship. That this was to them only a short-lived accident of their position appeared when they asked Charles of Anjou to fight their battle, and, so far as the interest of Rome was concerned, allied the name and cause of the Guelfs to the lowest form of foreign tyranny.

Dante was born in the year (1265) when Charles of Anjou was crowned at Rome by Clement IV. The death of Manfredi and the execution of young Conradin were events that happened during the first two years of Dante's life, and he was seventeen years old at the date of the Sicilian Vespers. Five years before Dante's birth the Florentine Guelfs had suffered disastrous defeat in battle with the Ghibellines of Sienna and Pisa, to whom Manfredi had sent horsemen, each city fighting with its allies

In the days of Dante.

by the hill of Monte Aperto, about five miles from Sienna. Ghibellines who before had fled from Florence, including seventeen of the principal families of the town, then returned, and the chief families of the Guelfs (the lawyer Alighieri, Dante's father, among the number) in their turn departed into exile. But when Charles of Anjou came as the Pope's ally and Manfredi's enemy, the banished Guelfs of Florence, now taking a red lily for badge, were the first to join his standard, and they earned Manfredi's eulogy during the battle by their valour shown in conflict against him at Grandella. The Guelfs returned to Florence and made transient peace with the Ghibellines. As for the long habitual state of armed rivalry between noble and noble, it had led to the keeping of *serragli* or movable barricades, that were set up when a street quarrel had bred tumult in the street occupied by nobles of a particular faction. These barricades were besieged and defended until nightfall, after which each side gathered its dead, and next day peacefully apportioned honours of the fight. And still, through all the violence of faction, the independent energies of her people, claiming part in the predominance of the Guelfs, kept pace with the commercial growth of Florence. The year of the Sicilian Vespers was the year of the Constitution that expressed the political mind of this Athens of the Middle Ages. By the Constitution of 1282, established when the poet Dante was among the youth of Florence, supreme power was given to the *Priores*—first three in number, afterwards six. The Priors held office only for two months, and elected their successors from among the rich and noble of the city. There was retained also the year-long magistracy of the Podesta, and that of the Captain of the People. But none of these magistrates could enact laws without the assent of the Parliament or Chief Council; while even before a law reached this assembly there was the Council of the Priors,

The birthplace of modern literature.

to which the suggestions of the Priors had to be submitted: there were also two Councils to assist the Captain of the People and deliberate on his suggestions; and there were two Councils to assist the Podesta. All these bodies debated in accordance with fixed Parliamentary forms, which forbade interruption of a speaker, limited the duration of debate, and so forth. When a law proposed by the Priors or by the Captain of the People had passed the Council of the Priors or that of the Captain, it was required that it should pass also through the Councils of the Podesta before it was submitted to the General Parliament, formed by the union of all the lesser councils, with the Podesta for a President. Such was the spirit of liberty that lay at the roots, and has ever made the sap, of modern literature. The army provided by this free Constitution was a militia of all men between the ages of fifteen and seventy, organised into bodies of fifty, under twenty-four captains of war; and a system of service by proxy was established by division of the army into a stationary corps for defence of the city, and a marching combatant corps, which was maintained in time of war at the expense of those who stayed at home. The Captain-General, or Commander-in-Chief, obtained his office, like the Podesta, by election, and was sometimes one of the civil magistrates—sometimes, for reasons of domestic policy, a brave or noble stranger, who had a few troops of his own to bring with him into the service of the city. The thriving traders of Florence were resolved not to leave room for the growth of a military tyrant from among themselves. How the commercial town throve while thus guarding so jealously its liberties is shown by the fact that within thirty years before the birth of Dante the streets had been paved with stone instead of brick, an invention of the famous architect Arnolfo di Lapo; the Palace of Justice, the prisons, and the Bridge of the Trinity had been built. Greek painters had also been

brought to Florence, whom young Cimabue saw at work in the chapel, and whose art was transcended by the genius of that Florentine. In the year of Dante's birth Cimabue, first of the great line of Italian painters, was twenty-five years old. Cimabue died when Dante's age was thirty-seven; and while the poet attained mastery in song, the painter broke free from the traditional formalities of his Greek teachers, painted visions of the Virgin among angels, and of Apostles and of saints, with life in the limbs and flow in the draperies. His great picture of the Virgin, for the church of Santa Maria Novella, was carried in Dante's time, with sound of trumpet and rejoicing of the people, from the painter's house to its place in the church. In that house, after Cimabue's death, his art survived him; for there lived his pupil Giotto. Giotto was but eleven years younger than his friend Dante. From the hand of Giotto was the portrait of Dante, at the age of thirty, which was discovered in our time in the Bargello of Florence.

> "Lo, Cimabue thought alone to tread
> The lists of painting; now doth Giotto gain
> The praise, and darkness on his glory shed"—

wrote Dante in the eleventh canto of his "Purgatory," and added of himself, with a strong sense of power, referring to his friend Guido Cavalcanti as a poet who had surpassed Guido Guinicelli—

> "Thus hath one Guido from another ta'en
> The praise of speech, and haply one hath passed
> Through birth who from their nest will chase the twain."

The Palazzo Vecchio was built when Dante was twenty-four years old. Five years later the builders were at work on the Baptistery and Cathedral; and Dante was but in his thirty-fifth year when there were cast for the Baptistery those brazen gates which Michael Angelo declared "worthy to be

the gates of heaven." Then also to these works the building of the city walls was added; and for the towers and barricades of factious chiefs within the town, which were ordered to be reduced or abolished, there were set up fortress walls for the shelter of a working commonwealth. Outside the walls an active race of husbandmen, fearless possessors of the goods they earned, tilled the ground, formed canals, and raised embankments against floods, with capital borrowed from the townspeople, who shared the harvests and paid all the land-tax.

It was in the year 1265, when Roger Bacon taught in England, being then fifty years old, that Alighieri, the jurisconsult, became, by his second wife Donna Bella, father of that son Durante (enduring) whose name lives in its shortened form of Dante to the end of time. Although the child was born in Florence, his father, as it has been said, was among the Guelfs who had gone out after the battle of Monte Aperto. Very soon after his birth the Guelf party was again in power, but the lawyer returned to die, and the young Dante was left to the care of an affluent mother, who caused him to be liberally trained. An early friend was the daring and high-spirited poet Guido Cavalcanti, who was of a good old Florentine family, and by about fifteen years older than Dante. Dear friend of Dante also was Casella the musician, whom he found among the spirits that sang of Israel's deliverance, as they came towards him in the angelic pinnace. An early teacher of Dante was Brunetto Latini, a noble Florentine Guelf, who wrote in Norman French a metrical abridgment of the learning of his time, called the "Tresor," and in Italian verse a "Tesoretto" of philosophy, after the plan of a dream, then fashionable in courtly poetry. Brunetto dreamt that he had lost his way in a forest, where he met with Nature, by whom he was instructed concerning God and man, the five senses, the elements, the planets, the

Dante in Florence.

variety of animals, and navigation beyond Spain. Nature then bade him search the forest for Philosophy, the Four Virtues, the God of Love, Fortune and Fraud. He took some lessons of the Virtues, and at the abode of Love he met with Ovid, who became his guide. Brunetto then went to confession, received absolution, said that he would not visit Fortune, returned to the forest, saw the world and the four elements, and questioned Ptolemy. It may have been especially through this poem that a common fashion in the courtly poetry of his day determined the form also of the "Divine Comedy" as an allegorical vision, and caused Dante to represent himself as taking Virgil for his guide.

Lombardy was without a written language, and the choice of language for the poets of North Italy was between Provençal and Sicilian. Dante adopted the Sicilian, or, as he called it, the court language; but Ugo Catola sang liberty, and Sordello had earned as a Mantuan, in Dante's "Purgatory," the embrace of Virgil by songs in the Provençal. Dante wrote in his early manhood the "Vita Nuova"—the New or the Early Life—connecting, with a narrative of aspiration towards Beatrice as the occasion of them, sonnets and canzoni, representing artificially, according to the manner of that time, various moods of love. Fifty yards from the house in which Dante lived was the house of Folco Portinari, father of the little Beatrice or Bice on whom Dante founded, not a set of personal love-sonnets, but his ideal of a dawn of life and love distinguished by the chastest purity. He was in the mystical ninth year when he met her, a child of eight in a crimson dress. From that time Love held sovereign empire over his soul. After the exact measure of another mystical nine years he saw her, arrayed in the purest white, between two noble ladies older than herself. She saluted him; "and the hour," he says, "at which her sweet salutation

The VITA NUOVA.

reached me was exactly the ninth hour of the day." Then follows the mystical vision expressed in the first sonnet. The narrative describes phases of a love so pure that the highest happiness it seeks is the gracious salutation of its object. But there is always the design of connecting together sonnets describing different shades of feeling, until the grief for his loss of Beatrice in that year of the calendar "in which the perfect number was nine nines completed within the century in which she was born into the world," she being herself "a Nine—in other words, a miracle whose only root is the adorable Trinity." After the grief follows the faithful recollection that withstands temptation of new beauty, strengthened by a vision of Beatrice as first seen in the crimson robe of her innocent child-beauty. When the actual Beatrice died, in the year 1290, she was the young wife of Simon dei Bardi; but this fact nearly concerned neither Dante nor the poem. Her place in the "Vita Nuova" is that of a sublimely pure ideal, which runs through the whole inner life of the first mighty poet of the moderns. At the very outset of this work Dante describes his ideal as "the glorious lady of my mind;" and says, "she was called Beatrice by many who knew not how she was called." Had the lady to whom Dante's unstaining homage was in its material sense dedicated, like the lady of the verse of Dante da Maiano, borne the name of Nina, she could not by that, or any other merely individual name, have appeared in the verse of Dante Alighieri. The glorious lady of this Dante's mind was the pure spirit of Love, Beatrice the Blesser; earthly love in the "Vita Nuova," heavenly love in the "Divine Comedy." On earth, "when she drew near unto any, so much truth and simpleness entered into his heart that he dared neither to lift his eyes nor to return her salutation. She went along crowned and clothed with humility, showing no whit of pride in all that she heard and saw; and when she had gone by it was said of many, 'This is not a

woman, but one of the beautiful angels of heaven;" and there were some that said, 'This is surely a miracle; blessed be the Lord, who hath power to work thus marvellously."* There is the most careful exclusion of all fleshly longing from Dante's picture of the Spirit of Love, that walks abroad on the same earth with us while yet, to our hearts, the world is young. When by the spiritual eye she is seen no more in the street, but is removed to heaven, Dante's small treason to her memory is checked by a dream of her—not, be it observed, as the lost object of a fleshly love, but as the nine-year-old child in the crimson dress, who represented the warm glow of love in the heart blessed with a child-like innocence. Dante's last prayer in the "Vita Nuova" is that, when his work is done, his spirit "may go hence to behold the glory of its lady; to wit, of that blessed Beatrice who now gazeth continually on His countenance who is blessed through all ages. Glory to God!" The spiritual Beatrice in Dante's early song was a nymph dwelling on the same heights of the Christian Parnassus that were trod also by our Milton when, at a like age, he transformed a child of thirteen (the Lady Alice Egerton) into that lovely ideal of Purity, the Lady in Comus, in shaping a pure allegory of man's duty in the using of the gifts of God. Each poet, too, as he trod upward, sought in his chief song to justify the ways of God to man. Dante's unfinished "Convito," consisting of three canzoni with a commentary, continues the allegory of the "Vita Nuova" by showing how the poet, or the soul of man, after the actual vision of love in youth and early manhood has departed, turns to a new love, and seeks consolation in philosophy. And so the spiritual sense of these works proceeds by definite steps upward to the higher mysteries of the "Divina Commedia." Here, after the early days of faith and love, and when, after the first passage from emotions of youth to the intellectual enjoyments of maturer

* "Vita Nuova," Rossetti's translation.

years, enthusiasm also for philosophy has passed away, Dante, or the Soul of Man represented in his person, passes through worldly life (the wood of the first canto of the "Divine Comedy") into sin, and, through God's grace, to a vision of his misery—to the "Hell." But by repentance and penance—"Purgatory"—the marks of the seven deadly sins are effaced from his forehead, and the bright vision of Beatrice, Heavenly Love, whose handmaids are the seven virtues, admonishes him as he attains to "Paradise." There Beatrice the Beatifier, Love that brings the Blessing, is his guide to the end of the soul's course, the glory of the very presence of the Godhead, where a love that is almighty rules the universe.

It was of the very essence of the genius of Dante that he should join earth to heaven in his native tongue. In his unfinished treatise, "De Vulgari Eloquio" ("On the Common Speech"), he gave to no one Italian dialect a right of domination, but claimed for the Italian of literature a common tongue, from which the provincialisms of each district had been discarded. To his country he paid every kind of honest service. In the year before the death of Beatrice young Dante fought with the Guelfs against the Ghibellines of Arezzo in the battle of Campaldino, which was a victory for the Florentines. Two years after the death of Beatrice Dante married Gemma de' Donati, a lady of a powerful house of the Guelfs in Florence, and became the father of five or six boys (two of whom survived to illustrate his genius) and a girl called Beatrice, who became a nun. In the year 1300, the year in which Dante, then thirty-five years old, places the action of his "Divine Comedy," the poet, who had been fourteen times entrusted with missions in the service of the Republic, was elected one of the Priors, or Chief Magistrates of Florence. But in that same year the Florentine Guelfs had split into two parties, the "Bianchi" and "Neri"—Whites and Blacks—results of a private feud

at Pistoia, in which the parties had engaged the chief rival houses of the Florentine Guelfs as their patrons. Dante as a magistrate banished chiefs of both factions, but was said—though a dear friend of his own was among the number of their exiles—to have shown excess of favour to the Whites. The Blacks engaged the goodwill of the Pope, who sent Charles of Valois with 1,200 armed men to Florence in the character of "peacemaker." He made peace in his own way—by re-admitting all the Neri, and by conniving at proscription, robbery, and murder of the Bianchi. Then Dante, who was at Rome pleading for justice on the part of the Whites, heard that his house had been plundered and that he also had been proscribed. In January, 1302, he was sentenced to two years' exile and a fine of 8,000 florins; in the March following he, with others, accused by common report of baratry, was condemned to be burnt alive. He and the exiled Bianchi then sought to re-conquer their ground by union with the Ghibellines. But the rest of the poet's days, until his death in 1321, at the age of fifty-seven, were spent in wandering exiled from home.

The free life stirs; black ignorance in storm
Beats out the floods descending from above:
New life is born; light breaks; wild haters form
The war-worn poet of immortal love.

Behold! a whirlwind came out of the north,
And glowing fire enfolded in a cloud;
From the fire lightning, like to which came forth
Spirits as lamps, lifted to pierce the shroud

Of night about us. Do we hear the noise
Of mighty waters? Is it noise of wings?
Still we hear both, as both are in the voice
Of him whose battle cry with clear love rings.

Hnæf is no more. The brand that now we pluck
From burning ruins glows into a pen;
The low life shapes the higher; fire is struck
By swords that beat upon the hearts of men.

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"Grundriss der Geschichte der Englischen Litteratur von ihren Anfängen bis zur Gegenwart, von Dr. Gustav Körting, O.O. Professor der Romanischen und Englischen Philologie an der Königlichen Akademie zu Münster i. W." This is a well-arranged and compact body of information on the bibliography of English Literature along its whole course, interspersed with short and precise notes in aid of systematic study.

INDEX TO BOOK III.

Abelard, Pierre, 104—106, 179
Abingdon, Chronicle of the Monastery of, 194
Adrian, Pope, A Bull of, 180
Æneid, Versions of the, 287
Ailred of Rievaulx, 102, 103
Alan of Tewkesbury, 63*n*
Albanact, 50
Albans, St. (bet. 115 and 132)
Aldred Archbishop of York, 211
Aldwin, 27
Alexander, Romance of King, 286—303
Alexandre de Paris, 287
Alfred, Proverbs of King, 331, 332
— of Beverley, 53, 54
Allegory, 19, 374—376
Alphonsus, Petrus, 368
Amaury, Abbot, 305
Ambrose, Saint, 334
Ambrosius Aurelius, 227
Ancren Riwle, The, 235—238
Andresen, Dr. Hugo, 57*n*
Annals of Burton, 194, 342
— — Dunstable, 195
— — Margan, 194, 340
— — Tewkesbury, 194
— — Waverley, 195, 342, 343
— — Winchester, 194
Anselm, 3, 4
Apocalypse of Golias, The, 168—172
Apollinarius, Father and Son, 115
Apollonius of Tyre, 372
Aquinas, Thomas, 325, 326
Arabs, Influence of the, 5—8, 15—20, 22, 187, 188
Arimathea, Romance of Joseph of, 132, 134—136
Arnold, Thomas, 101*n*
Arthur, King, 44, 47, 50, 51
Ashe, Simon (Du Fresne), 183
Athelard of Bath, 19—22
Auchinleck MS., Contents of the, 280*n*, 281*n*, 285*n*
Avalon, 208
Avellenau, The, 255, 256
Averroes, 8

B

Bacon, Roger, 315—324
Ballads, Early, 247—251
Barbarossa, 159—161
Barnabas and Barabbas, 82
Bartholomew Cotton, 343, 344
Bartsch, Karl, 144*n*
Bath and King Bladud, 219
Bec, Abbey of, 2, 3
Becket, Thomas, 58—63, 123, 179, 184, 185, 194
"Bel Aliz matin leva," 336
Belin, 221; Belin's Gate, 222
Benedict of Peterborough, 63, 64*n*, 195, 196
Benoît de St. Maure, 285, 286, 287
Bercheur, Pierre (Berchorius), 365
Berengarius, 2, 3
Bernard of Clairvaux, St., 106, 165, 166, 180
Bernardo del Carpio, 163
Bestiaries, 23, 329, 333—5
Beverley, Alfred of, 53, 54
Birch-Hirschfeld, Adolf, 144
"Blow, northern wind," 354
Böddeker, Dr. Karl, 354*n*
Body and Soul, Debate between the, 313, 335
Borron, Robert de, 12, 132, 134, 139
— , Helie de, 132, 139
Bosham, Herbert of, 63*n*, 185
Boxing the Pope's ears, 131, 312
Bracton, Henry de, 123*n*, 190, 191 347, 348
Brakelonde, Jocelin of, 186, 187
Brandl, Alois, 282*n*, 283
Brewer, James Sherren, 79, 81, 309*n*, 323, 324, 350*n*
Brock, Edmund, 351*n*
Browne, Dr. Richard, 324
Brunellus, Nigel Wireker's, 176—179
Brunetto Latini, 401, 402
Brunhild, 155
Brunne, Robert of, 356—363; his Chronicle, 356—358; his Handlynge Synne, 359—363
"Brut," 50; Wace's 56, 57; Layamon's, 207—231
Bungay, Friar, 315, 319
Burgundian Cycle of Tales, 153
Burton, Annals of, 342
Bury St. Edmund's, 31

C

Caerleon on Usk, 51, 221

Cæsar, Julius, in British Fable, 223, 224
Calenus, Walter, Archdeacon, 46
Calilah u Damnah, 368
Camber, 50
Camden, William, 65
Candidus, Hugo, 101, 102
Canterbury, Gervase of, 197
— , William of, his Life of Becket, 62
Canute's Song at Ely, 240
Capgrave, John, 241*n*
Caradoc of Llancarvan, 44, 45, 95—97
Casella, 401
Castelnau, Peter de, 305
Catherine, Saint, Miracle Play of, at Dunstable, 116
Champollion-Figeac, J. J., 107
Chanson d'Alixandre, 287
— de Roland, 147, 243.; Ruolandes liet, 153
Charette, Chevalier de la, 133, 146
Charlemagne Romance, 104
Charles of Anjou, 395, 397
Chartres, John of, 64*n*
Château d'Amour, Grosseteste's, 315
Chester, Praise of, 25
Chevalier au Lion, 133
Chrestien de Troyes, 132, 133, 144—148, 258, 279, 287
Chroniclers, Spirit of the, 92—95, 348—350
Chronique Ascendante, 57
Cid, The Poem of the, 163
Cistercians, 60, 62, 102, 103, 164—166, 304, 305
Clement of Lanthony, 195
Clericalis Disciplina, 367
Cliges, Roman de, 133, 145, 146
— , Sir, Fabliau of, 379—388
Cocaigne, The Land of, 354, 355
Cockayne, Rev. Oswald, 351
Cœlestinus, Claudius, 324
Coggeshall, Ralph Abbot of, 184
Colbrond the Dane, 276
Collier, Jeremy, 114*n*
Colman, 26, 27
Computus, The, 19, 23
Conception, Feast of the, Wace's Poem on the, 56
Confession of Golias, The, 172, 173
Conrad of Franconia, 159
Conradin, 393—395
Contempt of the World, Henry of Huntingdon on, 99—101
— — — — , Stephen Langton on, 336
Conquest of Ireland, Gerald de Barri's History of the, 76
Convito, Dante's, 404
Cooke, W. H., 339*n*
Cotton, Bartholomew, 343, 344
Court of Sapyence, The, 364
Coventry, Walter of, 199
Coxe, Henry O., 341*n*
Craon, Maurice and Peter de, 188
Crusades, The, 15—18, 72, 73, 130
Cuckoo Song, The, 246
Culver, Nature of the, 333, 334
Cymbeline, 274

D

Dame Siriz, 336
Daniel, Play on the History of, by Hilarius, 111, 113
Dano-Saxon Romances, 264
Dante, 397—406
Dares Phrygius, 287
David's, Saint, The Diocese of, 66, 69, 70, 73—75, 82
Davie, Adam, 288
Degarré, Sir, Romance of, 285, 286
Devizes, Richard of, 196
D'Ewes, Sir Simonds, 337
Diceto, Ralph de, 196
Dietrich, 153
Disours, 375, 376
Dispute between Body and Soul, 313, 335
Divina Commedia, The, 403—406
Dominic, 305, 306
Dominicans, 307, 308
Douce, Francis, 365
Drama, Suppression of the Ancient, 113—115
Duchesne, André, 37, 57*n*
Duns Scotus, 325, 326
Dunstable, Miracle Play of St. Katherine written at, 116
Durham, 27—29
— , Laurence of, 97, 98
— , Simeon of, 27, 29, 102

E

Eadmer, 4, 5
Ebles of Ventadour, 1
Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy, Orderic's, 35—37
Eleanor, Henry the Second's Queen, 56, 122, 148
Ellis, George, 354*n*
— , Sir Henry, 345*n*
Ely, Thomas of, 185, 186
Epiphanius, 334
Erceldoune, Thomas of, 280—283
Erec and Enide, 133, 144, 145
Erigena, 2
Eschenbach, Wolfram von, 133, 142—144
Etzel, 154, 155
Eucharist, Berengarius on the, 3
Euclid introduced into England, 22
Evans, J. Gwenogryn, 258*n*
Evroult, St., Orderic at the Abbey of, 33—36
Exchequer, Dialogue on the, 199, 202
Excommunication, Gerald de Barri's Duel of, 67—69

Exodus, Greek Play on, by Ezekiel 113, 114
— English Poem on, 328—330

F

Fabliaux and Lays, 378, 379
Fahrende, The German, 153
Fallersleben, Heinrich Hoffmann von, 117*n*
Fathers of the Church against the Ancient Drama, 113—115
Fitzstephen, William, 63*n*, 103
Florence in Dante's time, 398—401
Florence of Worcester, 29, 30
Flores Historiarum, 340, 341
Foerster, Wendelin, 146*n*
Foliot, Gilbert, 124, 184, 185
Forest Laws, 182
— Outlaws, 243
Forester, Thomas, 33*n*, 37*n*, 78
Fournival, Richard de, 335
Fox and the Wolf, The, 354
Francis of Assisi, 308, 309
Franciscans, 308—312, 316, 318, 325
Frankish Cycle of Tales, 153
Franks, The, 12, 13
Frederick II., Emperor, 161, 385—393
Freytag, Gustav, 117*n*
"Fridolen," Schiller's, 373
Froissart, 349
Fuller, Thomas, 338
Furnivall, Dr. F. J., 133, 329, 355*n*, 359, 361—363

G

Gaimar, Geoffrey, 54, 55
Galahad, 139, 142
Gale, Thomas, 39*n*, 40, 245*n*, 346*n*
Gast, Luces de, 132
Gawayne, Sir, 277—280
Gemma Ecclesiastica, Gerald de Barri's, 79, 80
Genesis and Exodus, Poem of, 328—330
Geoffrey Gaimar, 54, 55
— of Monmouth, 37, 38, 44—57
— of Vinsauf, 188—190
Geraint, 144, 145
Gerland, 18, 19
Gervase of Canterbury, 197
— of Tilbury, 197—199
Gesta Regis Ricardi, 189
— Romanorum, 364—373
— Stephani, 42, 43
Gestis Herwardi Saxonis, de, 245*n*
Gezel, The Flemish, 148
Ghibellines, 159, 390, 393
Gibbon, Richard, 103
Gildas, Life of St., 96
Giles, Dr. J. A., 184*n*, 185
Giraldus Cambrensis, 47, 48, 64—82 286
Girard la Pucelle, 123
Glanville, Ralph de, 190
Glastonbury, 39
Gloucester, Robert of, 337—339
— , Robert Earl of, 39, 41, 44, 45, 54
Godfrey of Bouillon, 17, 18
Godric, Rhymes of Saint, 241, 242
Golias, Map's Bishop, 166—174
Gorboduc, 220
Graal, The Holy, 121, 132—140, 142—144
Gregory VII., Pope, 3, 16
— IX., Pope, 385, 386, 392, 393
— of Nazianzen, Play on the Passion by, 115
Grim, Edward, 63*n*
Grimm, Jacob, 117*n*
Grimsby, 266
Grosseteste, Robert, 311—313, 359
Grüzmacher, 125*n*
Guelfs and Ghibellines, 159, 390—393
Guenever, 51, 97
Guest (Schreiber), Lady Charlotte, 258*n*
Guiderius and Arviragus, 224
Guido Cavalcanti, 401
Guirant de Calanson, 149
Guiscard, Robert, Duke of Apulia, 157
Guizot, F. P. G., 37
Gunhilda, Song on the Marriage of, 240
Gunther, King, 153, 155
Guy of Warwick, 276, 371
Gwalchmai, 253
Gyron le Cortois, Romance of, 132

H

Hagen, 155, 156
Hales, Thomas of, 350
Hali Meidenhad, 351
Halliwell-Phillips, J. O., 354*n*
Hamilton, Hans Claude, 192
Handlynge Synne, The, 356, 359—363
Hardy, Sir Thomas Duffus, 95*n*
Hartmann von Aue, 145
Havelok, The Lay of, 265—276
Hearne, Thomas, 54, 103, 191, 338
Helinand, 138
Heloise and Abelard, 104—106
Heming, 26
Hendyng, Proverbs of, 352—354
Henry VI., Emperor, 161
— of Huntingdon, 31, 98—101, 193
Herbert of Bosham, 63*n*, 185
Here Prophecy, The, 99, 201
Hermann, Landgraf, of Thüringen, 142—144
Hermit and the Angel, Tale of the, 369—371
Herveus and Eva, 106, 107
Herward in the Fens, 245
Hewlett, Henry Gay, 340*n*

Hexham, Richard of, 102
Hickes, George, 354*n*
Hilarius, 104—113
Hildebert, 335
Hirlas Horn, The, 253, 254
Historia Novella, William of Malmesbury's, 41, 42
— Novorum, Eadmer's, 4, 5
— Rerum Anglicarum, William of Newbury's, 191
— Saxonum vel Anglorum post obitum Bedæ, 193
Hoare, Sir Richard Colt, 78*n*
Hog, Thomas, 347
Hohenstaufen, The House of, 158—161
Holland, Dr. W. L., 146*n*
Holt, R., 233
Homilies, Old English, 352
Horn and Rimenhild, 265
Hoveden, Roger of, 60, 61, 192—194
Howard, Lord William, of Naworth, 31*n*
Howel ab Owain, Prince, 254
Howlett, William, 192
Huchowne, 279, 280
Huet, Pierre Daniel, 55*n*
Hugo Candidus, 101, 102
Hûns, Tales of the, 154
Huon de Méri, 144
Hypognosticon, Laurence of Durham's, 97

I

India, Early Fables of, 296—301
Ingulphus Abbot of Croyland, 24, 25
Invectionum Libellus, Gerald de Barri's, 78
Ireland, Gerald de Barri's Topography of, 71, 72, 75, 76
— , — Conquest of, 76, 77
Iscanus, Josephus, 183
Isengrines Not, 153
Italy, Development of Life in, 156—161, 383—400
Italian element in old German Tales, 154
Itinerarium Ricardi I. in Terram Sanctam, 188

J

Jarrow and Wearmouth Monasteries, 27
Jebb, Dr. Samuel, 321, 324
Jerusalem taken by Godfrey of Bouillon, 18
— — Saladin, 72, 130, 161, 182
Jocelin of Brakelonde, 186, 187
— — Furness, 187
John of Oxnead, 344, 345
— — Peterborough, 102*n*
— — Salisbury, 61, 63*n*, 179—183, 326
John of Taxster, 31, 343, 344
— — Worcester, 30
Joinville, 349
Jonckbloet, W. J. A., 146
Jongleur, The, 149
Joppa, Sæwulf at, 25
Joseph of Exeter (Iscanus), 183
Juliana, Saint, 351
Justices in Eyre, 123

K

Kemble, John Mitchell, 332*n*
Kentish Sermons, 350
King Horn, The Romance of, 265
— Rother, 153
Kings, British, Geoffrey of Monmouth's History of, 45—52
— , English, William of Malmesbury's History of, 41, 44
Kölbing, Prof. Eugen, 283
Kriemhild, 154—156
Kynddelw, 254
Kyot of Provenz, 142

L

Lambert li Cort, 287
Lancelot of the Lake, 132, 135, 139—141, 146, 147
Lanfranc, 1—3
Langtoft, Peter, 347, 357
Langton, Stephen, 336
Langue d'Oc, 13, 151
— d'Oïl, 13, 151
Lateran Council of 1179, The, 125
Latinity, Mediæval, 322
Laurence of Durham, 97, 98
Layamon, 207—231
Lays and Fabliaux, 378, 379
Lazarus, Mystery Play of, by Hilarius, 108—110
Lear, King, 209, 219, 220, 373
Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ de Glanville and Bracton, 190, 191*n*
Leland, John, 40, 185
Leonine verses, 167*n*, 168*n*
Lessing, Gotthold Ephraim, 333
Lewis, Sir G. C., 10, 11
Liber Landavensis, 45
Liebrecht, Felix, 198*n*
Lindisfarne, 28
Lingua Romana, 14
Livre des Creatures, 23
Llancarvan, Caradoc of, 44, 45, 95—97
Llanthony, Clement of, 195
Llewelyn the Great, Bards of the time of, 255, 262
Lloegria, 50
Lloyd, Humphrey, 96
Llywarch ab Llewelyn, 255
Locrine, 50
Lohengrin, 143

Lombard Cycle of Tales, 154
Lombard League, The, 160
Lombards, The, 156
Longchamp, William de, 176
Luard, Dr. H. R., 195*n*, 314, 341*n*, 343*n*
Luces de Gast, 132
Lucian of St. Werburgh, 25
Lumby, Dr. J. Rawson, 265*n*

M

Mabinogion, The, 257—259
Macbeth, 28
Macray, William Dunn, 339
Madden, Sir Frederic, 131, 132, 207, 265*n*, 266, 279*n*, 284*n*, 341*n*, 366
Madox, Thomas, 199.
Maetzner, Eduard, 335*n*
Magnússon, Eirikr, 64*n*
Maidenhood, Holy, Sermons on, 351
Major, Johannes, 176
Malet, Sir Alexander, 56*n*
Malmesbury, William of, 38—42
Man of Lawes Tale, 372
Manfredi, 393, 394
Mannyng, Robert, of Brunne, 356—363
Manorbeer, 65
Manuel des Péchés, 315, 359, 360
Map, Walter, 120—144, 147, 181, 182
Margan, Annals of, 340
Margaret, Saint, 351
Marianus Scotus the Chronicler, 23, 24
— — the Saint, 24
Marie of France, 378, 379
Marisco, Adam de, 314, 350
Marleberge, Thomas of, 339, 340
Matthew Paris, 341, 342
— of Westminster, 346
Maurice, Frederick Denison, 326
Meilyr, 252
Melorum Liber, Herbert of Bosham's, 185
Melrose, Chronicle of, 193, 342
Melun, Robert of, 179
"Mensa Philosophica," Michael Scot's, 325
Merchant of Venice, 372
Méril, Edelstand de, 57
Merlin, Prophecies of, 45, 46, 50
— , Romance of, 132
Metre of Layamon's "Brut," 212
— — the Ormulum, 233
— — — Papaphrase of the Paternoster, 331
— — — Poema Morale, 352
Miller, William Henry, 286*n*
Milschsack, Gustav, 117*n*
Minnesänger, The, 142, 143, 153, 154
Minorites, 308—312
Minstrels, 276
Miracle Plays, 103, 104, 108—113, 116—119
Miscellany, Old English, Dr. Morris's, 350
Mythological Poems, Welsh, 255, 256
Modred, 51
Mone, F. J., 117*n*
Monmouth, Geoffrey of, 37, 38, 44—57
Moral Ode, The, 350
Morley, Daniel, 188
Morris, Dr. Richard, 279*n*, 329, 332, 335, 350, 351
Morton, James, 235*n*
Murray, Dr. J. A. H., 282*n*
Mystery Play of Lazarus, by Hilarius, 108—110

N

Neckham, Alexander, 196
Nennius, The History of, 48, 49, 51
Nesta, 15
Newbury, William of, 47, 191, 192
Nibelungen-Lied, The, 154—156
Nicholas, Saint, Wace's, 55, 56; Miracle Play of, by Hilarius, 110, 111
— of Guildford, 331
— Trivet, 346, 347
Nicolson, Archbishop, 194*n*
Nigel Wireker, 175—179
Niger, Radulfus, 184
Nominalism, 326
Norman Conquest in Italy, 157
Nugis Curialium, De, Walter Map's, 126—131, 182, 183
— — — , John of Salisbury's, 180—183

O

Occam, William, 326
Opinion, Battles of, 88
Opus Majus—Minus—Tertium, Roger Bacon's, 320—324
Ordericus Vitalis, 32—37, 52
Ormulum, The, 232—235
Osbern of Canterbury, 24
Otia Imperialia, Gervase of Tilbury's, 198, 199
Ouche, Abbey of, 33
Oves and Ova, 81, 82
Owain, Prince of Powys, 252, 253
"Owl and the Nightingale, The," 331, 332
Oxford, Grosseteste at, 311, 312; Roger Bacon at, 319
Oxnead, John of, 344, 345

P

Palermo, 158
Palestine, Sæwulf's Travels in, 25
Paraclete, Hilarius at, 105, 106
Paris, Alexis Paulin, 135, 137—140
— , Matthew, 341, 342

Paris, The University of, 178
Parzival, Wolfram von Eschenbach's, 133, 143, 144
Passion Plays, Origin of the, 117—119
Paternoster, Rhymed Paraphrase of the, 331
Pedantry, Gerald de Barri against, 76
Percival le Gallois, 133, 146, 258
Pericles, Shakespeare's, 372
Peter the Hermit, 17
— de Leia, 70, 71, 73
— of Tarantaise, 121
Peterborough, Benedict of, 63, 64*n*, 195, 196
Peter's Pence, 210
Petit, William, 191
Pëy, Alexander, 287
Pfeiffer, Franz, 144*n*
Philip de Thaun, 23, 335
— Count of Flanders, 147, 148
Phillips, Dr. George, 125*n*
Physiologus, 23, 334, 335
Pits, John, 189, 194*n*
Pococke, Dr. Richard, 192
Poema Morale, 350, 352
Poetria, de Nova, Vinsauf's, 189
Polycraticon, John of Salisbury's, 180—183
Ponce de Leon, 334
Pontigny, John of, 64*n*
Poor, Bishop, 237
Powell, David, 96
Preaching Friars, 307, 308
Prelates, History of English, William of Malmesbury's, 40, 41
Prevost, Auguste le, 37*n*
Prior, Dr. R. C. A., 249*n*
Provençal Poets, 1, 8—15, 148—152
Proverbs of King Alfred, 331, 332
— — Hendyng, 372, 352—354
Psalms of the People, 373, 374
"Pystyl of Swete Susane, The," 280

Q

Quæstiones Naturales, Athelard's, 19—22
Quest of the Graal, Romance of the, 132, 142

R

Race, Influence of, on Literature, 86, 87
Radulph Niger, 184
Ralph Abbot of Coggeshall, 184
— de Diceto, 196
— de Glanville, 190
Raymond VI., Count of Toulouse, 305
Raynouard, 9, 10
Realism, 326
Record and Reflection, 83—86
Reinaert, 152, 153
Renaud de Hoilande, 183
Rhyme, 331, 352
Rhys, Prof. John, 257, 258*n*, 259
Ricemarchus, 26
Richard the Canon, 188
— Cœur de Lion, 150, 151, 188, 277
— of Devizes, 196
— of Hexham, 102
— Bishop of London, Dialogus de Scaccario, 199, 202
Riley, H. T., 194
Ritson, Joseph, 241*n*, 246, 247, 284*n*
Robert of Brunne, 356—363
— Earl of Gloucester, 39, 41, 44, 45, 54
— of Gloucester, 337—339
— of Melun, 179
Roberts, Rev. Peter, 46
Robertson, James Craigie, 62, 63*n*
Robin Hood, 246—248
Roger Infans, 23
— of Pontigny, 64*n*
— of Wendover, 340, 341
Rokewode, John Gage, 186, 187*n*
Roland and Oliver, 147
Roman de Rou, Wace's, 56, 57
Roquefort, 21*n*
Roscellin of Compiègne, 104, 326
Rudolph of Hohenems, 287
Rüdiger, 154
Rusticien le Pise, 132

S

Sabrina, 50, 218
Sæwulf, 25
Saints' Lives, 24, 26, 27, 34, 39, 62—64, 82, 89—91, 97, 99, 187
Salisbury, John of, 61, 63*n*
San Marte (Albert Schultz), 133, 140*n*
Savile, Sir Henry, 40, 101*n*, 194*n*
Saxon Chronicle, The, 20, 21
Schipper, Dr. J., 331
Schlegel, A. W., 13
Scholarship, Decay of, 80, 82, 322
Scholasticism, 2, 3, 104, 106, end of 335—337
Science, Early Writers on, 18—23
Scot, Michael, 324, 325
Scott, Sir Walter, 280*n*, 282, 283
Scotus, Duns, 325, 326
— , Marianus, 23, 24
Seggers, 375
Selden, John, 28*n*
Sermons, Kentish, 350
Shrewsbury, Abbey of St. Peter's, 34
Sidney, Sir Henry, 96
Sigfrid, 152—156
Simeon of Durham, 27, 29, 102, 193
Simrock, Karl, 144*n*
Sir Isumbras, 371
Siriz, Dame, 336
Skeat, Prof. Walter William, 266
Sompnourez Tale, The, 372
Songs of the People, 80, 239—241, 246—248, 354

Sordello, 402
Sparke, Joseph, 102*n*
Speculum Ecclesiæ, by Gerald de Barri, 82
Spielleute, The German, 153
Spreker, The Flemish, 148
Standard, Battle of the, 103
Stephens, Thomas, 292*n*
Stevenson, Joseph, 96*n*, 184*n*, 194*n*, 331, 342
Stow, John, 103, 197*n*
Stubbs, William, Bishop of Chester, 189*n*, 194*n*, 196*n*, 197*n*
Sulcard, 26
Swaffham, Robert, 102*n*
Swan, Rev. Charles, 366*n*
Symbolum Electorum, by Gerald de Barri, 78

T

Taliesin, The Romance of, 259—262
Taxster, John de, 31, 343, 344
Tewkesbury, Alan of, 63*n*
Thaun, Philip de, 23, 335
Theobaldus, The Bestiary of, 333
Theodoric the Ostrogoth, 156
Thierry, Amédée, 251
Thomas of Ely, 185, 186
— — Erceldoune, 280—283
— — Hales, 350
— — Marleberge, 339, 340
Thoms, William J., 376*n*
Thorpe, Benjamin, 344*n*
Ticknor, George, 249
Tilbury, Gervase of, 197—199
Tito and Gisippo, 372
Titurel, 144
Topographia Hiberniæ, Gerald de Barri's, 71, 72, 75
Transition English, 202—205, 211, 212
Trebutien, G. S., 183*n*
Tree that bore Good Fruit, Tale of the, 369
Triads, Welsh. 257
Tristan (Tristram), The Romance of, 132, 279
Trivet, Nicholas, 346, 347
Trojan War, Joseph of Exeter's poem on the, 183
Troubadours, 8—16, 149, 150, and Trouvères, 382
Troynovant, 218, 223
Turgot, 27—29
Turnbull, W. B., 276*n*
Twiss, Sir Travers, 191
Twysden, Sir Roger, 27*n*, 102*n*, 103*n*, 197*n*

U

Ulrich von Eschenbach, 287
Urban II., Pope, 16
Ussher, James, 46
Uther Pendragon, 51
Utterson, E. V., 286

V

Ventadour, Ebles of, 1
Vilkina saga, 153
Villehardouin, 349
Villemarqué, Hersart de la, 140, 141
Vincent of Beauvais, 22, 364
Vinder, The Flemish, 148
Vinsauf, Geoffrey de, 189
Virgil the Enchanter, Romance of, 376—378
Vitalis, Ordericus, 32—37, 52
Vita Nuova, Dante's, 402—404
Vortigern in the "Brut," 227

W

Wace, 54—57, 208
Wadington, William of, 359
Walcher, Bishop of Durham, 27, 28
Waldenses, The, 125
Waldus, Peter, 304
Wales, The Church in, 66—70, 73—75
— , Itinerary of, Gerald de Barri's, 77
Waleys, John, 375
Walter Calenius, 46
— de Coutances, 188
— of Coventry, 199*n*
— — Exeter, 276
— Map, 120—144, 147, 181, 182
— von der Vogelweide, 143, 156
Wartburg, Landgraf Hermann and the Poets on the, 142, 143
Warton, Thomas, 365, 368
Waverley Annals, 342, 343
Weber, Henry, 287*n*
— , Immanuel, 176
Welsh Bards, 251—263
Wendover, Roger of, 340, 341
Westminster Abbey, 26, 102
— , Matthew of, 346
Wharton, Henry, 101*n*
Whitby, 29
White, Dr. Robert Meadows, 232
Whytleseye, Walter of, 102*n*
Wikes, Thomas, 346
Wilken, Ernst, 117*n*
William of Canterbury, 62
— — Champeaux, 104
— — Conches, 179
— IX., Count of Poitou, 1
— of Malmesbury, 38—42
— — Newbury, 47, 191, 192
— King of England, Romance of, by Chrestien of Troyes, 146
— and the Werwolf, Romance of, 284, 285
Wireker, Nigel, 175—179

Wolfram von Eschenbach, 133, 142—144
Wooing of Our Lord, The, 352
Worcester, Florence of, 29, 30, 31*n*
Wrestling, Cornish, in Layamon, 217
Wright, Thomas, 23*n*, 25*n*, 55*n*, 78*n*, 121, 125*n*, 173, 197*n*, 245*n*, 354*n*, 355*n*, 331*n*, 333, 336*n*
— , W. Aldis, 338*n*, 339
Wülcker, Richard Paul, 283*n*
Wulfstan Bishop of Worcester, 25, 26, 30

Y

Ysaeult la Blonde, 145
Ywaine and Gawin, 133, 146

Z

Zegger, The Flemish, 148.

LAST LEAVES.

On page 317 of the first volume of "English Writers" an account was given of Dr. Grein's argument for the placing of Hrothgar's mead-hall Heorot at Hjortholm, on the east coast of Sæland. After a lecture to my Anglo-Saxon class, in which this theory was mentioned, I was informed by a Danish student, whose home had been for seven or eight years in Hjortholm, that no argument could be founded upon the name of the place, which was originally not Hjortholm, but Hörsholm. A poor German princess who had married Christian VI. built a house there some time in the second quarter of the eighteenth century (the house is now no more), and it was she who miscalled the place Hirschholm. This was afterwards translated into Hjortholm, but the people of the place are now wishing to go back to the old name of Hörsholm.

A newly-published part—the sixty-second—of "Quellen und Forschungen zur Sprach und Cultur-Geschichte der Germanischen Völker," consists of a study of Beowulf by Bernhard Ten Brink (Strassburg, Karl J. Trübner, 1888). This last contribution to the study of the Poem argues for its origin in England. Let me call the attention of students not only to this work, but also to the published first volume of Professor Ten Brink's "Geschichte der Englischen Litteratur," which appeared in 1877, and of

which there is a good English translation. The volume reaches to the time of Wyclif, and its well-weighed sentences are compact with the results of thoughtful study. It is an inexpensive book, which I trust that many readers of these volumes will place side by side with them upon a handy shelf.

The account of the Anglo-Saxon Gospels in the second volume of "English Writers" was left as it had been written in 1864. It needs, therefore, this added information, which involves a correction of what Benjamin Thorpe had said of the relative value of the MSS.

An edition of the Gospels in Anglo-Saxon was planned and begun by John Mitchell Kemble, who did not live to complete more than 192 pages of the edition of the Gospel of Matthew, the remaining 39 pages being edited by Mr. Hardwick, and published by the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press in 1858, as "The Gospel according to Saint Matthew, in Anglo-Saxon and Northumbrian Versions, synoptically arranged: with collations of the best MSS." This work has been continued by Professor W. W. Skeat, who has produced, as Kemble intended, the most perfect text attainable. The Gospel of St. Mark was published in 1871; the Gospel of St. Luke in 1874; the Gospel of St. John in 1878, each quarto, giving the Gospel it contains in Anglo-Saxon and Northumbrian Versions synoptically arranged, with collations exhibiting all the Readings of all the MSS. The Gospel of Matthew in Kemble's edition has also been revised by Prof. Skeat, and reprinted, so that we have now a complete standard text of the Gospels in First-English. The most ancient MS. is one in the Cotton Collection (Otho C i.). It was much injured by the fire of Oct. 23, 1731, but has been very carefully repaired. The first fragment saved is part of Mark vii. 22. Luke and John are nearly complete. A charter relating to Aldhelm Abbot of

Malmesbury was inserted between the Gospels of Luke and John. The Bodleian MS. 441 was copied from the Cotton, and its date, as well as the date of a MS. of the Gospels in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, is before the Conquest. Another MS. in the Cambridge University Library was written at Exeter about the year 1050. The two other MSS. are Hatton 38 in the Bodleian, and the Royal MS. 1 A xiv., in the British Museum. The northern texts are derived from the Lindisfarne MS. or Durham Book (Cotton Collection, Nero D 4), and the glosses of the Rushworth MS. in the Bodleian (Auct. D ii. 19). These glosses were by two priests, Farman and Owun, in the monastery of Harwood, in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

The readers of this volume may be glad to know that "Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail," by Mr. David Nutt, will be published in a week or two. "Le Conte del Graal," a poem of over 60,000 lines, was first printed in 1866–71, in six volumes, edited by Charles Potvin, from a MS. in the Library at Mons. Its authors were Chrestien of Troyes to verse 10,601, then Gautier de Doulens to line 39,493, then Manessier, who finished it in 45,379 lines, and then Gerbert, who added over 15,000 lines by interpolation. Mr. Nutt, who has kindly obliged me with a sight of his proof sheets, has collated these sections with all other records of the Graal legend, "to determine as far as possible the age and relationship to one another of the different versions which have come down to us, to exhibit the oldest form of the story as we have it, and to connect it with Celtic traditional belief and literature."

Should I apologise for having found it convenient sometimes to use the old terms Langue d'Oc and Langue d'Oïl in place of Provençal and French? The Paladin in Wieland's Oberon who made for Babylon found that his way was through wildernesses where "die schöne Sprache von

Ok was unerörtes war;" and so may I. It is not long, however, since MM. de Tourtoulon and Bringuier wrote an "Étude sur la limite géographique de la langue d'oc et de la langue d'oïl" (Archives des Missions, III. Série, Tom. III. Paris, 1876). Oïl, as an old shape of Oui, is said to have been formed from a contracted sentence, "Hoc ille (est)"; there is taste of the grape in the old wine of Oc and Oïl. Good scholars are here and there to be heard grumbling who condemn all but the latest fashions as devoutly as the ladies who buy bonnets. And yet there are some truths in the world older than yesterday, and there have been prettier bonnets than those worn to-day.

The fourth volume of "English Writers" will, I believe, be ready early in December. It will describe the literature of THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, and will include results of a new study of vexed questions upon the life and works of Chaucer.

H. M.

June, 1888.

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